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Complete

William Henry Keily.

Emilia Croker

1893

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. JULY 1, 1817. No. XIX.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The Continuation of The Correspondence of the Adviser *and* The History of Pharamond, *shall be given in our next.*

We shall be gratified by a sight of the paper mentioned by A Subscriber, *before which we cannot pledge ourselves for its insertion.*

Our Bath friend will not be surprised that we have not followed his suggestion, on the subject of which we had strong doubts before the recent discovery.

X. X.—Curiosus—A Meddler—*and* Felicia, *are not adapted to our Miscellany.*

We request the indulgence of our Poetical Contributors till our next.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £1 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £1 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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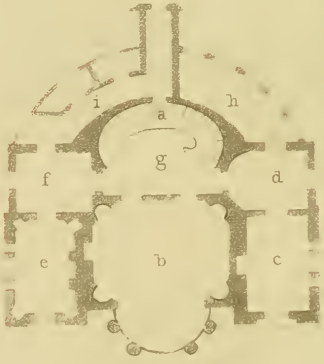

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A VILLA.

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VOL. IV. JULY 1, 1817. No. XIX.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE I.—A VILLA.

THIS building is intended for the residence of a small family, and has its domestic offices situated in the rear of the principal apartments, which are thence approached by a door entering into the staircase at A. The dining-room is spacious, and is decorated by niches and statues, which would combine with the greatly projecting bay window, to give the whole an appearance of architectural arrangement and classical finish. The drawing and music-room, communicating with a small conservatory, would form a very agreeable suite of apartments, wholly unconnected with the dinner-room. The library is arranged for a tasteful disposition of the books; and, as being a room of business, it is entered immediately from the small hall: this leads to the principal staircase, and to a corridor containing a closet, coat-room, store and china-room, &c. and is the passage by which the house is entered from the servants' apartments. These consist of kitchen, scullery, and larder, servants' hall, pantry, and housekeeper's room, with proper cellaring; and above them are the servants' bedrooms. The chambers over the chief apartments are four in number, two of which have dressing-rooms.

The lawn front only would be architecturally decorated, the remaining sides being disposed for finishing in the simplest style, and for concealment by plantations; indeed the offices might be nearly excluded from view by the shrubberies between them and the principal building.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

RULES FOR PREVENTING THE DIFFUSION OF CONTAGIOUS FEVERS.

THE following simple rules for destroying contagion or infection where it has been generated, and for preventing its dissemination, are given as the result of personal experience, on the authority of a medical gentleman of Edinburgh, where an alarming contagious fever now prevails:

1. As few persons as possible should be employed in attending upon the sick. The sphere of the action of contagion being in general very limited (perhaps to a few feet), a great deal of the risk of infection may be avoided by the attendants being aware of this circumstance, and therefore, though in the same apartment, taking care not to stand long very near to the sick person. They ought also to avoid breathing over the person that is ill, that they may not inhale the vapour arising from his body, and therefore should turn their backs to him as much as possible. When near him, a handkerchief moistened with vinegar may be kept to the nose and mouth; where there is a free circulation of air, they should stand to the windward. The infected should be approached as little as possible in the morning, as the contagion is then more concentrated, and then also absorption more readily takes place. Those who wait upon the sick, or have any intercourse with them, ought to undergo daily ablution with cold water.

2. A constant and free circulation of air should be kept up through the apartment by means of proper ventilation. The greatest attention to cleanliness in every respect ought to be observed. All superfluous furniture should be removed from the chamber of the sick, and likewise clothes, especially those which are woollen, as these are found to attract and retain contagious matter forcibly.

3. As nothing has been found so efficacious as fumigation by means of the vapour of nitrous acid, as recommended by Drs. Johnstone and C. Smyth, this should be constantly resorted to. The following is the method of practising it:—Take half an ounce of vitriolic acid, and put it into a cup, saucer, pipkin, or other earthen vessel, and warm it by placing it over a lamp, or in heated sand; then take one ounce of powdered nitre, and add a little of it from time to time to the warm acid: as it is added, red fumes will rise, which are to be diffused through the apartment by carrying the apparatus to different parts of it. Several such vessels may be employed and placed in various parts of the chamber, according to its size. One may suffice where the room is not very large. The process may be repeated several times a day. These fumes do not prove injurious, and are breathed with impunity by the sick and attendants, only occasioning at first a slight and temporary coughing. The instant any individual in a fa-

mily is suspected to be attacked with fever, fumigation and ventilation ought immediately to be had recourse to, in order to prevent the propagation of the infection.

4. Clothes belonging to an infected person, or clothes or furniture suspected to be at all impregnated with any contagious matter, ought to be washed and fumigated before being used.

Were these few general rules strictly observed and practised in all cases, I have no doubt, continues the writer, that much mischief would be prevented, and many valuable lives saved; personal experience of their utility enabling me to recommend them with the greatest confidence.

Medical men often give general directions on these points, in visiting the sick; but I have occasion to know, that many of them, from a culpable supineness, are not sufficiently exact in this respect, and it generally happens that none of these means are practised, at least amongst the lower orders. Besides, medical men have not always time to superintend these measures, and their directions are often forgotten. It were, therefore, to be wished that every person were made acquainted with the means that ought to be used, in order to employ them *immediately on any appearance of fever occurring in their family.*

In regard to fumigation, in those cases where the fever is very prevalent in a narrow street or lane, perhaps it would not altogether be a visionary idea, to endeavour so far to charge the atmosphere for a certain space with nitrous vapour, by having vessels of the above description, or else what are called fumigating lamps, on a large scale, placed properly for the purpose in the open air, and kept constantly going: this might add so far to the means of checking the progress of infection.

As to the amulets worn by many individuals, containing camphor, &c. they can only be useful by inspiring confidence; but by inspiring a confidence beyond their merits, they may prevent the adoption of those means that are of real utility.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MEMOIR OF M. TALMA, THE FRENCH TRAGEDIAN.

THE visit to this country of the most celebrated performer on the French stage, having naturally excited some public curiosity respecting him, the following memoir, extracted from No. XX. of the *Literary Gazette**, will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to our readers.

* A weekly paper published by Colburn, Conduit-street.

M. Talma, who is now in his fiftieth year, was born in France, and remained there till he attained his eighth year, when he was sent to receive a part of his education in this country. It is a remarkable circumstance in this early part of his life, that he was selected to perform a principal character in a play, that was got up and perform-

ed before their Royal Highnesses the Prince Regent and Duke of York, at the Hanover-square rooms, then belonging to Sir John Gallini, by the proprietors of the academy where he was placed; and that, though he acquitted himself very well, he was so much agitated by his emotions in this his first essay, as not to recover from its effects for some time after the performance was over. He returned to France in his fifteenth year to finish his education, remained at college a few years, and revisited England in 1783. It was at this period that he first felt an inclination for that profession, of which he was destined to become so distinguished an ornament. On seeing Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in tragedy, he returned to France in 1786, and began to apply himself to surgery as his future profession; but his predominant passion still carrying him to the stage, M. Molé, a celebrated comic actor with whom he became acquainted, took him under his care, and from the high opinion which he entertained of his talents, introduced him to the committee of the *Theatre Français*, by whom he was engaged: in 1787 he made his first appearance in the character of Seid in Voltaire's *Mahomet*. He was then about twenty; his success was immediate, rapid, and astonishing: he soon became so celebrated a tragedian, that La Rive, a famous actor, who, before Talma made his appearance, shone without a rival, was forced to retire from the stage. To that high character which he acquired so early in his professional career, experience in his art has given additional lustre.

The French almost despair of ever finding his equal—his superior they think impossible. It was not to be expected that such a man as Talma, considering the times in which he lived, could have avoided the imputation of party principles. He accordingly has been put down as of the revolutionary party; but this is an error, or rather a calumny, of his enemies, for he was, during the whole course of the revolution, of the moderate party, and, whatever his enemies may say to the contrary, he never made himself conspicuous. His commanding talents—his general acquirements—and, above all, the excellence of his private character, so distinguished for liberality and hospitality, cannot fail to ensure him a favourable reception in this country.

He speaks English fluently, but does not intend to perform any character in an English play, nor, indeed, is it certain that he will in a French one, as he came here merely for his amusement.

The above account has appeared in the *Antigallican*. We have to observe that the editor mistakes in saying, that "he soon became so celebrated as a tragedian, that La Rive, a famous actor, who, before Talma made his appearance, shone without a rival, was *forced* to retire from the stage." La Rive continued long on the stage after Talma had acquired his reputation. He fully enjoyed public favour to the last, and the crown he had won did not lose its lustre when opposed to the laurels of his young rival.

The *debût* of Talma excited no enthusiasm. The part of Charles IX. in the tragedy of that name, by

Chenier, was the one which afforded him an opportunity of commencing and establishing his reputation. Among other things, it was observed that he devoted such minute attention to his costume and head-dress, and gave so peculiar an expression to his features, that he presented a striking resemblance to the portraits which are preserved of that monarch.

French critics have been divided in opinion concerning the merits of Talma, who is the creator of a new style of declamation on the French stage. Some have accused him of heaviness in his delivery, a hollowness of tone, and a voice which is almost always confined, and which never developes itself except by sudden bursts. Others declare him to be a model of the *beau idéal*, and an artist who has arrived at a degree of perfection which none ever before attained, and which none can in future hope to acquire.

Impartial amateurs agree that no one equals Talma in the character of a tyrant or a conspirator, such as Nero, Manlius, &c.; but in those which require spirit, nobleness, and dignity, like Tancred, Orosmanes, Achilles, &c. they prefer La Fond, who at this moment shares with him the tragic sceptre of the *Theatre Français*.

The celebrated critic Geoffroy, perhaps a little too much imbued with the principles of the old school, frequently attacked the acting and declamation of Talma in the *Journal des Debats*. The latter, who was intoxicated with the applauses lavished upon him, could not endure the pointed censures with which the old critic daily stung him. One evening, whilst Geoffroy was at the *Theatre Français*, accompanied by his wife, and a lady and gentleman their friends, the door of his box suddenly opened while the performers were on the stage. A man appeared, and said in a loud tone of voice, "Is M. Geoffroy here?" Without waiting for a reply, he entered the box, and seizing Geoffroy by the hand, "Come out, villain!" continued he. —"Heavens, 'tis M. Talma!" exclaimed Madame Geoffroy. The friend of the critic then repelling the tragic monarch, whose nails were already imprinted in characters of blood upon the hand of his censor, succeeded in forcing him out of the box and closing the door upon him. The door was, however, opened a second time; the siege of the box again commenced, but the occupants had the advantage, and remained masters of the field of battle. Had such an affair as this occurred in England, the actor would have been *tried for an assault*. In France, however, he was dismissed with a slight reproof, which Savary, who was then minister of police, delivered to him with a smile. On the following day Geoffroy gave a description of this scene in the *Journal des Debats*, and was expert enough to turn the joke against his adversary.

Napoleon was exceedingly attached to Talma, and appointed him his reader.

We are happy in being able on the present occasion to subjoin an extract from Lady Morgan's forthcoming work, further illustrative of the peculiar talents of this distinguished actor.

"*Britannicus*," says Lady Morgan, "so long the fashion, from

the inimitable performance of Talma in Nero, awakened my most anxious expectations; and it was not without emotion that I saw myself, for the first time, in the great national theatre of France, and in a box chosen and procured for me by M. Talma himself. Still, however great my expectation, however lively my impatience for the rising of the curtain, which recalled the long-blunted vivacity of feelings of childish solicitude and curiosity, I soon perceived that I was cold, languid, and inanimate to the genuine French audience that surrounded me. The house was an overflow at an early hour: the orchestra, cleared of all its instruments, was filled to suffocation; and the *parterre*, as usual, crowded with men (chiefly from the public schools and *lycées*, whose criticisms not unfrequently decide the fate of new pieces, and give weight to the reputation of old ones), exhibited hundreds of anxious faces, marked countenances, and figures and costumes which might answer alike for the bands of *brigandage*, or the classes of philosophy. Some were reading over the tragedy; others were commenting particular passages; a low murmur of agitation crept through the house like the rustling of leaves to a gentle wind, until the rising of the curtain stilled every voice, composed every muscle, and riveted the very *existence of the audience* (if I may use the expression) upon the scene.

"The theatres of other countries assemble *spectators*, but an *audience* is only to be found in a French theatre. Through the whole five acts attention never flagged for a moment; not an eye was averted, not an ear unattending; every one seemed to have the play by heart, and every one attended, as if they had never seen it before.

"In the famous scene of *Britannicus* where Agrippina is left *tête-à-tête* with her son, to enter on her defence, Mademoiselle Georges, as the Roman empress, went through a long speech of a *hundred and ten lines*, with great clearness, elegance of enunciation, and graceful calmness of action.

"During the first seventy lines of this speech, Talma, as Nero, sat a patient and tranquil auditor. No abrupt interruption of haughty impatience, disdaining the curb of a long-neglected authority, was furnished by the genius of the author, or gave play to the talents of the admirable actor; and the little by-play allowed him, or rather that he allowed himself, was not *risked*, until towards the close of the speech: it was then, however, exquisite--it was nature. The constraint of forced and half-given attention, the languor of exhaustion, the restlessness of tedium, and the struggle between some little remains of filial deference and habitual respect, blended with the haughty impatience of all dictation, were depicted, not in strong symptoms and broad touches of grimace and action, but with a keeping, a tact, a fidelity to nature, indescribably fine. His transition of attitude; his playing with the embroidered scarf round his neck, and which made a part of his most classical costume, his almost appearing to count its threads, in the inanity of his profound *ennui*, were all traits of the highest order of acting. In London, this acting would

have produced a thunder of applause; in Paris it was coldly received, because it was innovation; and many a black head in the *parterre* was searching its classical recesses, for some example from some traditional authority, from Baron, or Le Kain, of an emperor being restless on his chair, or of the incident of playing with the handkerchief being at all conformable to the necessity "*de représenter noblement*," in all kings, since the time of Louis le Grand.

"Whether on the stage at the *Théatre Français*, or in the Thuilleries, Talma is eminently superior to the school whose rules he is obliged to obey. His great genius always appeared to me to be struggling against the methodical obstacles presented to its exertions. He is the Gulliver of the French stage tied down by *Lilliputian threads*. Before talents like his can exert their full force, and take their uttermost scope, a new order of drama must succeed to the declamatory and rhyming school which now occupies the French stage. Talma is a passionate admirer of the English drama, and of Shakspeare. He speaks English fluently, and told me that he had a great desire to play in one of Shakspeare's tragedies. He did not complain, but he *hinted* at the restraint under which his talents laboured, from that *esprit de systéme*, which the French have banished from every other art, and which keeps its last hold on their stage. But he said, 'If I attempt the least innovation; if I frown a shade deeper to-night than I frowned last night, in the same character, the *parterre* are sure to call me to order.'

* * * * * * * * * *

"The dignity and tragic powers of Talma, on the stage, are curiously but charmingly contrasted with the simplicity, playfulness, and gaiety of his most unassuming, unpretending manners off the stage. I (who had never seen *Coriolanus* in the drawing-room, but as I had seen *Coriolanus* in the Forum,) expected to meet this great tragedian in private life, in all the pomp and solemnity of his profession; the cold address, the measured phrase; in a word, I expected to meet *the actor:* but in the simple, unaffected manners of this celebrated person, I found only the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. Talma had, in his early life, been intimate with Buonaparte; and the ex-emperor (who never forgot the friends of the young engineer officer,) accorded the *petites-entrées* of the palace to the sovereign of the *Théatre Français*. Talma saw him constantly; not, however, to *give him lessons* (an invention at which Buonaparte and Talma both laughed); but to discuss his favourite topic, tragedy, of which he was passionately fond. On this subject, however, the actor frequently differed with the emperor; while the emperor as frequently dictated to the actor, greeting him with, '*Eh bien! Talma, vous n'avez pas usé de vos moyens hier au soir.*' Napoleon always disputed the merits of comedy, and observed to a gentleman, from whom I had the anecdote, '*Si vous préferez la comédie, c'est parceque vous vieillissez.*'—'*Et vous, Sire,*' replied Monsieur—'*vous aimez la tragédie, parceque vous êtes trop jeune.*'"

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 2.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER VII.

December 19.

SINCE my last, five melancholy days have succeeded one another. An unwholesome wind, called *La Bise*, keener and more dangerous than any that blows upon our Giant Mountains, has occasioned this chasm in my journal, suddenly stopped me in the career of pleasure, and doomed me to a severe penance for enjoyments of which I had scarcely tasted. I am again visited by physicians and fed upon medicines; I have burned the dry twigs of a whole vineyard, and yet find some difficulty to get rid of the demon, which, by the name of *La Grippe*, went from house to house, and attacked me among the rest. How could I have anticipated such a trick in so delicious a country?—But the sun shines out again, and every beam restores new life, cheerfulness, and health.

I cannot help regretting the loss of the eight dismal days which I have coughed away, and which might have been applied to better purpose. The worst of it is, that I have now no time left to retrieve this loss; for as I should like to traverse the other parts of Languedoc, as well as the equally beautiful Provence which adjoins to it, and reach Bourdeaux before the setting-in of the hot weather, which becomes oppressive there at the beginning of March; I have not much more than a week to spare for Nismes, and even for that time I am banished from this good city. My intelligent physician has advised me to spend this interval in the country, where I may with the greater certainty facilitate my recovery by that simple mode of life, which is the only thing that cannot be purchased in towns. This cure is by far less disagreeable to me than the good man may suppose. Without any reluctance, I have made preparations for my departure, and have to-day sent my John to the neighbouring villages to seek me a lodging. He knows as well as I do what will suit me. To-morrow I shall bid adieu to the city, take leave in person of the bishop and his niece, and of my other hastily formed acquaintances by cards, from which, before they throw them into the fire, they will learn for the first time what is my name.

John is returned, but I am only half satisfied with his arrangements. He has fixed, I verily believe, upon the most inconvenient quarters in the whole country. There are, however, so many desirable concomitants, that, to tell the truth, I ought not to mind the smallness of the place in which I am to lodge.

"You must," said he as drily as if he had been repeating the directions of a physician, "live together with the owner of the cottage and his wife in one room, which is none of the largest; you must put up at the same table with the fare

that the kitchen of a peasant affords, and sleep in a bed opposite to theirs."

"Scoundrel!" cried I, "do you take me for a dragoon?"

John paid no attention to my angry exclamation. "With such people as these," continued he, "you will be delighted to associate. Pure, uncorrupted nature, the highest domestic happiness, and——"

"That will do," said I hastily, interrupting him and shaking my head. "But now tell me, what necessity was there for the room to be so very small?"

"I might," replied John, "just as easily have hired for you the spacious, magnificent unoccupied mansion of the proprietor of the village; and you may still have it if you please. But I am certain you would not like it. I know what you want, and more attention, cleanliness, and good-humour than you will meet with in that cottage, you would seek in vain in the most splendid palaces of Berlin. I lived in some of them before I came to you: but--but——"

"Well, well, John," said I in a calmer tone, "to-morrow you shall carry my name about in the city, and we will start the next morning as soon as it is light."

December 20.

All is done that politeness requires, and even the parting from my fair poetic friend gave me but little pain. I have committed my trunk to the care of my landlady till my final departure from this province, and shall pay her for a whole month's lodging. She laments my quitting her pavilion so soon, and vents her abuse on the odious *grippe* which has already driven away from her so many profitable inmates.

Nothing can indeed be more obnoxious to social life than this accursed wind, which often unexpectedly breaks up the gayest parties by the colds that it brings in its train. It relaxes every sinew, and paralyses the very heart; and when it overtakes persons of my composition, the fine threads which it breaks are not so easily joined together again.

As the winds here are limited to certain tracks, and do not blow, like the winds of Solomon, whithersoever they list, there is to be had a convenient map, upon which you may see at one glance what places are subject to their influence. If Nismes stood four or five miles off, on the site of the village to which I shall remove to-morrow, the physicians here would find but little to do, and I should scarcely have quitted my pavilion so speedily. What would have become of Nismes had the Romans been so susceptible to colds as I am!

December 21.

To-day, in the warmth of a fine spring morning, I reached my village, which is named Caverac, and is only about six miles distant from the city. It belongs to a baron, who cringes before his sovereign, and never visits his castle, which is falling to decay from sheer neglect. The cottages which surround it look like fragments detached by wind and weather from its massy walls: but they stand in safety and quiet, while destructive Time is incessantly labouring to effect the fall of the adjacent colossus. I

took possession without ceremony of the box which John, with a feeling that does honour to his heart, had sought out for me; and wooden as it is, no sum could induce me to exchange it for a dreary abode in the spacious edifice which stands opposite to it, as if by way of instructive contrast. And as for the inhabitants of this cottage, who could help being satisfied with them? Pure, uncorrupted nature! Why was I angry with John for employing this expression, which, often as it is abused, is nevertheless so applicable to this hearty, active, good-tempered villager, and his young, charming, and amiable wife, that I cannot find one better suited to this happy couple.

An acre of land contiguous to their cottage, planted with olive, fig, and mulberry-trees, an oil-press, and a closet for their silk-worms, are their simple means of subsistence; and never, say they, have want and distress yet crossed their threshold. They perform their daily labour as a sport which promotes appetite, produces tranquil slumbers, and strengthens their mutual affection. About the soul they feel no concern; with them this is a field which requires no toilsome cultivation, and of itself can yield none but sound and wholesome fruit. The art of being contented is seated as naturally in their hearts as the art of seeing in their eyes. They exercise these natural qualifications without reflecting for a moment on the mechanism of them.

As it was too late to think of a new bill of fare for to-day, I was obliged to be satisfied at dinner with their ordinary dishes; and this required, indeed, no great self-denial. Though simple, every thing was excellent in its kind; and that genuine politeness of the heart with which it was placed before me by my hostess, rendered it doubly palatable. "Who taught this woman," said I to myself, when the truth and simplicity of her discourse made an irresistible impression on my heart — "who taught her, without learning, without books, without any knowledge of the world, to acquire such influence? Or is it from the absence of all these that she possesses it in such a high degree?"

My bed, my wooden chair, and a table for my writing tackle and other matters, stand behind a partition, that cuts off nearly one quarter of the room, and forms a sufficient barrier to property and unaffected modesty. Every thing here serves to teach me how little is requisite for human happiness.

I offered my landlady an advance of twelve crowns to defray the expense of housekeeping for her increased family, for they must, in their turn, be my guests as long as I am with them; but never was I so laughed at in all my life. "Why, sir," said she, "are you going to stay here a year? What, in the name of Heaven, should I do with all that money? My little place, and my skill in cooking, admit of nothing but what is plain and frugal. Indeed, sir, I cannot help it, but you must make shift with two dishes. Your health and your pocket will gain by it; and yet you shall leave us with a fresher colour than you brought with you. Let me have three of the crowns, if you please; I'll try how far I can make

them go; and do you act in every respect as if you belonged to us. In a day or two, I'd lay any wager you will send your medicines to the hospital, for in our village there is not a creature that wants any." With these words the youthful mistress of the house, who is not more than sixteen, flew to attend her domestic avocations.

The husband took upon himself the task of setting me in motion. He first conducted me round the castle of his lord. "If," said he, "you could see the large, lofty apartments within it, you would imagine that the founder belonged to the race of giants; and yet he is said to have been no more of a man than his descendant, who is such a little dapper fellow that he would find room enough in a bird-cage. Many a drop of sweat trickled upon these stones from the brow of my poor grandfather, who, as one of the vassals of the lord, was bound to assist in building these walls, which are already tumbling down again. For these fifty years no smoke has ascended from those ornamented chimnies. The possessors of this useless edifice shun it like an abyss which has swallowed up their patrimony, while it robs me and my neighbours of the prospect of the fine country that lies behind it. Give me the lath and plaster cottages such as mine, which we can patch up ourselves without expense when they become crazy, which we can erect again for a trifle when they tumble down, and which are inhabited by a hearty robust race, who grow gray under their roofs."

The aspect of desolation, dearest Edward, leaves the heart vacant too. We had not recovered our spirits till we had walked through the social village. How different a picture did it present to the mind from that of the dreary monument of overweening pride! Here all was life. One moment the Cupid-head of a rosy-cheeked boy popped out from a little window, or the black eyes of a blooming girl followed us along the street; and presently we were met by a group of children engaged in their youthful sports, while the aged uncovered their gray heads to give us their patriarchal benediction. In every corner, in every straw-thatched hut, appeared peace and happiness, activity or repose from toil.

What eye could be so perverted as to miss in these well-peopled cottages the proportions of a Palladio, and in the lives of these humble villagers, and the sports of their children, the mechanical routine of the great world!

The village is clean, and its situation very agreeable. On our return I made another discovery of considerable importance to me. Its little territory comprehends a hill, whose summit, covered with interminglied pines, almond-trees, and broom, I have fixed upon for the goal of my morning walks.

Here then I am in want of nothing that my simple diet requires. John is not a little proud of the satisfaction that he perceives in me, and takes no small credit to himself for the discernment which he has shewn in providing such comfortable accommodations.

December 22.

I parted yesterday from my journal and you sooner than I should

have done. My happy host and hostess hastened, according to the custom of their village, at the approach of night to their couch; and I, too considerate to disturb them by the light of my candle in their deserved repose, followed their example, without being sleepy, and am richly rewarded for my renouncement of the manners of the great world.

The early sleep before midnight, into which the unusual stillness soon lulled me, enabled me also to rise at an unusually early hour this morning. I was ascending the hill while a gray mist yet enveloped the earth; I beheld the curtain rise, and enjoyed the glowing spectacle of sunrise, that every moment appeared more and more brilliant. Ravishing as the sight was to my heart, so new was it also. Sincerely did I beg pardon of Nature for the presumptuous thought which I had so often indulged, that she had nothing more to set before me which could excite a relish in one so surfeited as myself.

What an omnipotent influence does the mountain air possess over the better feelings of the soul! If you do not yet know this from experience, hasten, my dear friend, to gain that experience as soon as your iron-bound climate will permit.

After the excellent rural repast that awaited me on returning hungry from my walk, my host conducted me to the general skittle-ground of the village, that at one view I might acquaint myself with all its inhabitants. In this country the afternoon is devoted entirely to amusements, and to none more than skittle-playing; and nothing can furnish a stronger proof of the facility with which the inhabitants earn their subsistence, than this propensity. The silk-worm requires care and attendance for six weeks only, and yet rewards the peasant for his little trouble far more amply than our most prolific corn-fields. The olive-crop seldom fails; and the very low price of the best wine, attests its abundance. What other calls then can these good people have to satisfy but those of pleasure?

My companion was heartily welcomed by them all, and so was I along with him. I took, however, but little share in their pastime, as I observed not far off the younger part of the community tripping it merrily to the notes of a guitar. I stole unperceived from the side of my conductor, and feasted my eyes on the expression of happiness—on the ardent looks of the youths, and the heaving bosoms of their partners. My friend Blaise—be not jealous if I call him so—surprised me at the very moment when my eyes were fixed on the lovely face of a girl, who would be worthy of the homage of a sultan. He very naturally concluded that the sex was not absolutely indifferent to me.

"If," said he, "you will be pleased to dine to-morrow with my wife alone, I will fetch you a girl named Margot, who lives about two leagues off, and who far surpasses all the beauties of our village; she is a merry, good-tempered creature, the daughter of my sister, and a favourite with us all. She shall stay with us, if you approve it, as long as you stay yourself. I am sure you will thank me for bringing her."

I was not a little alarmed at the

idea of the increase of our family, as I was by this time thoroughly acquainted with all the capabilities of the house; but I did not think it necessary to communicate my apprehensions to my host. Still less could I venture to speak to him concerning the danger which might arise from the near neighbourhood of such a female as he had described: of such things as these the good man had no notion whatever. Of course I have no way left but to wait with patience to see what his promise will produce.

THE AMATEUR'S ROUT.

It has turned out, Mr. Editor, just as I expected. In the full ardour of complaisance, as I stooped for Miss Gumley's glove, the obstinate button refused to leave its post; the cloth gave way, and my poor, dear, new coat displayed, through a long rent at its back, the true lover's knots of a white Marseilles waistcoat. It was indeed repaired sufficiently for the remainder of the evening, but yet the rest of my body remained in purgatory.

But perhaps, Mr. Editor, it may be proper to give your readers a more regular detail of the events of this charming evening, rather than convey to them the occurrences that happened in the hop, step, and jump style of a modern novel. Shall I then commence by informing them, that Night had arrayed herself in her dunnest robe, or that Phœbus reposed in the lap of Thetis? — If I did, sir, I should say wrong, for the sun still gleamed upon our drawing-room when the votaries of whist began to assemble. Oh, sir! it was an evening in which I could have wished to wander out alone, to throw myself beside some purling stream, and, taking out my pipe, play my hymn to the Virgin. But what a rattling of chairs, what a moving of boxes, took place on the day of this great event, whose evening was to be dedicated to *seeing our friends!* Did I attempt to move, it was at the hazard of my life, for I encountered obstacles to my proceeding, numerous as those you meet with when you take a *hack* for speed, and would fain work a passage from Charing-Cross to the pump at Aldgate. I barely secured my retreat by upsetting a basket of borrowed crockery; and invading the privacy of three pounds of spermaceti candles, brought them all down after me to the bottom of the stairs —me, who only sought to borrow part of their envelope to wrap up the finger of my Venus, which, in an endeavour of Betty to *squeege* a bunch of flowers into her hand, had received a compound fracture. My little woman, red in face as the streaky side of a Yorkshire biffin, was giving her orders in the notes of a sick raven, for her commands had too long been sent forth in a voice of iron—but what, sir, can withstand the vituperative strain of eight and twenty hours? At length the arrangements becoming something like what they were designed to be, the tempest of tongues subsided in hollow murmurs. Our machinery, decorations, and *properties*, were placed where they

were intended to reign; and we waited with anxious solicitude for the first awful rap, amidst the hopes and fears of a visit from Lady Humgruffin, a venerable widow of a late city knight, who we hoped would honour our party, and who was to be the big-wig of the evening. Six o'clock came, but no rap; half-past six, all quiet; strange! when we were told that in this corner of the world people assembled at five: twice I put my watch to my ear, and three times my deary altered her bandeau of roses.

When a man and his wife are confined together in one room, stuck up as if their portraits were to be taken, and prevented by suspense from employing themselves, it's a thousand to one but they go to loggerheads. I had suffered my deary to place a card-table where I knew one part of the *rubber* must get a crick in the neck from the aperture of an improperly closed window, while his or her partner would endure all the horrors of an *auto da fé*, or have their ears singed by a *coup de feu*; and I had given up several other arrangements to her guidance, for, to tell you the truth, sir, she seemed more at home in these things than your humble servant. My papa and mamma (Heaven bless 'em!) were content to see just as many friends as could play comfortably at *lansquinet* or whist: these were constantly asked if they were comfortable, if they were too hot or too cold, whether their tea was or was not to their liking; but in these modern parties you must be roasted and parboiled as the mistress of the house thinks proper, and happy may you think yourself if you get any tea at all, at best cold and comfortless. But after a *dish* of tea, hot and hot, our ancestors went to cards, while a hot joint of meat was dangling below for supper. I think I see *my* papa now pull out his clean white pocket-handkerchief to save his small-clothes, and on the aforesaid handkerchief deposit his thin doubled bread and butter. The company were then not too idle to deposit their cups and saucers on the table, while the spoon, diagonally placed on the turned-down cup, told the mistress of the house that the tenant of it had taken *quant. suf.* Happy times, when saucers were used, and when upreared to the mouth on forked fingers they took their way—then when every person was allowed to blow his own tea, no scalded throat or burned lips annoyed the eager drinker, fearful of being the last! After whist or *tray* came the supper, finished by a hot apple-pie, and a tolerable *quantum* of strong punch made up the excitables of the evening; and if my papa became willing, with *much persuasion*, to sing, "There was a jolly miller once," or my aunt to treat us with the unhappy loves of Ally and Davy, what a *merry* pleasant evening we had! My good mamma—and I think I see her now, with spectacles on nose—would take up the ace of spades, as she was always wont to do to shew her learning, and while she read, *Honi soni qui mal pan*, which, reckless of the suppressed smile, and only intent on shewing her learning, she would translate, "My God and my right," and then erect her head, as proud of her attainments as when Miss Stoccato murders her Anglo-Italian sentences,

which the keys of her piano, fortunately for her, completely drown.

But Lord love ye, Mr. Editor, our parties are quite another guess kind of thing, and my wife is an old offender at "tea and turn out." Why, you must know, her father was mayor of the town from which I married her, where he kept a shop of all sorts; and in his back parlour she tells me she has received a matter of twenty people, maugre the smell of the chandlery. Ah! how often have I watched the mazy dance of the flies upon that ceiling while waiting for my deary!—flies lured by the dulcet smell of sugar and treacle. But, sir, to my story.

The party came not yet, and in consequence of this delay my deary and I fell into a little course of mutual exhortation. It became no small cause of contention between us to settle in what manner we should receive our guests. She asserted that I ought to be quite on the alert—and in vain I opposed this by referring to the stiffness of my drapery: that I ought to meet the company at the very door, and usher them in—in vain I maintained that this would appear as if we were too *anxious* to receive our friends, of course evincing how little used we were to genteel parties, and I warmly contended for the superiority of my scheme. "Let," said I, "one of your servants give in their names at the door, which shall burst open, and, while he makes his *announcement*, let me be just discovered by the party entering reclining with one hand in my bosom, my leg stretched out on the repose, with Puffendorf in my hand, as if profoundly, yet easily, studying: as soon as I have been properly discovered, I shall make a furious start from this interesting posture, throw the book over my head, swear I did not perceive them till now, then seize the hand of my guest, and immolate his shoulder with the violence of my accostation. Would not there be effect, Grizzy?" I exclaimed to my wife in raptures.—"Effect of a fool's head!" replied she rather, I think, indecently; but I battled it out, and, in exchange for some other preliminaries, was allowed to stick to the interesting.

For one half hour did I lie like a poor devil under the agonies of a recent fracture, without daring to change my position, while no one came to applaud me. At length, sir, my leg becoming all pins and needles, and my deary calling to me to uncork a bottle of currant—alas! sir, I was caught on the stairs by Miss Vanessa Humdrum with an apron of my wife's, in which I had attired myself to save my black silk breeches, and I poked out my hand, in which I held the corkscrew, in order to receive hers, which I fancy she had not the least idea of presenting. What an infernal *debût!* My courage, however, in some measure returned as the company poured in; but this unlucky hit, added to the twenty fancied but disappointed knocks of Lady Humgruffin, dissolved the charm that I intended should have played round me; and matters were made still worse by some *mal-à-propos* jokes I launched, when I endeavoured to make myself very agreeable. I chatted so long and loudly with Mrs. Macwheedle, that she revoked, and I brought down on my unfortunate head all the

genteel inuendoes of her irritated partner. I endeavoured to make this up in assiduity to others. I dashed across the rooms for tea-cups that were not yet empty, and offered our new cake-basket to those who had already denied me. In my haste to pick up a ridicule, I emptied a cup of hot coffee into the pocket of a dapper beau of fifty. In recovering Mrs. Clackit's shawl for her, I struck my head violently against hers, bringing that part of her wig which ought to have been behind nearly to the right about; and in bowing profoundly to a big-wig of this city, sent a lighted candle into the lap of a white-satined votary of Cassino. Three times I produced a total eclipse of the spermaceti luminaries, and once discharged a cargo of hot wick on the card-table, whose smoke and fume were nearly the cause of a fainting fit, and a miscount for the odd trick. I drank wine with every one, till I was as tipsy as a morning dram-drinker, and as hot as a chairman in the dog-days. My deary bustled and flounced, courtesied and smiled; and then to conceal her pain, she sighed and puffed, and puffed and sighed, and puffed and sighed again. At one time nobody would play whist, at another every body was for a rubber; and when only three persons could be found who knew the game, some wanted a pool at quadrille. Husbands and wives were obliged to sit down as partners, while pert misses, after playing chicken whist, got into corners, and, if I am not much mistaken by their whispering, giggled and laughed at the expense of their "charming host and hostess," till, at length, by nine o'clock not a *table could be made up*. Mrs. Firebrace, it seems, chose to oppose us this evening with a grand supper party; so ours fled to happier regions, and my deary and I, heartily glad to see their backs, after telling a thousand lies, and receiving as many in return, asked each other if this was pleasure. I now proceeded to disencumber myself of my armour, and we both fell on the reputations, or rather manners, of our guests, and on the few creams and jellies they had left behind them; and, I presume, from the infallible sign which we felt of our cheeks burning, they repaid us threefold by remarks on the *bourgeois* party-makers. I am in some hopes, Mr. Editor, from the blame which Grizzy seemed inclined to throw on me for the stupidity of the evening, that she is heartily sick of these parties; and stealing into her chamber the other day, I saw a letter on her desk, which, if I mistake not, she intends for your *Repository*. I shall, therefore, not trouble you again till I read the composition of the genius of my better half; until which time I remain yours,

BYRON OLDSKIRTS.

THE ROMANTIC LOVERS.

AT the age of twenty-five the Marquis de Versanai was, in the opinion of the ladies, the handsomest and most amiable man in all Paris. Perhaps these *agrémens* were a little heightened by an inheritance of ten thousand louis a year, which had devolved to him by the death

of an uncle: certain it is, that the fair Adrienne Dorville, who had not manifested any symptoms of tenderness for him prior to that event, appeared soon afterwards sensible of his attachment; and at the end of a few months every thing was in train for their nuptials, when a friend of the marquis, for whom he had been security to a large amount, absconded, and the loss which he sustained reduced him at once from affluence to an elegant competence.

"*N'importe*," said he with the happy *sang froid* of his nation, "I have still enough to live very well in the country. My dear sentimental Adrienne, who detests dissipation, will now have an opportunity of shewing her affection for me: we will retire together to my little estate in Languedoc; there, in promoting the felicity of each other and of our dependants, we shall be happier than we have ever been in this seat of folly and dissimulation."

Full of his project, De Versanai went immediately to his Adrienne. He did not notice the air of gravity and constraint with which she received him, so impatient was he to open his plan. She listened at first in moody silence, but presently an expression of suppressed displeasure took place of the suavity in which she usually dressed her beautiful features. "This is all very romantic and pretty, M. Marquis," said she in a sarcastic tone; "such a scheme would just suit a village *belle* who had never seen any thing of the world; but accustomed as I am to the first circles, you cannot surely expect me to renounce them, and bury myself in obscurity: besides, I always hated the insipid routine of a country life. I am truly sorry for your misfortune, but allow me to say, Monsieur Marquis, that you should have had more prudence than to——."

De Versanai interrupted the lady's lecture upon prudence by flying out of the room in a state of frenzied agitation, which afforded the fair Adrienne occasion for the exhibition of a most graceful fainting fit; from which, however, she was soon recovered by the tender cares of Monsieur St. Ange, who entered the room at the moment that De Versanai quitted it.

Nobody in Paris understood the art of embellishing a story so gracefully as Monsieur St. Ange. Some coarse people indeed declared, that the anecdotes which he was so fond of relating, were entirely of his own composition: but they mistook the matter, he never invented, he only embellished circumstances which he had heard related by others; it is true, that these embellishments were sometimes so numerous, that even the first inventor of a story did not always recollect it for his own production after it had passed through the hands of this ingenious gentleman.

As this insect had always disliked De Versanai, we may guess what colouring he gave to that part of the scene which Adrienne thought proper to relate to him. He quickly transformed De Versanai into a ruined madman, and Adrienne into an interesting and tender being, whom he had used very ill, because she refused to retire with him into a remote province, and earn her livelihood by working in the fields.

As it was not known what part of his property De Versanai had actu-

ally lost, complete credit was given to this story, and the unfortunate marquis found himself deserted at once by his mistress and his friends.

Many men under these circumstances would have shot themselves, or turned misanthrope; fortunately for De Versanai, his feelings were perfectly French, that is to say, keen but short-lived: contempt for the worthless beings by whom he had been duped, soon succeeded to sorrow; but the faithless Adrienne had left a vacuum in his heart, which he formed a resolution of filling in a manner singular enough.

He determined to select from among the fair peasants who resided upon his estate, one who should be young, beautiful, and with a mind capable of acquiring knowledge and accomplishments: this phœnix, if he was fortunate enough to find her, he determined to raise to the rank of a *marquise*.

Impatient to execute his project, he set out for his chateau in Languedoc, leaving in Paris only one being whom he regretted, and who really merited the title of friend. This was M. Florimond, a man of honour and probity, who sincerely loved him. M. Florimond had used every argument to dissuade him from his matrimonial plan, but without success; and he often made his strange project the subject of his conversation with his niece, Madame de Rossily, a beautiful widow of one-and-twenty, who had once or twice seen De Versanai in public, but had never spoken to him.

As this lady had no small tincture of romance in her composition, the marquis's resolution appeared to her neither absurd nor ridiculous; but she feared lest the charms of a beautiful face should blind him to the want of intellectual superiority, and that he would too late regret having bestowed his hand upon one unworthy of it. From considering this event at first as probable, she soon began to look upon it as certain; and she determined, even at the expense of considerable trouble to herself, to prevent it: but whether this determination arose from pity, coquetry, or a secret inclination for the handsome marquis, we will not presume to determine.

Although madame was twenty-one, she might, from the extreme youthfulness of her appearance, very well pass for sixteen. Her nurse, whose name was Babet Cloup, had resided with her from the time of her birth, and had a daughter of that age, who was her *femme de chambre*. As Babet was actually a native of a village near the chateau of the marquis, nothing could be easier than for her to return as if to settle in her native place, taking with her Madame de Rossily in the character of her daughter Veronique, who could easily be left behind in Paris.

The plan was no sooner arranged than it was put into execution, and Madame de Rossily, whom we must henceforth call Veronique, which in fact was really her christian name, when she saw how pretty several of the village maidens were, was not sorry that she had lost no time in commencing her plan of operations.

In effect, one of the villagers, whose name was Felicie, had already attracted the notice of De Versanai. She was exquisitely beautiful, and although neither amiable

nor clever, she had so much cunning and such prepossessing manners, that the marquis began to feel a serious inclination for her.

The first sight of Veronique, however, banished his infant passion. "What grace! what beauty!" said he to himself, "and with all the simplicity of her manner, how noble is her air! Ah! if she is really what she appears, and I should succeed in gaining her heart, how little shall I regret that loss of property which has been the means of procuring me such a treasure!"

Our readers will readily believe, that De Versanai was not long before he introduced himself at the cottage of Babet, which he soon visited every day. He was sure always to find Veronique at work, and so intent was she upon her employment, that it was but seldom the marquis could catch her eye, and when he did, it was hastily withdrawn from his impassioned glance; but the mantling blush, the stifled sigh betrayed that her reserve did not proceed from indifference. It was with difficulty that the marquis succeeded in drawing her into conversation, but the little she said was so much to the purpose, that every interview served to rivet closer the chains which her beauty had first forged for our susceptible hero.

Veronique on her side was not slow in perceiving the impression she had made, and it gave her the most lively pleasure, for every day rendered De Versanai more amiable in her eyes. Some weeks passed in this manner, when one evening as De Versanai was going to pay his usual visit to the cottage, he saw a well dressed man enter it hastily; just at that moment he approached near enough to hear an indistinct exclamation of joy from Veronique, and to perceive her throw herself into the arms of the stranger, in whom he recognised Florimond.

The poor marquis stood near the window through which he beheld this mortifying sight, as if transfixed by a thunderbolt. His first thought was to rush into the cottage and take vengeance on the guilty pair, but the next moment he recollected that Florimond knew nothing of his affections for Veronique, and that thought checked him. His indignation now fell wholly on his perfidious mistress. "Base dissembler!" cried he, "she must have seen that I adored her; and her looks, her manner, all seemed to prove that she returned my love. O Veronique! who that saw thy ingenuous countenance, could suppose thee capable of such treachery! How much was I mistaken when I placed thee so far above the uncultivated but sincere and tender Felicie!"

Absorbed in these reflections, the marquis took the way back to his chateau: and now let us account for the appearance of Florimond. Madame de Rossily had given out at Paris, that she was going to pass some time at the house of a friend in Normandy: Florimond happening to have some business near this lady's habitation, resolved to pay his niece a visit; but not finding her with her friend, his suspicions were excited, and he pressed so vehemently to know where she really was, that the lady thinking a refusal to satisfy him might seriously

injure madame in his opinion, communicated to him her scheme, and its probable success.

Florimond was perfectly enchanted at the prospect of uniting the two beings whom he loved best in the world. He hastened to the retreat of his niece, with whom he had immediately a full explanation. Veronique would not consent to his revealing her name and rank to De Versanai. "I believe," said she blushing, "that he loves me; but I own I would rather receive the declaration of his passion in the character of Veronique Cloup, than that of Madame de Rossily. You must vanish therefore, my dear uncle, for I know your open heart so well, that I am certain if you once see him you will discover all."

After many remonstrances, Florimond consented to be guided by his niece, and quitted the village without seeing De Versanai.

Our poor marquis in the mean time was upon the rack, and in the excess of his anger at the faithless conduct of Veronique, he formed the resolution of revenging himself by marrying Felicie. "The perfidious girl shall see," said he to himself, "that I am not so devoted to her as she fancies; doubtless she only amused herself with me in the absence of Florimond." Presently it struck him, that it would be a refinement upon his intended revenge, if he was to communicate himself to Veronique the intelligence of his passion for Felicie. No sooner did this idea occur to him, then he hastened to her cottage.

The glowing blush with which Veronique met him, gave place to an ashy paleness, when he abruptly said, that he came to solicit her good offices with Felicie; an universal trembling seized her frame, and it required all her pride and self-command to restrain the tears which sprang to her eyes: her emotion must have in fact betrayed her secret, had not Babet come to her assistance.

"Doubtless, sir," said she, "you will not want an intercessor; and even if you did, my daughter is too slightly acquainted with Felicie to become one."

"I am surprised to hear you say so," replied the marquis, "for I thought Veronique and Felicie were intimate; and independent of your daughter's friendship for me, I supposed she would rejoice in promoting the happiness of a girl so amiable, so sincere, so worthy in all respects of being loved, as Felicie."

He uttered these words with much significance, fixing his eyes at the same time on Veronique, whose frequent change of colour and evident agitation he supposed proceeded merely from her vexation at his escaping her toils. This idea enabled him to assume an appearance of indifference, and bidding her a slight and haughty farewell, he quitted the cottage.

The tender Veronique wept in the arms of Babet, who bestowed upon the marquis all the reproachful epithets which her memory could supply her with; concluding with a declaration, that her dear lady had had a blessed escape, for he must be either mad or bewitched.

No sooner had the marquis quitted Veronique, than he hastened to Felicie, whose joy may easily be imagined at so unhoped-for a pro-

posal. She regretted, however, most bitterly that her noble lover had not declared his intention some time before; for never suspecting the good fortune which awaited her, she had lent too favourable an ear to the tender protestations of Jacques Tougoat, a young villager, who had been acquainted with her from her childhood, and she dreaded with good reason, that in the first effervescence of his rage, he might make some discoveries to the marquis which would effectually destroy all her brilliant prospects.

Meanwhile Babet, who was a notable gossip, had no sooner vented her anger against the marquis, than she hastened to the house of her next neighbour, who happened to be the mother of Jacques, to communicate the news of the intended nuptials.

Madame Tougoat was not at home, but Jacques said she would soon return, and as an auditor was all that Babet wanted, she immediately began to relate her news to him. The poor fellow's vehement exclamations she at first supposed were occasioned by his astonishment, but when his colour altered, and she saw him burst into tears, she began to suspect something, though she was still far from the truth.

No women in the world are so dexterous in diving to the bottom of a mystery as the French. Babet put on an air of the most cordial commiseration instantly, and with a look which implied that she knew a great deal, assured Jacques, that for her part she was not less astonished than himself, for she had always thought, and particularly latterly, that he would be the man.

Jacques replied only by a groan.

"But, my poor child," continued Babet, "what do you intend to do?"

Another groan.

"I protest that if I were in your place, I would speak to the marquis."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" cried Jacques, "I dare not! Felicie made me swear that I would never tell."

This was enough to convince Babet that there was something beyond a simple flirtation, and she plied poor Jacques with questions till she ascertained, that a marriage with somebody was actually necessary to save the reputation of Felicie.

Fraught with this intelligence, she hastened to the marquis, to whom she communicated it without ceremony.

"Heavens!" cried the astonished marquis, "is it then my fate to be perpetually the dupe of women? Adrienne, Veronique, Felicie--perfidious sex!"

"Hold, monsieur marquis," interrupted Babet warmly, "if you mean my Veronique, she——"

"Whom else can I mean?" cried Versanai. "Is she not the most deceitful of women? Did she not give me reason to suppose that she returned my passion? and but for my fortunately surprising her in the embraces of her paramour——"

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* my child, my Veronique!" screamed the incensed Babet—"monsieur marquis, you make my hair stand an end with your abominable slander. My innocent Veronique in the arms of a man! a likely story truly!"

"I swear to you," cried De Versanai vehemently, "that I myself saw her, and scarcely could I credit the evidence of my senses,

clasped to the bosom of Chevalier Florimond."

In spite of the self-command of Babet, this speech had such an irresistible effect upon her risible muscles, that, to the marquis's astonishment, she burst into a fit of laughter. "Well, monsieur," cried she as soon as she had a little recovered herself, "your senses did not deceive you; I am ready to admit the truth of what you say: but I maintain, notwithstanding, that Veronique is innocent, and I can convince you of it in three words."

"Florimond is then an honourable lover!" cried De Versanai.

"No, he is neither the honourable nor dishonourable lover of Veronique."

"Ah! would to Heaven you could convince me of that!"

"To what purpose, monsieur?"

"What a question, Babet! You must have seen your daughter—must have seen that I love, adore her——"

"Certainly," interrupted Babet ironically; "your intention of marrying Felicie was a convincing proof of that."

"It was—nay, do not laugh, but hear me! In the height of my indignation at the perfidy of Veronique——"

"Ah!" interrupted Babet, "I see it all now: say no more, monsieur, say no more, I comprehend it all!"

"Clear up this mystery, then; convince me of the innocence of Veronique, and if she thinks my hand worthy of her acceptance, I am ready to lead her to the altar."

"But," said Babet, assuming a serious air, "our humble condition——"

De Versanai eagerly interrupted her: "So far from that being an obstacle, it heightens my desire to call her my wife."

"Oh, poor marquis!" cried Babet, "you are then doomed to disappointment; for even if Veronique should consent to be yours, how will you prevail upon yourself to accept of her hand, when you learn that the supposed Veronique Cloup has the misfortune to be really Madame de Rossily, the affluent niece of your friend Monsieur Florimond?"

Our readers will easily conceive the revolution which these words occasioned in the feelings of De Versanai; convinced at the same moment of the innocence of his mistress, and of her affection for himself, his rapture exceeded all bounds. He embraced the good nurse, upon whom he forced a valuable ring; he would have added his purse to the gift, but Babet resolutely rejected it, and scarcely less pleased than himself, she hastened home to communicate what had passed to Veronique.

It was perhaps the first time that she received a chiding from her lady. Madame was, as she declared, very angry indeed with Babet for revealing her name. She had scarcely expressed her anger, however, when fearing she had been too severe, she told Babet, that as the mischief could not now be remedied, she forgave her; and in order that the good nurse might be convinced that she did so, she bestowed upon her some valuable lace, and a tender embrace.

Need we add, that the marriage of our eccentric lovers soon took place? The Chevalier Flori-

mond gave the bride away. Felicie, finding that her guilt was discovered, was glad to bestow her hand on honest Jacques, who very readily accepted it. The marquis bestowed upon her a small portion, and a great deal of good advice, which her conduct after her marriage proved was not thrown away.

In compliance with the wish of his wife, De Versanai returned to Paris, where it was no sooner known that he was once more rich, than he became again amiable and popular: but he was no longer the dupe of professing friends; experience had rendered him prudent, and while he sought to amuse and be amused by the many, he gave his friendship and confidence only to a chosen few. His wife was always the first and dearest of his friends, and during many years of love and happiness, they continued to furnish an example—rare, alas! in high life—of a fashionable couple tenderly and devotedly attached to each other.

A DRAMATIC REPLY TO A DRAMATIC EPISTLE*.

Dear MARIAN,

I FEAR I shall not be able to accomplish *The Wish* you express, however I may prefer it, or it might be *As you Like it*, being now confined in the King's Bench prison, learning *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. I have lately made *A bold Stroke for a Husband*; but my *Two Gentlemen of Verona* shewed me, that they did not agree with the old saying, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, each proving *The Old Bachelor*.

Just before my *Journey to London*, I had gained another follower; he was to be sure but a *Modern Antique*, and turned out at last *The Lame Lover*. I acted on the principle of *Hit or Miss*, and played *The Double Gallant* so well, that he was *Frightened to Death*, and sung out, like *Blaze in Amaze*, *What next?*

Though I am now here in *The School of Reform*, and consequently my active pursuit of a husband is somewhat checked, I shall soon be eased of my troubles by the aid of the Insolvent Act, and intend making my *debût* in the world as *The Mourning Bride* early in the ensuing month. *Town and Country* are my theatre of action, and when released, I make no doubt of gaining a victory equal to the *Conquest of Tarento*; that is to say, if my beauty proves not like a *Broken Sword*. I shall have a country-house at Windsor, where I hope you will join me; we will certainly make *The Devil to Pay*, and be in fact and deed *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Before I can do this, I must find out *The Way to get Married*, or attempt *Raising the Wind* by a *Lottery Ticket*. I shall pass off for *Miss in her Teens*, and go through *The Review* of fashion as a *Miner*, and make no doubt of succeeding in my wishes. *Love, Law, and Physic* do but ill agree together; I must therefore steer clear of these, and enslave a rich *East-Indiaman*, or a magnificent *Nabob*: but if I can't get a better, I will e'en take *The Peasant Boy*; being resolved to give the lie to *The Gypsies' Prophecy*; though I should be very

* See *Repository*, No. XVIII. p. 332.

lothe to put up with *The Woodman's Hut*. I hope these golden visions will end a *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, and that when arrived, I may be able to stand on the dizzy top of *The Wheel of Fortune*. When married, I shall often ask myself the question, *Is he Jealous?* and will do my best by playing *The Romp*, to make mine a *Provoked Husband*. As to the matter of whose is *The Will*, I can only say, that my husband will find a vast difference between *Three Weeks before Marriage* and *Three Weeks after Marriage*.

My brother *Octavian* is become quite *The Stranger*; and as for *Theodosius*, he is very little better than *King Lear*.

I have just been making love from the window—*Romeo and Juliet* to perfection, I assure you. My *Cher Ami* is I think rich, though confined here, and he believes I am rich; I fear between us we shall play *The Comedy of Errors*.

My brother *Othello*, who you know is lately married, has become like his namesake, jealous; he storms and raves like *Richard the Third*, and starts and jumps, and starts again, like the great king of Scotland *Macbeth*.

From the tenor of my letter you may perhaps conclude me *The Libertine*, but if I am, I assure you *I can't Help it*, being determined, as long as I live, to have *High Life below Stairs*, though I should hereafter cross *The Devil's Bridge*, and be refused a passage through *The Turnpike-Gate* upwards, or be hung, like *George Barnwell*, as a punishment for my pastime. Adieu! yours in haste, as you know I am a *Busy Body*,

ISABELLA, *The Country Girl*.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Continued from vol. III. *p.* 332.)

1735.

June 3. HER majesty has ordered Mr. Rysbrack to make the bustoes in marble of all the kings of England from William the Conqueror, in order to be placed in her new building in the gardens in Richmond. A subterranean building is by her majesty's orders carrying on at the royal gardens at Richmond, which is to be called Merlin's Cave, with astronomical figures and characters.

11*th*. Died, Mrs. Hogarth, mother of the artist, of a fright occasioned by the fire at Mrs. Callaway's, a brandy-shop in Cecil-street, St. Martin's-lane.

July 16. At the assizes at Abington, a clergyman was tried for killing a fallow deer, on April 9, in Windsor Great Forest, and which was found in his cellar. He confessed the whole matter, but alleged his dog killed it against his will. He was acquitted.

August 21. The figures her majesty has ordered for Merlin's Cave were placed there, viz. Merlin at a table, with conjuring books and mathematical instruments, taken from the face of Mr. Ernest, page to the Prince of Wales; 2d. King Henry VII.'s queen, and 3d. Queen Elizabeth, who comes to Merlin for knowledge—the former from

the face of Mrs. Margaret Purcel, and the latter from Miss Paget; 4th. Minerva, from Mrs. Poyntz; 5th. Merlin's secretary, from Mr. Kemp, one of the duke's grenadiers; and 6th. A witch, from a tradesman's wife at Richmond. Her majesty has also ordered a choice collection of English books to be placed therein, and appointed Mr. Stephen Duck to be cave and library-keeper, and his wife necessary-woman there.

1736.

March 6. Died, Mrs. Callovan, relict of a famous limner: she left 150,000*l.* to charitable uses.

April 17. An experiment was tried before several of the commissioners of the Victualling-Office, relating to the salting of beef. A bullock was let blood almost to death, knocked on the head, and ripped up, the entrails taken out, and before cold, a tube was put into one of the arteries near the back, into which a strong brine being poured, it circulated through all the vessels, so that it was salted all over alike equally; for a piece of the leg and hip being cut off, the brine issued out. Some of this beef was put up and sent to sea, to try how it will keep.

27*th.* At the marriage of the Princess of Saxe-Gotha with the Prince of Wales, after supping in *ambigu*, their majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bedchamber, and the bridegroom to his dressing-room, where the duke undressed him, and his majesty did his royal highness the honour to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the princesses; and being put in bed in a rich undress, his majesty came into the room, and the prince following soon after, in a night-gown of silver stuff and a cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in bed, surrounded by all the royal family, &c.

May 31. Died, Mr. Arnold, aged thirty-six, author of the political letters in the *True Briton* and *Daily Gazetteer*, signed Francis Walsingham, Esq. By his death a pension of 400*l.* per annum reverts to the crown.

June 1. The Society for the Encouragement of Learning instituted.

August 2. The first stone laid at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the same dimensions as the side already built.

20*th.* The bakers in Dublin not liking the assize of bread made by the lord mayor, which was above 14lbs. household bread for 1s. refused to bake for two or three days, whereupon the poor people in that city were in great distress. Some had recourse to potatoes, and some bought flour to bake themselves, and found their account in it, though the bakers thought their profits too small; but the churchwardens threatened to prosecute them as having no regular visible way of living, on which they went to baking again.

30*th.* The gardens which have been making in Lincoln's Inn Fields were finished, being inclosed with iron rails, and stone pyramids fixed up at proper distances for globular lamps.

October 19. Died, George Clark, LL.D. member for Oxford, and senior fellow of All Souls College.

He left to Worcester College 1000*l.* for building a library, also six fellowships of 43*l.* per annum each, and six scholarships of 23*l.* each; his medals to the University; his fine pictures of Lords Rochester and Clarendon to be hung up in Golgotha; his house and furniture to the warden of All Souls for the time being for ever; the rest of his estate to Mr. Clarke, a young gentleman of Christ College, Oxford. T. Rawney, Esq. and Dr. Shepperd his executors.

1737.

March 5. The footmen having, on account of their rudeness, been denied entrance into the gallery they used to have allowed them, a body of them, to the number of 300, armed with offensive weapons, broke open the doors of Drury-lane playhouse. They fought their way to the stage-door, forced it open, and wounded twenty-five persons. Colonel de Veil being in the house, endeavoured to read the proclamation, but such was their violence (notwithstanding the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others of the royal family, were there), he was obstructed in the exercise of his duty. However, he caused some of the ringleaders to be seized, and, after examination, sent three of them to Newgate, upon which some had the assurance to send the following letter:

"*To Mr.* Fleetwood, *in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Master of the Theatre Drury-lane.*

"Sir,—We are willing to admonish you before we attempt our design, and provide you will use us civil, and admit us into our gallery, which is our property according to formalities, and if you think proper to come to a composition this way, you'll hear no further; and if not, our intention is to combine in a body *incognito*, and reduce the playhouse to the ground, valuing no detection—we are indemnified."

But a guard of fifty soldiers being appointed for several nights, the footmen made no attempts.

April 4. Died, Eustace Budgell, Esq. who finished his life by jumping out of a boat at London bridge. He appeared so much disordered for a day or two before, that his servant-maid thought proper to hide his sword. When he went away, he said he should not come home any more. He had about him, when taken up, a bank-bill of 70*l.* another of 50*l.* a note of Sir Francis Child for 20*l.* twenty guineas in money, and a gold watch. 'Tis said he expected an execution to enter the house the next day, and that he had a cause to come on at Westminster-Hall, which gave him great uneasiness. In his escrutoire was a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before, importing, that he left his natural daughter, Ann Eustace (about eleven), all his personal estate. He was a near relation to Mr. Addison, and had once a considerable post in Ireland, in consequence of the reputation he acquired by writing the *Spectators* signed by the letter X. The coroner's jury brought him in lunatic.

May 21. Married, Mr. Glover, author of *Leonidas*, to Miss Nunn, worth 10,000*l.*

September 30. The stalls, &c. in Stocks Market being pulled down, the lord mayor proclaimed Fleet Market a free market.

November 1. Several masters of coffee-houses having represented that the Sessions paper was too dear, his lordship sent for the printer, who was told he must lower his price to 3d.; but he pleading it was impossible to give so full an account of the proceedings for that price, considering what he had paid for it, his lordship (Sir John Barnard) generously gave up the 120 guineas of late years paid to the lord mayor for the same.

10*th.* Died, Dr. Dwight, author of several curious treatises on physic, at Fulham. He was the first that found out the secret to colour earthenware like china.

1738.

February 10. Oxford. This being St. Scolatius' day, a certain number of the principal burgesses did publicly pay each one penny, in token of their submission to the orders and rights of the University. The occasion of the custom and offering was a barbarous and bloody outrage, committed by the citizens in the reign of Edward III. against the persons and goods of several scholars, which drew a great and just amercement upon the criminals. The city pretended they were not able to pay the fine without their utter ruin, and did humbly pray, and at last obtained, mitigation from the University. An annual payment of 100 marks was then accepted; and this, by the further favour of the University, was changed into a small yearly acknowledgment, viz. that the mayor and sixty-two townsmen, as had been sworn that year to preserve the privileges of the University, should yearly, upon this day, repair to St. Mary's church, and should then and there offer sixty-three pence, in memory of the barbarous murder of sixty-three scholars.

(To be continued.)

ON AN ENIGMATICAL LETTER IN THE SEVENTEENTH NUMBER OF THE REPOSITORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE seen in your *Repository* a sort of punning letter, of which I have a copy that has several different readings, which I here transmit. It is said to have been written by Mr. H. Bunbury to Mr. R. Nares, and is dated Wynnstay.

" *Expensive Wig,*

" A gentleman with a fly in his eye before a mug Kamschatka or billy for ever sir with your papa's sister an ill bred replying set as in the devil you to a capital bird with sixty minutes and a landlord a pitcher full of little ones in a napkin my lord alter your fire-place verdant calf in my yard and Quaker fine gentleman bagnio has sinister the genitive case his son of a plumb-cake no girl cutting parsley in the kitchen between April and June before the great man-midwife with a dish to cover them fetch it and put your hand upon a model of Paris and a sunburnt Israelite a buck of mine tumbled down nanty Bolen I must beg you neither to make ready or fire my respects to your white fiddle tenor bass hautboy (I have now like

Guy's cow) ten o'clock no more no rain and starlight.

"P. S. The great stake of wood cannot ounce the first day in a frying-pan you will a d—n'd falsehood hear from Sir Watkin put it what is past."

As there are so many variations, I conclude neither copy is correct; mine is without punctuation: it is impossible to conjecture how far it may lead the ingenuity of commentators! I have spent more time in trying to decipher it, than would have served me to translate four times as much from any language of Europe; nay, I believe I should have found a page of Persian or Arabic comparatively easy. I can add very little, in the way of solving the riddle, to the labours of your correspondent T. J.: the following passages, taking the reading which appears to me best, are all I can supply.

"Sixty minutes and a landlord:"—Our (hour) host.

"Never hit verdant calf is at my yard and quarter fine gentleman:"—Miss Greenveal (Grenville?) is at my elbow (ell, beau).

"Bagnio has sinister the genitive case:"—Bath has left off——.

"Between April and June:"—May.

"The great man-midwife:"—Perhaps the deliverer of Europe.

"A buck of mine tumbled down:"—My dear (deer) fellow (fell low).

"I must beg you neither to make ready or fire my respects to your white fiddle tenor bass hautboy:"—I must beg you to present my respects to your fair consort (concert).

"(I have now like Guy's cow):"—I have now done (dun) with crotchets, [ ].

"No rain and starlight:"--Adieu (a dew), and good night.

"The first day in a frying-pan you will a d—n'd falsehood hear from Sir Watkin:"—The first Friday (fried day) you will positively (positive lie) hear from Sir Watkin.

Hoping through your Magazine to obtain a correct copy of this specimen of occult science, I remain, sir, yours, &c.

E. C.

May 4.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XIX.

O blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow happy as to day.——POPE.

I SHALL not attempt the definition of what is generally considered to be a good temper, because this paper will illustrate it by a very well-written and contrasted example. Besides, I do not chuse to forestal a little work of my own, which amuses my leisure hours, and will be introduced to the public under the title of a *Dictionary of Mental Anatomy*, in which all the moral and intellectual qualities of the human mind and character will be fully defined, in a due course of classification. Good temper will consequently be one of them; and to this work I take the liberty of referring my readers, when it shall

issue from the press: and if any of my intelligent correspondents would be so indulgent as to favour me with any hints, information, or opinions which they may think will tend to the accuracy, and consequent utility, of my proposed work, I shall consider myself as greatly indebted for such instances of their favourable sentiments respecting my work and myself.

The correspondent who has favoured me with the following essay, is, I am confident, peculiarly qualified to afford me the assistance which I have requested; and I may, perhaps, indulge the expectation, that the advantages resulting from such communication may be granted to me. That I have good reason for expressing my wishes on the occasion, will appear from the understanding, good sense, and knowledge of the human character, which appear in the following production, together with that elegance of imagination, which at once enlivens and adorns it. I now leave my readers to appreciate its merits; and I flatter myself that few of them will be contented with one perusal of it. ——

A good temper is a chief ingredient of human happiness. It seems, indeed, in some measure to be born with us; though it may be sometimes acquired by art, and will always be improved by culture, as it will be perfected by religion. Almost every object that solicits attention has its bright and its dark side: and they who habituate themselves to look at the unpleasant side of things, are in danger of souring their dispositions, and consequently of impairing their happiness; while they who contemplate objects on their bright side, insensibly meliorate their tempers, increase their comforts, and, which is the natural effect of such habits, improve their own happiness, as well as add to that of all those with whom they are engaged in the associations of life.

Barbara and Selina are ladies of birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments, who have maintained an intimate acquaintance with each other from their early years, and they are now no longer young, to the period of life which they have at present attained. They also originally resembled each other in temper, but by indulging in different habits and yielding to opposite inclinations, they are at length become the reverse in that particular.

Barbara has accustomed herself to regard the unfavourable side of every object; and, indeed, so far does she carry this propensity, that instead of dwelling on imperfections where they do appear, she strives to search them out where they do not immediately present themselves. If a new poem is published, or a new play is brought forward on the theatre, though they may have numerous beauties, she will pass them over, to rest upon their imperfections; will slightly skim over the passages, or be inattentive to the parts that should give her pleasure, and dwell only upon those that she can venture to disapprove. If she looks at a portrait, though the face is perfectly like, and admirably painted, she will find fault with some useless fold in the drapery, or discover that the thumb-nail perhaps is not correctly represented. Her garden is laid

out with great taste, and is enriched with the finest trees, the most odoriferous shrubs, and the most beautiful flowers; but when she attends you through it, you hear of nothing but storms and blights, of snails and caterpillars. When she has conducted you to a seat or a building that commands a very delightful prospect, she discovers that there is too much or too little water, too great an exposure to the sun, or that it is too much in the shade; that to be sure her place is very delightful, but then there is no such thing as comfortable enjoyment out of the house in such a variable and uncertain climate as that of England. In her house the ill state of her health, the plague of servants, or some unpleasant family occurrence, becomes the subject of her conversation; so that she not only talks herself into low spirits, but her company into silence; and then she observes, that she is particularly unfortunate in having the most stupid and uninteresting set of acquaintance in the whole circuit of society.

But we shall now proceed to Selina, who is the reverse of the foregoing character. She, on the contrary, sees every thing in the most favourable point of view; and by such a direction of her mind secures her own happiness, and communicates it to all around her. If any untoward events befal her, she considers that they might have been worse, and is thankful that they are not so. She does not complain of solitude when circumstances require it, or accidents produce it, as it affords her the opportunity of improving reflection; and she is pleased with society, because she loves her fellow-creatures, and it gives her an occasion to communicate to them the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every one's virtues to his failings, and always endeavours to prove the superiority of the former over the latter. Nay, she will, with that humane and benevolent disposition which characterizes her, contrive to find something to praise in the most indifferent characters. She never looks into an author but with a desire to receive entertainment, or to reap instruction; and therefore never fails to find one or the other, and is frequently so happy as to be sensible of both. In her views of art or nature, she always looks for their beauties. She will dwell on the common herbage of the meadow, and examine the variety which is displayed on the surface, and will descant with delight on the wild flowers of the hedge. She considers the benefit that may be derived from the fluctuations of the weather and the diversity of the seasons, being convinced that they all, in their course and their change, are productive of general advantage, and conduce in some degree to the health of man and the convenience of life. Her conversation is never rendered displeasing by an account of her own grievances, nor is it ever charged with the faults, the follies, or imperfections of others. If unfavourable observations flow from severe or envious tongues, for such she must occasionally encounter, she always endeavours to lessen their rigour, or give a new turn to the conversation. Thus, while Barbara, like the spider, sucks venom, Selina extracts honey from every object to which their different na-

tures direct them. Thus these two tempers find their natural condition. The one is always dissatisfied, and of course ever uneasy; while the other offers the contrast of gaiety and cheerfulness. The one communicates a certain gloom, and the other a perpetual sunshine.

Thus it appears how essential *good temper* is to happiness. This is a truth universally felt, and as universally acknowledged, even by those who are not remarkable for the possession of it, though they will sometimes qualify their praise by denominating it an amiable weakness: nay, the title of a harmless, good-natured person, is not generally supposed to convey any superior quality as belonging to the persons to whom it is applied.

In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. It, therefore, becomes us to attend to the most trifling circumstances in the social habit of domestic life. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, in short, whatever promotes cheerful thoughts and pleasing ideas, should ever be studiously adopted in our colloquial communications with each other. Good manners demand these attentions from us towards those with whom we are accustomed to associate. The unreflecting clown may repine at the sunshine which ripens his harvest, the grand source of his support, because it may prove unfavourable to some article of inferior cultivation; but he who is endowed with superior powers of reflection, will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm, when he considers the refreshment which nature may receive from the shower that accompanies it.

Thus good manners, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By adopting and unceasingly practising this conduct, Selina has acquired the character not only of superior understanding, but of being an example of the most polished manners: and thus it is, that every one may attain that easy, social benevolence, whose natural consequence is social happiness.

I have received a curious letter from a lady, who is rather violent in her expressions of displeasure at the frequent abuse in the public prints, of the prevailing disposition in the world of ton and fashion to adopt the *costume* of the French in their dress and modes of personal decoration. I shall not enter into all her reasons for defending this practice, because I would not expose her folly, nor disgust my readers with such a detail of fantastical nonsense as her epistle contains, though not altogether devoid of pleasant vivacity. I have been a traveller in my day, and know how to distinguish between the artificial appearance of the Frenchwomen and the native attractions of my own countrywomen; but it is not my present object to enlarge upon the superiority of the latter, which I could do, from the most perfect conviction of it, and with equal propriety expose the folly of sacrificing nature to art, and a becoming decoration to fallacious blandishments: I mean merely to surprise my readers with the ter-

mination of my fashionable correspondent's letter, which rests its concluding authority for the support of its opinion in favour of the subserviency it professes to foreign influence in female dress, from antiquarian research. It is as follows:

"But after all, the justly celebrated and glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth was the precise period when foreign fashions for female dress were originally introduced. But as in a matter of so much consequence, reference is made to remote history, a woman's word may not be taken, I shall therefore make good my assertion by quoting an original letter written by Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, to Sir Henry Norris, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of France. This letter is stated by the gentleman, a well known and highly esteemed antiquarian, to whom I am indebted for it, to have been published in the year 1663, among a collection of state papers, called *Scrinia Ceciliana* (I hope I have written the words right), or Mysteries of Government, and accordingly offer it to your perusal.

"Sir,

"The queen's majesty would fain have a taylor that has skill to make her apparel both after the French and Italian manner, and she thinketh that you might use some means to obtain some one such there as serveth the queen, without mentioning any manner of request in the queen's majesty's name. First, to cause my lady your wife to use some such means to get one, as thereof knowledge might not come to the queen-mother's ears, of whom the queen's majesty thinketh thus: that if she did understand that it were a matter wherein her majesty might be pleasured, she would offer to send one to the queen's majesty: nevertheless, if it cannot be so obtained by this indirect means, then her majesty would have you devise some other good means to obtain one that were skilful. Yours in all truth,

"W. Cecil."

"I have, indeed, always heard, that good Queen Bess was most attentive to the decoration of her person, as this letter indeed sufficiently proves; and surely so reasonable and highly informed a lady as the *Female Tattler* appears to be, cannot blame me, or indeed any young woman in fashionable life, for following such an example as that afforded by the wisest princess, as I am told historians represent her to be, of any age or any country. Indeed, the object of this letter is to check the vulgar impertinence of those, who, under a pretence that they are devoted to the honour of Old England, the interests of its trade, and the glory of its constitution, propose to deprive Englishwomen of the liberty of setting off English beauty to the utmost possible advantage, by the due adjustment of dress to form and feature—an art that has been the boast of the French at least, as the song says, 'from good old Bessy's golden days.' I doubt not, madam, but that you will confirm an opinion acknowledged by all genuine judges of taste and real admirers of female charms. I am, with great respect, the Female Tattler's obedient servant,

"Frances Highlife."

"No. 1, A-la-mode-Place."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

(Concluded from vol. III. p. 344.)

Those who have devoted themselves to the art of engraving on copper, will find that engraving on stone seems to have the advantage over copper-plate engraving, because its strokes are not so sharp, and have more resemblance to drawing.

2dly. The strokes need not be cut to so great a depth by far in stone as in copper.

3dly. By means of instruments adapted for the purpose, the different breadths of the strokes may be produced very easily and at once: whereas in copper a broad, deep stroke cannot be obtained without many repeated efforts.

4thly. The stone admits of all the different kinds of work that copper does. The artist may work upon it just as well with the etching-needle as with the dry-point and the graver; but what is called the dotted manner, does not succeed so well upon stone. All these various manners may be employed together upon one plate, because the preparation of the stone remains the same in every case, and therefore less time is required than for engraving on copper.

May not this highly important art, which seems pregnant with the germs of an extraordinary revolution in the arts in general, but in the production of fac-similes of ancient and modern manuscripts, and the most perfect imitations of black letter and wood-cuts, in particular, which not only excites universal interest, but entwines a new and unfading flower in the wreath of German genius, also pave the way to new discoveries in cotton-printing, in the manufacture of tapestry, and more especially in paper-staining?

By the aid of the elements, machines invented by the ingenuity of man are set in motion, and might then be kept in constant activity by means of lithography. The establishment of such a manufactory would confer immortality on the name of the founder. A manufactory of all the different kinds of paper could not fail to be a profitable undertaking. A new mode of notation for music, with white marks on a black ground, would not be uninteresting.

It is only in the bosom of peace that the fine arts can flourish. The experience of all ages has confirmed this truth; and a glance at the history of the arts will be sufficient to produce a conviction of it. The iron scourge of war seemed to have scared these ministers to the higher enjoyments of life, during a long series of years, from almost every country. The tempest, however, is now past, and an epoch is gradually opening, which presents a cheering prospect to the fine arts, and with them to the refinements of life, among all the civilized nations of the globe.

It is hoped that these hints may not only serve as an invitation to reflection and co-operation to all those who feel an interest in the improvement of this new branch of art, but also direct the attention of

the lovers of the arts to what might be accomplished by means of suitable establishments.

Already has many an art born in a foreign country, been nursed and brought to maturity in Great Britain. We trust that the success of lithography will reward those efforts which justify great expectations, and that not only the wants of the moment, but also the higher requisites of the art, will be worthily supplied.

The specimen of lithographic art for this month, is a slight etching by an amateur; and how far etching may be carried, is very visible.—*See page* 41.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Mozart's favourite Air, "Fin ch' han dal Vino," with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Liebenrood, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 4s.

WE need not inform our readers, that the air which forms the subject of these variations, is the incomparably beautiful and original song in the opera *Il Don Giovanni*, given with such a flow of life and spirits by Mr. Ambrogretti, at the King's Theatre, as to electrify the audience. It is none of the best themes for variations, but the alterations, or rather curtailments in the melody, resorted to by Mr. Cramer, render it more available for that purpose. Mr. C. has also changed the key from B♭ to C, and the time from *prestissimo* to *allegretto moderato:* but we would advise the player still to be as sparing of slow motion in this piece as his fingers will let him. The variations are not unworthy of Mr. C.'s muse, but they no not appear to us to be equal to his best performances of this description (perhaps owing to the theme). Their number is considerable (not less than nine), and the preponderance of the common chord of C is sensibly felt. The variations which made a preferable impression upon us are, No. 1.; it is melodious, and flows on in a smooth and tasteful style: No. 2. is rendered conspicuous by the good bass; and No. 5. by the peculiarity of its character, and the skill with which the melody is amplified into semiquavered passages of good connection. No. 8. although but distantly hinting at the theme, has our unqualified approbation; it is in A minor, in serious mood, and treated with feeling. No. 9. is of no great import, but it ends with a good coda.

La Biondina in Gondoletta, a favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, composed, and dedicated to his Friend J. Mazzinghi, Esq. by T. Latour. Pr. 5s.

The well-known Venetian national air which Mr. L. has adopted for the basis of the present publication, is not only very proper for such a purpose, but in itself extremely attractive. Although his variations have given us much satisfaction, we must confess we should have been more pleased had their number fallen short of a round dozen. We are aware that there are numerous precedents of the highest authority in favour of

even greater liberality; but, in our opinion, the very aim at variety ends in sameness, when the identical object is exhibited under too many various forms. An article of food dressed up in a dozen various ways, or a theatrical performer appearing successively in as many different characters, would at last become tedious even to those who admired the ingenuity and skill displayed on the occasion. As our limits do not admit of a detailed notice, we shall content ourselves with adverting to two or three of the variations before us. No. 1. is devised with much neatness and taste; its alternate responses between the two hands are well imagined and cleverly arranged. No. 6. exhibits some capital bass evolutions, likewise in responsive alternation with the treble: the appearance *only* of this variation seems to threaten difficulties, but the passages, like the generality of Mr. Latour's works, adapt themselves admirably to the hand. In the andante (var. 9.), delicacy of expression is a distinguishing feature. Two or three variations assign the melody to the flute, in the absence of which the piano-forte is made to supply its place. Of those, var. 7. requires more particularly our favourable notice.

Air, "I love thee, Twilight," by Miss E. E. Hammond, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by William Crotch, Mus. Doc. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. Pr. 2s.

Miss Hammond's air, which, in the publication before us, Dr. Crotch has honoured by a most elaborate treatment, consists of a very plain melody, exhibited in a single strain of twelve bars, in the eighth of which there appears to lurk a want of rhythmical repose. On these homely materials Dr. C. seems to us to have tried his strength, in an experiment to what extent he might satisfy even the epicure in music, by the highest possible seasoning, drawn from the deepest store of harmonic science, and bestowed with profuse liberality. We admire the skill and ingenuity of the undertaking, but the effect, in our opinion, is not commensurate with either the quantity or the quality of the meritorious labour exerted on the occasion. We observe that Dr. C. who may justly boast to have been among the first to mark the *tempi* of the movements by the pendulum, still employs *English* inches for the scale of velocity, although the invention of *Maelzel's Metronome* is now almost universally adopted in this country as well as on the Continent. Not to dwell on the unsatisfactory vibration of a ball suspended by a string (especially when short), it must be obvious, that a measure founded on *English* inches cannot conveniently be understood abroad; and surely Dr. C. has produced works, the sphere of which ought not to be limited to England alone. When we are in possession of an *universal* standard of musical time, why not avail ourselves of it?

A Solo for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to his Friend A. Ireland, by A. Howship, principal Flute at Drury-lane Theatre. Pr. 3s.

It affords us the greater pleasure to speak well of this solo, as it is the first publication from the above

author that has come under our critical notice. It consists of an allegretto and rondo in F major, separated by a short adagio in F minor. The allegretto is throughout very satisfactory; it combines agreeable melodious expression with proper and tasteful passages; and the modulations in the second strain are creditable specimens of Mr. H.'s science. The adagio is short, but highly pathetic and elegant; and the latter praise is eminently due to the polacca which forms the last movement. Its subject is particularly neat and engaging; but we must observe, that, conformably to the peculiar character of a polacca, the close of the first strain ought to have been effected with the dissonance placed on the *accented* part of the last bar, not on the last and unaccented crotchet of the bar preceding. The whole of this solo is conceived in the best modern style, and shews that the author has rendered himself familiar with the most approved works of the few classic authors that have written for his instrument. The flute part, without being intricate, requires, nevertheless, a good player; and the pianoforte forms a desirable support of harmony, which latter is both correct and effective.

The favourite Overture to the grand Ballet "L'Amour et la Folie," in which is introduced a popular French Air, as performed at the King's Theatre, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.

Mr. K. whom we have hitherto introduced to our readers chiefly as a lyric composer, has shewn by this overture, that he is not unequal to efforts of a higher order. We have heard it more than once at the King's Theatre with every advantage of perfect execution, and were so pleased with it, that on our way home we successfully tried to recall to our memory some of its passages. Impressions of this kind may generally be considered as strong tests of the value of compositions; music which we do not remember after the performance, has seldom strong claims on our recollection. The character of this overture is that of lively gaiety, and borders on the French style. Setting out with a subject of this description, it proceeds in the same spirit, without ever assuming airs of affected consequence. All is lightsome, smooth, and agreeable. The dolce (*p.* 2), in imitation of the subject, and the further change of it to F ♯ minor (*p.* 3), deserve our commendation. A little of the *recherché* occurs, *p.* 5, in the enharmonic substitution of A b for G ♯, and *vice versa* afterwards, to get into smooth water again. The thing itself is managed quite in a workmanlike manner, so that it would be a pity to find fault with it: indeed, all that could be said would be, that the idea is rather at variance with the general playful character of the overture, and brought in too near the conclusion. The arrangement for the piano-forte is of the easiest kind; hence, probably, we may account for some very plain bass parts: in the harmony, too, we have met with one or two oversights. In the same ballet, we remarked some other movements, which, if they are likewise from Mr. K.'s pen, do him much credit.

Six Airs grotesque for the Piano-Forte, composed by D. Steibelt. Pr. 4s. Preston, Strand.

Why the epithet *grotesque* should have been given to the six pieces under consideration, we are puzzled to guess; we expected to find all sorts of compositorial eccentricities and whims in them, but were agreeably disappointed. The airs which form the themes of these pieces, with the exception of No. 3. which is somewhat remarkable, and perhaps No. 4. are conspicuous for their attractive melodies, and a treatment which is regular and void of any whim or affectation. We have been delighted with all of them; they shew, like most other works of Mr. S. that he is one of the very few who may be said to have been born composers. In point of melody, he has few rivals among his living colleagues; but his style is not always distinguished by purity of musical diction, as these airs themselves might vouch in a few instances. Since, however, the errors in that respect are never of the gross kind, the pleasure derived from his excellencies suffers no diminution. We will not institute a comparison between the six airs in this book; they are all interesting; and what renders them still more valuable, they present no difficulties of execution. A twelvemonth's course of proper instruction ought to form a pupil capable of playing this music.

The Medley Overture to the Pantomime of Harlequin Horner, or the Christmas-Pie, as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte, and inscribed to his Friend Mr. Joseph Sharp, by T. Cooke. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Mr. T. Cooke has so firmly established his name in the musical circles of London by the opera of "Frederic the Great," which he composed about three years ago for the Lyceum, that it is a matter of regret his talents are not more frequently devoted to the composition of entire operas. Many detached songs and chornsses, which have since been written by him for Drury-lane Theatre, met with deserved success; but our wish is directed to some great work from his pen. As to the overture before us, although it is hardly fair to exercise criticism on a musical piece which is intended to introduce Harlequin Horner and his Christmas-pie to the young misses and masters from school, we are bound to say, that the slow movement, and the allegro which follows upon it, are of a stamp considerably above the generality of pieces of this description. The style of the former, and the subject of the latter, have our unqualified approbation. These two movements are succeeded by a solo for the flute, an allegro consisting of various favourite sprightly dance subjects, and a lively rondo, also made up of a dance tune; all according to a long-established custom, which allows ever so many movements in a pantomime-overture.

The vocal Music sung in the new Tragedy called "The Apostate," at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed and arranged by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The pieces contained in this publication are, a prayer to Allah sung by Master Barnett, followed by a

short chorus of devout Mussulmans, and a hymn for four voices. The former is a fine pathetic composition, conceived in the best style of the *preghiera* of the Italian school. The hymn, too, does great credit to Mr. Bishop's talent; the melody is impressive, and the parts are arranged with skill and attention to effect. We cannot omit noticing the beautiful line of instrumental symphony at the end of the hymn, which reminds us of a passage somewhat similar in one of Mozart's works, the *Requiem* we think.

" *The Barber of Bagdat*," *a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold from a MS. Opera of* THE EMIR OF BALBEC; *composed, and dedicated to E. Cobbold, Esq.* by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s.

A comic song, and vulgarity of musical expression bawled off in the blessed $\frac{6}{8}$ gallop, are ideas so nearly associated, that an exception to the almost universal rule does one's heart good. The Barber of Bagdad belongs to the latter number: without grossness or hacknied thoughts, it possesses humour and instances of select harmonic combination, which shew that Mr. D.'s pen has been guided by sense and judgment. The idea of the alternate imitations between the voice and accompaniment is quite in its place, although in its execution a greater degree of mellowness in the arrangement might have been attained: the third bar is somewhat harsh, the double fifth E ♭, B ♭, F, ought to have been avoided. The close of the period, " Science was shewn," is also unsatisfactory. On the other hand, we are much pleased with the passage, " He whipt out a tooth;" the *minore* is extremely well conceived, and as well carried through; and in the farther progress of the song, as well as in the concluding symphony, we find much room for approbation.

GERMAN NATIONAL MELODIES. *The Airs selected by Charles Baron Arnim; the introductory Symphonies for the Piano-Forte* by J. Mazzinghi. No. 2. of vol. I. Pr. 13s.; or two numbers in one vol. 21s.

In the fourth number of the Second Series of the *Repository*, we have given an account of the former part, and the plan, of this interesting work. The contents of the present portion are as follow:

1. " Hark, how sad the night winds sigh:" the translation by *S. Tolfrey*, Esq. the music by *Zumsteg*. A beautiful air, replete with originality of expression.

2. " The Soldier's Farewell:" translated from the German song of *Körner** by *W. Monson*, Esq. the music by *Wüstenberg*. A pathetic composition of great merit.

3. " The Hunter:" translated by the Hon. *W. Spencer*, the music by *Zelter*. A short, but very animated hunting-song.

4. " The Rat Catcher:" translated from the German of *Goethe* by *E. B. Impey*, Esq. composed by *Ellis*. Pleasing, but not particularly original.

5. " Indifference and Affection:" translated from the German of *Goethe* by Major *Hughes*. The music, by Baron *Arnim*, is, very properly, a walz of great simplicity of

* For some account of this celebrated young poet, who sang, fought, and died for his country, see the *Repository*, No. LXX. First Series (Oct. 1814).

style, agreeable and melodious, but the ideas are not new. Part of it is set *à due*.

6. "Remuneration:" composed by *Sterkel*, translated by *W. Tighe*, Esq. An elegant air, of much tender feeling.

7. "The Shepherd's Complaint:" composed by *Louisa Reichard*, translated by *W. Tighe*, Esq. from the German of *Goethe*. Neatly melodious, without striking novelty.

8. "Longing for Happiness:" composed by *Hurka*, translated from the German of *Schiller* by the Hon. *W. Spencer*. An air of the most affecting simplicity.

9. "Changes of Time:" composed by *Himmel*, translated from the German of *Kotzebue* by *E. B. Impey*, Esq. Attractive on account of its lively and artless melody.

10. "Sorrows and Pleasure:" composed by *Reichard*, translated from the German of *Goethe* by *E. B. Impey*, Esq. A short, but impressive canzonet.

From the preceding catalogue of contents, it will be seen that Baron Arnim's choice, both in a musical and poetical point of view, does him credit; Mr. Mazzinghi's share in the work is equally deserving of commendation; and the poetical version of the German texts (the most important and arduous part of the undertaking), is throughout satisfactory, and, in some instances, truly admirable. Elegance of diction is joined with a faithful adherence to the sense and spirit of the original.

A second Set of two Walzes, and a Bolero for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Hale, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 3s.

Although Mr. E.'s taste and musical talent are as conspicuous in this publication, as in his first set of walzes, noticed in No. XVII. of the *Repository*, we prefer the last mentioned upon the whole. The walz No. 1. in the present book, has a good subject; the inner part of the treble is well imagined; the trio is not original, but neatly varied; and the responsive passages in the bass (*p.* 3), demand our approbation. In No. 2. we equally approve of a similar treatment of the theme; the second strain is rather common, but the passages it contains flow in good connection: the first strain of the trio calls for unmingled commendation. No. 3. (the bolero) is throughout satisfactory; the strain in A major (*p.* 6,) very interesting, and still more so the strain in G major.

Mozart's celebrated Walz, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and Flute Accompaniment, composed by J. Purkis. Pr. 2s.

We have every reason to be satisfied with this specimen of Mr. P.'s muse. The first variation consists of well-arranged triplets; the second strain is *concertante*; and those that follow are tastefully conceived. No. 2. (flute solo) claims the same commendation. No. 3. is cast into easy and well-linked demisemiquaver passages. In No. 4. an attempt has been made to force the $\frac{3}{4}$ subject into $\frac{4}{4}$ measure; unsuccessfully, *we* think! The melody drags unrhythmically. The fifth and last variation, in quick time, is spirited, and merges adroitly into a proper coda. The harmony, with the exception of one or two oversights, is pure and effective. The walz itself, although generally attributed here to Mozart, is not from his pen; but he has made few better ones.

The Quadrille Instructor, containing Directions for dancing a variety of new Quadrilles, adapted to original Music, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, Harp, or Violin, by Thomas Wilson. Pr. 7s. 6d.

In a musical point of view, this publication would scarcely fall within the sphere of our critical functions; but as the dance of which it treats has gained great ascendency in the circles of fashion, it may be acceptable to many of our fair readers to be informed, that the book before us contains, as far as we are able to judge, ample and perspicuous instructions for quadrille dances in general, and special directions for quadrilles of various kinds. The figures and steps are not only carefully described, but illustrated by numerous diagrams. The tunes appear to us to be of French origin, and the melody is supported by a bass accompaniment.

The celebrated and fashionable Dance "La Batteuse," with the various Figures correctly explained, arranged for the Piano-Forte or Violin, by Thomas Wilson. Pr. 3s.

This publication may be considered as a sequel to the foregoing. It treats very minutely on the correct execution of the quadrille called *La Batteuse*, and, like the Quadrille Instructor, assists the directions by choregraphic figures. The tune, which Mr. W. has added, is of a peculiar construction, having ten bars in each strain. We are surprised Mr. W. does not avail himself of Maelzel's Metronome, as hinted on a former occasion, to indicate the precise time in which this and other dances are to be played. In dances, the tempo is a matter of great importance, and the Metronome furnishes an instant and infallible guide in this respect.

"Down in the Valley my Father dwells," sung by Miss Kelly at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written and composed by the Author of the Baronet's Choice. Pr. 2s.

Our critical pen has for some months past been periodically employed upon ballads furnished by the fertile muse of this anonymous author, and another remains in our portfolio for future consideration. What we have hitherto said, as to general complexion of melody and harmony, applies fully to this. The amenity and proper rhythmical arrangement of the former evince natural talent, while the harmony bespeaks the absence of sound theory. With this qualification, we state our approbation of *ll.* 4 and 5 of the voice part, especially *l.* 5, where "My father, poor man," is affectingly expressed. The two next lines want, more than any others, harmonic correctness, and the voice goes too high for the generality of singers; to the juvenile class of whom the poetry, from its simplicity and moral tendency, may be fitly recommended. "To fill a basket from the water" sounds a little paradoxical, and might remind some persons of the tubs of the Danäides: we suppose cresses to be understood.

A Divertimento for the Harp, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Piano-Forte or Flute, composed and respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Lady Louisa Lambton, by Ph. J. Meyer. Pr. 4s.

A prelude, an andante, and a rondo in F major, in all of which good taste, proper style, agreeable

Painted by P. Brewghel.

CONCERT OF CATS

R. Ackermann's Lithography. July. 1817.

Etched on Stone by an Amateur

melody, and correct harmony, are never lost sight of. There is nothing which savours of deep study, nothing in the shape of contrapuntal nicety; but an even flow of pleasing ideas, regularity of arrangement, adequate treatment, and satisfactory developement of thoughts, proclaim a well organized musical ear, cultivated by classic models. The andante, in particular, has afforded us much real gratification; it is a chaste movement. As the whole presents not one passage of intricate execution, this is precisely the kind of music which ought to be set before the student that has successfully extricated himself from the course of elementary instruction.

PLATE 5.—THE CONCERT OF CATS.

Addressed to Madame CAT—ALANI.

(WITH A SPECIMEN OF LITHOGRAPHIC ART.)

AMONG the wonders, as we're told,
That were produced in days of old,
ORPHEUS, with his magic lyre,
Could e'en the forest brutes inspire;
Could charm the bear and the baboon
To figure in a rigadoon.
AMPHION's fiddle did but call,
When stones leap'd up and form'd a wall,
That round *Thebes'* famous city rose,
To bid defiance to its foes.
ARION also had a wish
To ride a-cockhorse on a fish;
And when his harp his wants proclaim,
Up from the flood a dolphin came,
And said, Sweet sir, you may bestride me,
And safely 'cross the ocean ride me.
But still it is a stranger thing
For CATS to fiddle and to sing,
And that their notes should have the charm
E'en MICE of terror to disarm;
Who from their holes, in due decorum,
Come forth to skip and dance before 'em,
Frisk it, quite fearless of all ill,
In am'rous waltz and gay quadrille.
But nature still will have its way;
Grimalkin sings but to betray:
The mewing fiddlers only wait
Till their strange songs have form'd the bait.
At once they pause—with hideous squall
They dash upon th' affrighted ball.
After the concert thus they sup,
And eat the dance and dancers up.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE SOLDIER'S TALE.

(*From a recent Publication by Mrs.* M'MULLAN.)

IN the northern province of the Emerald Isle, very near the town of Belfast, stands the farm on which the first years of my life were passed. It was my father's wish that I should be trained to pacific pursuits: I therefore proceeded to Carrickfergus, and crossed over to Glasgow, where I was entered a student in the university. The se-

cond season of my return dissolved the prospects which my father had indulged for me. I accompanied a relation on an excursion to Antrim, to see that stupendous production of nature, the Giant's Causeway. We there met two strangers, who, using the same freedom as I have just done, entered into conversation with us. They were military officers, and spoke with so much fervour of their profession; dwelt with such delight on the description of the various countries they had seen, and the services they had been engaged in, that I was perfectly enraptured. We dined together, and my curiosity was so kindled, that it soon tended to give our conversation the same tenour it had assumed while we were resting on the basaltic pillars of Fingal. They told me of Seringapatam; of Egypt's burning sands, and Maida's glorious plain; of Abercrombie, of Baird, of Moore, and many others, whose heroic deeds I had frequently read. We parted: but a desire was created in my heart, which neither the cold counsel of the aged, nor the tame-hearted dissuasion of the timid, could subdue. I turned from Virgil's peaceful *Georgics* to the lays of Homer and the page of Xenophon. Each day appeared an age, until I could become the Hector or the Achilles of some future Iliad, or give my name to the historian's record.

It happened that as I entered Londonderry, whither I had been sent on business for my father, a regiment was marching through. The sight was so consonant with my recently inspired feelings, that it is impossible to describe the effect produced by the martial strains of a military band, on a mind so enthusiastic as mine. A tear started in my eye, my heart palpitated, and I was riveted to the spot! Had I been at that moment possessed of a peaceful diadem, I would have exchanged it for an ensign's post, and have deemed the standard-bearer more enviable than a monarch in his robes. Every scene connected with the quiet progress of home became disgusting; every day spent in the solitude of the country was reckoned as a blank. The hunter's horn, which had hitherto awakened me to my most active delight, would now bear no comparison to the sounding bugle, summoning to arms, and calling the sons of Erin, as well as of Britain, to deeds of valour and to the palms of victory. The noisy drum, the "spirit-stirring fife," formed the concert of my dreams, and I repeated the warrior's story, until "I seemed the hero of the tale so flowingly described."

My father soon observed the new bent my inclinations had taken. He would have restrained my impatience, and have urged me to consideration; but the impulse was irresistible. Comparing me to Rasselas, he ceased to contend against my ardour; and told me, I should exchange the happy valley for the tented plain; procured a commission for me in the Prince's Native Irish, and sincerely prayed I might never have occasion to repent the choice I made. Nor have I! The glory I pursued I might possibly have acquired: as it is, I rejoice in the reflection, that I have never been defeated; never yielded my sword into the enemy's hand, nor led my fellow-soldiers to scale that

rampart which we did not ultimately win. No march appeared long; no toil, no danger to be weighed against the triumph of fixing the British standard where the enemy's flag braved our attack. Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and France, have presented in their turns opportunities for every veteran's skill, and every stripling's emulation.—The colonel of the division I served in had been a school-fellow of my father's, and he omitted no means of forwarding my wishes for distinction. I certainly looked towards a more distant return to the green hills of Erin; but I will not repine. Though war must have its victims, yet glory must have its worshippers; and I think my youthful days have been well spent, although I go home *minus* an arm.

CHARACTERS OF MADAME DE STAEL AND MADAME DE GENLIS.

(From *Lady* Morgan's "*France*.")

I had often been assured, in some literary circles at Paris, that the greatest revolution which had taken place in their literature, since the reign of Louis XIV. has occurred in the taste, talent, and style of their female writers. They still speak with rapture of the facility, the *abandonnement*, the grace of the compositions of the La Fayettes, the Sevignés, the Caylus's; and oppose them in decided superiority to the De Staëls, the Cottins, the Genlis's, and the Souzas. But the great claim to that originality of invention and combination, which constitutes the essence of genius, belongs exclusively to the modern writers. The best compositions of the female wits of the *beau siècle*, exhibited but the art of transferring the elegant gossipry, so eternally practised in their salons, to their letters, and adopting in their written accounts of the anecdotes, incidents, slanders, intrigues, and *tracasseries* of the day, the same epigrammatic point and facility of expression, which belong to the genius of their language, and which have at all times been the study, the charm, and the habit of their conversation.

The life of such a woman as Madame de Sevigné was passed in social little circles, in eternal visits, and in seeking, hearing, circulating, and transcribing all that was passing in the city or the court. Women of rank had then no domestic duties, though they had many social ties. Their infants were nursed by hirelings, their children were reared in convents, their husbands lived with the army or the court, and those profounder feelings which exercise so powerful an operation upon female intellect, remained cold and undeveloped. They read little, because the scale of modern literature was then circumscribed, and few women studied the dead languages. The whole power of their mind, therefore, was confined and levelled to the combination and recitation of the events which took place in the most frivolous, intriguing, but polished society, that ever existed. Their style was brilliant, playful,

and elegant; and it was eminently, perhaps exclusively, calculated to *éterniser la bagatelle**.

When, however, they abandoned facts for fiction, they wholly failed in their attempt; and in the world of invention there is, perhaps, nothing so cold, cumbrous, and wearisome, so out of the line of social nature, and yet so remote from the fairy regions of fancy, as the romances of Mademoiselle Scuderie, and the novels of Madame La Fayette. They soon fell by their own ponderous weight, even in an age when they had novelty to sustain them, and have now long been known by name only.

The two most celebrated female writers of France, Madame de Genlis and Madame de Staël, mark successively the progress of female intellect, and the scope given by circumstances to female talent in that country. The works of Madame de Genlis form a sort of connecting link between those women who wrote at the latter end of Louis the Fourteenth's day, and those who have appeared since the revolution. The foundress of a new genus of composition in her own language, her domestic stories are a deviation from the grave formalities of the early French novel; and stand equally free from the licentious liberties of the new, a witty but an immoral school, founded by the Marivaux, the Louvets, and the Leclos. M. de Genlis, if not the first who made works of imagination the vehicle of education, was at least the earliest of those who introduced instruction and science into tales of sentiment and passion; and the erudition which occasionally gleams through her pages, has been thought to do the honours of the head, to the exclusion of the interests of the heart; while her pure and polished style, flowing and smooth as it is, stands accused by the severity of French criticism of approaching to the studied elegance and cold precision of a professed rhetorician. It may, however, be said with great truth, that none perhaps ever wrote so well who wrote so much, or has ever blended so few faults with so many merits of style and composition. Madame de Genlis just held that place in society from her rank, her fashion, her political tendencies, and literary successes, which was most calculated to excite against her a host of enemies. Had she been more obscure as a *woman*, she would have been less severely treated as an *author*.

The genius of Madame de Staël belongs to the day and age in which it dawned, and by which it was nurtured. It partakes of their boldness and their aspirations, their freedom and their force. Fostered amidst philosophical inquiries, and political and social fermentation, its objects are naturally grand, its scope vast, its efforts vigorous. It has the energy of inspiration, and its disorder. There is in the character of Madame de Staël's compositions, something of the Delphic priestess. Sometimes mystic, not always intelligible, we still blame the *god* rather than the ora-

* Speaking of the talents of Mesdames de Staël and de Genlis, a French critic of the old school observed to me: "*Pour ces femmes là, elles se sont fait une imagination et une littérature viriles.—Madame, il y a, dans l'une et l'autre, de quoi faire trois ou quatre hommes d'esprit.*"

cle; and wish perhaps that *she* were less inspired, or *we* more intelligent.

While other writers (both male and female) in France have turned with every breeze that fluttered in the political hemisphere, Madame de Staël has steadily proceeded in the magnificent march of *genius*, governed by *principle*; and her opinions, while they are supported by all the force of female enthusiasm, derive an additional weight from the masculine independence and steadiness of their advocate.

I had to lament that Madame de Staël had left France at the moment when I entered it; and I was tantalized by invitations, which proposed my meeting her at the house of a mutual friend, at the time when imperious circumstances obliged me to return to Ireland. I thus was prevented from seeing one of the most distinguished women of the age, from whose works I had received infinite pleasure, and (as a woman I may add) infinite pride. Her character was uniformly described to me by her friends, as largely partaking of a disposition whose kindness knew no bounds; and of feelings which lent themselves, in ready sympathy, to every claim of friendship, and every call of benevolence. Among those who knew her well, the splendour of her reputation seems sunk in the popularity of her character; and "*C'est une excellente personne*" — "*C'est un bon enfant*," were epithets of praise constantly lavished on one, who has so many more brilliant claims to celebrity*!

Madame de Genlis was at Paris when I arrived there; but I was told on every side, that she had retired from the world; that she was invisible alike to friends and strangers—that, "*elle s'était jetée dans la religion!*" or that "*elle s'était mise en retraite dans une société de Capucines.*"—I had despaired therefore of seeing a person, out of whose works I had been educated, and whose name and writings were intimately connected with all my earliest associations of books and literature; when an invitation from this distinguished writer herself brought me at once to her retreat, in her convent of the Carmelites—an order recently restored with more than its original severity, and within whose walls Madame de Genlis has retired. As I drove "*aux Carmes*," it is difficult to say, whether Madame de Genlis or Madame de La Valière was uppermost in my imagination. Adjoining to the gloomy and monastic structure which incloses the Carmelite sisterhood (in barriers which even royalty is no longer permitted to pass), stands a small edifice appropriated to the lay-guest of this silent and solitary retreat. The pret-

* Both Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis appeared to me to be rather unpopular with the royalists and *ultras*: the one, for her supposed republican principles; the other, for the part she took in the early period of the revolution. Of Madame de Staël, they constantly said to me, "*C'est de l'éloquence, si vous voulez; cependant c'est une phrasière que Madame de S.!*" Of Madame de Genlis—"*Pour son style, c'est d'une pureté très facile et élégante, mais il n'y a rien de naturel dans ses romans, que les enfans!*" The *Battuécas* of Madame de Genlis must, however, by this, have reconciled her to the most inveterate friends of legitimacy, church, state, and the King of Spain!

ty garden belonging exclusively to this wing of the convent, is only divided from its great garden by a low wall, and it admits at its extremity the melancholy view of a small chapel or oratory, fatally distinguished by the murder of the bishops and priests, imprisoned there during the reign of Robespierre. Madame de Genlis received me with a kindness, a cordiality, that had all the *naïveté* and freshness of youthful feeling and youthful vivacity. There was nothing of age in her address or conversation; and vigour, animation, a tone of decision, rapidity of utterance, spoke the full possession of every feeling and every faculty: and I found her in the midst of occupations and pursuits, which might startle the industry of youth to undertake or to accomplish.

When I entered her apartment, she was painting flowers in a book, which she called her *Herbier sacré*, in which she was copying all the plants mentioned in the Bible. She shewed me another volume, which she had just finished, full of trophies and tasteful devices, which she called *L'Herbier de reconnaissance*. "But I have but little time for such idle amusements," said Madame de Genlis. She was, in fact, then engaged in abridging some ponderous tomes of French *Mémoires*, in writing her *Journal de la Jeunesse*, and in preparing for the press her new novel *Les Battuécas*, which she has since given to the world.

Her harp was, nevertheless, well strung and tuned; her piano-forte covered with new music; and when I gave her her lute to play for me, it did not require the drawing up of a single string. All was energy and occupation. It was impossible not to make some observation on such versatility and variety of pursuits. "Oh! this is nothing," said Madame de Genlis; "what I pride myself on, is knowing *twenty trades, by all of which I could earn my bread.*"

She conversed with great earnestness, but with great simplicity, without effort as without pretension; and laughed heartily at some anecdotes I repeated to her, which were then in circulation in Paris. When I mentioned the story of her receiving a mysterious pupil, who came veiled to her apartments, whose face had never been seen even by her attendants, she replied, that there was no mystery in the case; that she received two or three unfortunate young people, who had no means of supporting themselves, and to whom she taught the harp as a mode of subsistence, as she had done to Casemir, now one of the finest harpists in the world. I could not help telling her, I believed she had a *passion for educating*: she replied, "*Au contraire, cela m'a toujours ennuyé;*" and added, it was the only means now left her of doing good.

I had been told in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had carried on a *secret correspondence* with the late emperor, which is another term for the higher walks of *espionnage*. I ventured one day to talk to her on the subject; and she entered on it with great promptitude and frankness. "Buonaparte," she said, "was extremely liberal to literary people—a pension of four thousand francs per annum was assigned to all authors and *gens-de-lettres* whose circumstances admitted of their ac-

ceptance of such a gratuity. He gave me, however, six thousand, and a suite of apartments at the Arsenal. As I had never spoken to him, never had any intercourse with him whatever, I was struck with this liberality, and asked him what he expected I should do to merit it. When the question was put to Napoleon, he replied carelessly, 'Let Madame de Genlis write me a letter once a month.' As no subject was dictated, I chose literature, but I always abstained from politics." Madame de Genlis added, that, though she never had any interview with him, yet, on her recommendation, he had pensioned five indigent persons of literary talent.

One of these persons was a mere *littéraire de société*, and it was suggested to Buonaparte, that if he granted four thousand francs per annum to a man who was not an author, and was therefore destitute of the usual claim on such stated bounty, that there were two friends of that person, equally clever, literary, and distressed, who would expect, or at least ask, for a similar provision. "*Eh bien*," said Buonaparte, "*cela fait douze mille francs*;" and he ordered the other two distressed *literati* to be put on the annuity-list with their friend.

It was said to me in Paris, that Madame de Genlis had retired to the Carmelites, "*désabusée des vanités de ce monde, et des chimères de la célébrité.*" I know not how far this may be true, but it is certain, that if she has done with the *vanities* of the world, she has by no means relinquished its refinements and tastes even amidst the coldness and austerity of a convent. Her apartment might have answered equally for the *oratory of a saint*, or the *boudoir of a coquette*. Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh-gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world: but the large crucifix (that image of suffering and humility), which hung at the foot of that couch; the devotional books that lay mingled with lay works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall, where her lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which genius lay subdued, and the Graces forgotten. On shewing me the pious relics which enriched this pretty cell, Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the cross*, which hung at the foot of her bed. It was so celebrated for the beauty of its execution, that the pope had sent for it when he was in Paris, and blessed it ere he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner. And she naturally placed great value on a beautiful rosary which had belonged to Fenelon, and which that elegant saint had worn and prayed over till a few days before his death.

If years could be taken into the account of a lady's age, Madame de Genlis must be far advanced in life; for it is some time back since the Baron de Grimm speaks of her as a "*demoiselle de qualité, qui n'était connue alors, que par sa jolie voix, et son talent pour la harpe.*" Infirmity, however, seems to have spared her slight and emaciated figure; her dark eye is still full of life and expression; and though her features are thin, worn, and sharply marked, and her complex-

ion wan and pale, the traces of age are neither deep nor multiplied. If her person is infinitely less fresh and vigorous than her mind, still it exhibits few of those sad impressions, which time slowly and imperceptibly prints, with his withering and silent touch, on the firmest muscle and the brightest bloom.

My visits to the cloisters of the *Carmelites* were as frequent as the duties of Madame de Genlis, and my own engagements in the world, would admit; and if I met this distinguished and highly endowed person with the high-beating throb of expectation, I parted from her with admiration and regret.

NARRATIVE OF CHRISTIAN MILNE.

(From *Miss* SPENCE'S *Letters from the North Highlands.*)

AT Aberdeen, Miss Spence met with an uncultivated female bard, extraordinary for her situation, and interesting from her character and misfortunes. Christian Milne was descended from humble parents, and taught to read by a village dame at Auchintoul, who was too notable to suspend her spinning-wheel during the lesson repeated by her docile pupil; at the same time she learned to write, of which she became so fond, that she constantly carried in her pocket a piece of broken slate, on which she scrawled her imperfect characters: in this harmless exercise, she was, however, interrupted by a thrifty stepmother, to whose persecution was added the sting of self-reproach whenever a clandestine volume seduced her to neglect some appointed task. It is curious to trace the progress of the untutored mind, though distressing to mark the painful struggles of native talent and refinement with toil and penury and misery. The little narrative of Christian Milne is judiciously communicated in her own simple language; and the following extract will, we doubt not, interest in her favour our benevolent readers:

"When about fourteen years of age, I was sent to Aberdeen, and went to service. I had neither books nor leisure; but I was treated with kindness, and was happy. There I composed many things while I was at work, and wrote them down on the Sunday evenings.—After keeping them for some time, I destroyed them, that it might not be known that I *fashed* my head with such nonsense. Thus I went on writing and destroying till I was twenty-two years of age, when I became a servant to Dr. Jack, Principal of King's College, Old Aberdeen. I had a slight illness, during which time I was very low-spirited, and lamented that I had no home to go to in case I should get worse (my father being then dead). I sat up in bed, and wrote the little poem published, 'Painful Recollections.' Just when I had finished it, and laid it down, Mrs. Jack came to my closet, with the kind intention of inquiring how I did: the paper lay on the table—Mrs. Jack asked me, if I had been writing, and if it was my own composition, or if I had copied it. I was afraid to acknowledge myself the author, but the doctor and she told me I needed not to be ashamed. At this I was encouraged to confess, that I had

written much, but destroyed it.—Dr. Jack advised me to preserve what I might write in future; which I did. In my twenty-fourth year I was married to Peter Milne, a journeyman ship-carpenter. Soon after, I became known to the lady of Captain Livingston, who commended what was shewn her, and made me happy by speaking to me with kindness, and expressed a wish to see whatever I wrote. When I had collected a good many little poems, Mrs. Livingston shewed them to Dr. Livingston; and his lady kindly invited me to their house, and never shall I forget how proud and happy I felt that day. Dr. Livingston shewed my poems to the Right Rev. Bishop Skinner and Mr. Ewen, who called upon me, and to my utter astonishment offered me their support, and proposed to publish my little writings, which were published by subscription in 1806; the profits amounted to 100*l.* which was a great sum to me. I have been afflicted with bad health for eleven years—during the winter and spring I am seldom able to rise from my bed. I have eight children, five of which I have nursed with the spoon. Though the profits of my little book, and the patronage of some of the worthiest people, have been very sweet to me; yet those blessings have been much embittered by the ridicule and contempt with which I have been treated by those amongst whom I am obliged to live, because I have been so idle as to write rhymes: but those respectable ladies and gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, can witness that I have not been the more idle on that account; for I have composed my poems, such as they are, when I was most busily employed about my washing, baking, or when rocking the cradle with my foot, the ink-stand in one hand, the pen in the other, and the paper on my knee, with my children about me. When busy at work, I laid the paper and ink beside me, and wrote the stanza as it came into my mind, and then to my work again.

"I have suffered many difficulties, and much sickness: my husband has been twice taken captive by the Americans, and lost his clothes and wages; but still I have kept my little treasure untouched. The world may blame me in suffering what I had done to save it; but it was from a good intention, for when I saw so many widows, when I looked around, left by seafaring men in poverty, I felt, if deprived of my husband, this was intended by a kind Providence to keep me from want, when I should be left a helpless widow with a large family. The gentleman who has been my husband's employer for twelve years, has built a new vessel of 120 tons burthen, and he has been made master of her: my long-saved money has just purchased a sixteenth share of this vessel, and if he is successful, we may be in a little better circumstances in a year or two; but I must leave that to God, who has done so much for me."

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We feel it necessary, in the due course of our literary duty, to notice the Exhibition of the works of *deceased British artists* at the British Institution. Candour compels us to say, that this collection does not comprise the full measure of merit which is deservedly attached to the fame of the distinguished artists, some of whose works it contains. In no one case does it contain the *best* specimen of the artist's powers whose pictures are exhibited, and in many it hardly furnishes a shadow of the solid character of the painter whose name is affixed to the work. What, for instance, can be more repulsive to the understandings of those who know the moral powers of Hogarth's pencil, than to see pictures exhibited of this master (we presume as a proof of his proficiency), which sprung from the early exercise of his talent; mere family portraits, and neither in subject nor execution resembling the nervous and masterly works on which Hogarth's fame is irrevocably fixed? The same observation applies to other works in this Exhibition.

When, in the efficient and impartial discharge of our public duty, we are bound to make this remark, we do it not so much in defence of the fame of departed men who have deserved well of their country (for that would be an unnecessary task), but to lend our assistance, so far as our influence may go, in undeceiving foreigners who may visit this Exhibition, and preventing their drawing hasty conclusions unfavourable to the posthumous reputation of some of the best artists our country ever produced.

The observations which we have made have no reference to the directors of the British Institution, who have done so much service to the fine arts of their country; more works were called for of our deceased artists, and they have procured them. But it should also be recollected, that they have long since furnished the public and the students in art with some of the finest specimens of our departed artists, with some of the most masterly compositions of these men, whose earlier and holiday productions are now exhibited in the British Gallery. Four years ago they filled the gallery with the most excellent pictures that could be found of Gainsborough, Wilson, and Hogarth. Soon after they presented an entire exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, containing the most useful of his experimental, and most interesting of his maturer productions. They have then done their duty to the public; and if pictures of equal interest by these artists were not now to be exhibited, the reason is, not that they do not exist in a luxuriant abundance, but that they have already formed a part of the periodical exhibitions at the British Institution, and are, consequently, a second time inadmissible.

The number of pictures in the present collection is one hundred and sixty, and they are by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Wilson, Hogarth, Gilpin, Wright, Mortimer, Romney, Hodges, Dance, De Lou-

therbourg, Opie, Morland, and other artists of considerable celebrity in their respective times. The subjects are, of course, as various as the names of the artists. The principal historical work is

The Murder of David Rizzio.—Opie.

This picture has been often praised for its exquisite tone of colouring, and the roundness and bold relief of its figures. In these qualities (certainly very superior ones) it manifestly excels, though we confess we are not struck on beholding it, with that prominent ascendency of individual character, of which we think the subject was susceptible. The grace and beauty of Mary Queen of Scots might have been more strongly marked, without interfering with a sufficiency of horror and active supplication for the unhappy victim, such as the dreadful outrage called forth. Darnley might also have been endowed with a stronger cast of expression. History tells us, that after ushering in the assassins, he stood a silent spectator of their deed; but human nature tells us, that the horrible passion which incited him to command the action, could not have been morbidly passive in his mind, or unrepresented in his features, when his victim was expiring at his feet. The assassins are coarse-looking fellows, perhaps as they should be, but they do not appear to have that fixed and diabolical resolution which men should have who do these deeds; their expression is ordinary, and their features purely national. On the whole, we think this picture inferior in general expression to Mr. Opie's *Jephtha's Rash Vow*, though it is perhaps superior to it in strong delineation of light and shade. *The Presentation in the Temple*, by the same artist, in this Exhibition, has great merit, and several of the *portraits* are admirably executed.

Orpheus.—Dance.

This is a good poetical picture. The figure is well drawn, and the attitude easy and graceful. Perhaps the colouring might have been improved by a little more yellow and rose-colour: it loses much of its fleshy tone by a sort of violet hue, that has a chilling effect, and does not accord with the real appearance of nature.

Infant Shakspeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy.—Romney.

This picture does great credit to the artist. The attitudes of the figures are tasteful and appropriate. The plaintive air of Tragedy is well expressed; and Comedy has her full share of mirth and playful gaiety. The colouring, however, does not appear well made out; it was either originally laid on too dull, or has subsequently faded. Where we should expect the brilliancy and freshness of nature, we find too much of a brownish yellow, that produces a muddiness of effect. The composition of the picture is poetical, and redeems many minor defects.

The Snake in the Grass.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

There have been, if we mistake not, two pictures on this subject painted by this distinguished artist. One of them, from which a good engraving was taken at the time, has a shade thrown across the arm, that is not observable in this picture, which is, we think, an improvement upon the former. The

playful and insinuating address of Cupid is here finely expressed; and the half-blushing but arch glance of the female, shews the success of young Cupid's wiles. The arm, with which the female seems to half conceal her face, is beautifully painted; it is fleshy, rich, and natural, and not inferior to Titian's powers of execution. The same care is not observable in many other parts of the picture.

Hope nursing Love.—The same.

This is a pleasingly poetical picture. The figures are drawn with care, and coloured in the most pleasing and fascinating manner. The tender and affectionate manner in which Hope presses the child to her breast, is sentimental and natural. The portraits of this accomplished artist have been ever the theme of praise. His portrait of *Edmund Burke*, in this Exhibition, is probably one of the finest portraits, for the full expression of mental character, that has ever been painted. The *Student* is also beautifully executed: the shadow which falls on the figure is exquisitely fine.

The Fire of London.—De Loutherbourg.

This picture contains an exquisite display of this artist's powers for colouring. He has with great propriety selected the night-time for the representation of this awful conflagration; and never was a subject of this difficult kind handled with more ease and success. The smouldering heat seems to glow upon the eye in every direction; and the confused and affrighted groupes who press to the river from all quarters, fill the imagination with all those terrific representations, which the awful conflagration must have furnished in piteous reality at the time. The moon-beams which play upon the water have a delightful effect; they seem to give a coolness and relief to the subject, that furnishes a pleasing contrast to the overwhelming heat and burning shadows which compose the leading parts of the picture. The reflection on the water is uncommonly beautiful.

The Siege of Valenciennes, by this artist, is also a good picture, possessing much character and appropriate colouring.

View taken in the Island of Otaheite.—Hodges.

This is a good, and we have no doubt a correct, representation of the romantic and wild luxuriancy of Otaheitan scenery.

Small Landscape, and View of the Sybil's Temple at Tivoli.—Wilson.

This deservedly celebrated artist has filled several collections in England with the best landscapes they contain. The two which we have named are the most striking in this Exhibition. The clear and charming serenity of an Italian atmosphere, the aërial motion of the clouds, and their reflected shadows, have never been more faithfully represented than in these pictures. The immeasurable distance which true perspective can convey, is here strongly expressed; and the architectural objects which are occasionally introduced, give the pictures that air of beauty and nature which fascinate us so much in the works of Claude.

Landscape, with Market-People.—Gainsborough.

This is also a very natural and pleasing landscape, very finely co-

loured, and painted with more freedom and ease than some we have seen by this artist, whose general style was, however, full of truth and simplicity.

Temples at Pæstum, and an Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—Wright.

The first of these pictures is a pleasing and well-executed landscape: but the volcanic eruption is a very singular composition; it seems to have been executed by the artist as a sort of experimental and novel effort at delineating a sublime and awful event. It is for those who have seen the operations of nature in such a terrific moment, to say whether he has succeeded or not; for our parts, we can only speak of it as a composition in art that does not convey the peculiar impression of which such a subject is susceptible. The artist seems to have first laid on his ground-colours in a complete manner; he appears then to have laid on others, and worked them up so as to produce a transparent medium, through which the substratum is seen. There is a great deal of work in the picture; but there is a hardness and apparent mechanical labour about it, which, however demonstrative of industry, is yet fatal to the general effect of the picture. It rivets the mind to the elementary details of art, without raising it to a sentimental feeling of the moral influence which is within the range of its powers. Mr. Wright's landscapes are in general of a very superior description, and entitle him to hold a high place among the landscape-painters of his country.

The Smith's Shop—by the same, is a picture of strong merit, though it has also some manifest defects.—The sulphureous flame-colour from the forge is well reflected; but the face of the smith, on whom it glares, is too smooth for nature: the lights also seem to interfere with each other, and are badly arranged. The subject would, of course, admit deep shadows, but they should be so managed as not to obscure the parts which they are merely intended to relieve by the force of contrast.

Cattle in a Landscape after a Shower.—Burnett.

This landscape has no small share of merit; it has a clear good tone, and the cattle are well painted. The trees have, however, a hardness, by being of too green and unshaded a colour. In every other respect this picture is well finished.

Landscape and Figures.—Barrett and Cipriani.

The landscape part of this picture is carefully and correctly finished, but the figures have no striking interest. Cipriani was better calculated for painting nymphs in a poetical picture, than for objects of rustic attraction.

Gulliver with the Horses.—Gilpin.

This artist was remarkable for his knowledge in animal anatomy; and this picture is an example of his great proficiency in expressing that skill with his pencil. The horses are beautifully drawn and coloured.

Interior of a Stable—Pigs.—Morland.

These pictures exhibit, in a very striking point of view, the peculiar talent of this highly gifted but wayward man, and the interest and strong character which he was capable of infusing into those subjects of familiar life that he principally

painted. Both the pictures we have named represent, with all the truth of nature, the subjects (if such they can be called) of which they treat. It is impossible to find, in all its details, a more exact and well-finished representation of the objects and incidents of common life, than is displayed in these pictures.

Hogarth's pictures in the Institution are mere unimportant sketches.

There are also two of the celebrated Cartoons of Raphael, viz. *Elymas the Sorcerer* and *The Death of Ananias.* To speak of these subjects would be to repeat the universal language of praise, which has been a thousand times over applied to them in every age and country.

We have enumerated the principal works in this Exhibition at the British Institution; they are, in fact, as we have already said, a continuation of the series of works of deceased British artists already presented to public inspection by the directors of this excellent establishment.

FASHIONS.

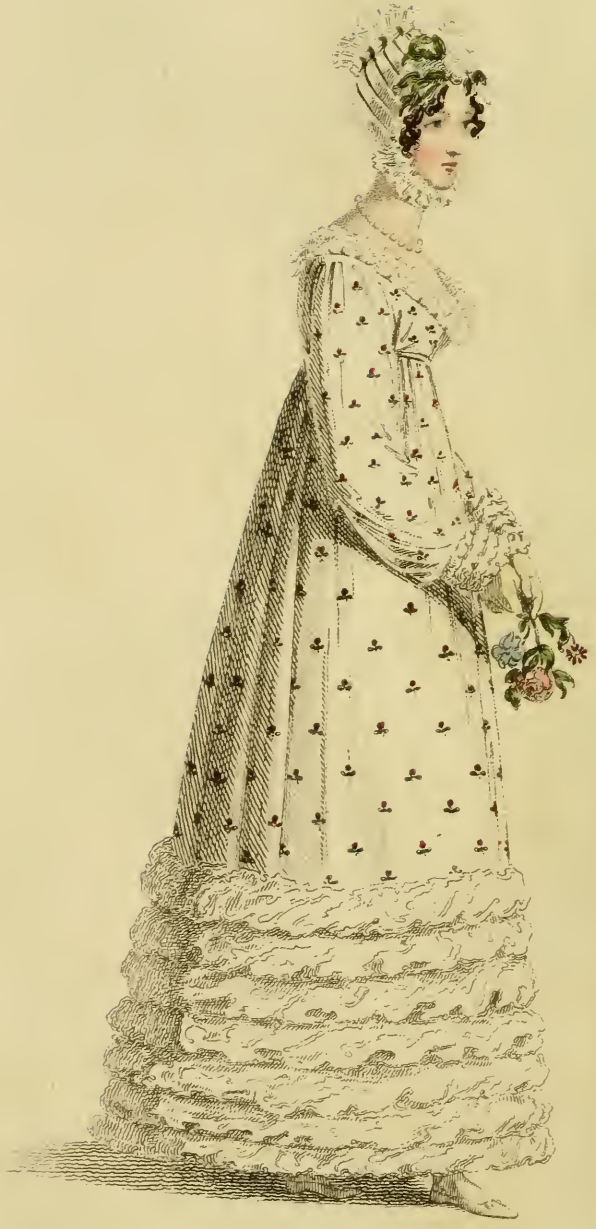
LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 3.—DINNER DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of jaconot muslin, embroidered in small roses. The skirt is finished round the bottom with a profusion of rouleaus of clear muslin, which are fancifully wreathed with white satin. The body fastens behind; it comes high on the shoulder, but is cut very low round the bosom and back of the neck. The front forms the shape in a most becoming manner. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress, *cornette à la Ninon*, composed of *tulle* and rouleaus of pale green satin. The crown is decorated with a wreath of leaves in pale green satin, to correspond with the rouleaus, and a broad lace set on very full. The *cornette* fastens under the chin, and has a full quilling of lace all round. The hair is parted so as to display the forehead and eyebrows, and dressed very light at the sides. Necklace and ear-rings, white cornelian mixed with gold. White kid slippers and gloves.

PLATE 4.—EVENING DRESS.

A plain rich white gauze dress over a white satin slip. The form, a frock made to fasten behind; it is cut very low all round the bust, and the body and sleeves are ornamented, in a style of uncommon novelty and taste, with blond and moss-roses. The skirt is elegantly trimmed with gauze draperies, each of which is finished with a rose. Head-dress, the *chapeau à la Infanta;* it is composed of white satin; the crown a moderate height, elegantly ornamented with satin round the top. The front, which turns up all round, is of a novel and becoming shape. A beautiful plume of feathers droops a little to the left side. The hair is dressed in loose curls on the forehead, parted in front, and very low at the sides. Necklace and ear-rings,



diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers. White crape fan, richly embroidered in silver.

We have again to acknowledge our obligation to the taste and invention of Mrs. Marchant of Gerrard-street, Soho, by whom we have been favoured with our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one in which the records of Fashion present little variety. Her lovely votaries, satisfied with the triumphs which the winter and spring afford them, cease to rack their own invention or their milliners' for novelty, and content themselves with an elegant simplicity of dress, which, though tasteful and becoming, affords little room for description.

Muslin round dresses, with white or coloured satin spencers, are very general for the promenade. We shall speak of the dresses by and by. With respect to the spencers, they have altered very little since last month; backs are something narrower, and the most fashionable are tight to the shape behind. Striped gauze, to correspond with the spencer, is considered the most fashionable trimming: it is disposed in various forms round the throat, waist, and cuffs, and frequently intermixed with light silk trimming.

Clear muslin spencers are also much worn; they are lined with coloured sarsnet, and finished round the throat and cuffs with three rouleaus of muslin: those round the throat are very full, and stand up quite round the ears; they stand out from the throat, and do not close in front.

White willow, straw, and Leghorn bonnets continue to be worn for the promenade; but gauze bonnets, with large brims, are considered most elegant: both the brims and crowns are ornamented with satin pipings, and a large bunch of flowers is generally placed to one side; the edge is finished either with a quilling of plain blond or a narrow lace set on plain, and it ties under the chin with a very full bow at the left side.

White satin spencers, China crape scarfs, and rich white silk net shawls, are all adopted in the carriage costume. White chip hats of the half gipsy shape, or else to turn up in front, are in estimation; but they are not considered so fashionable as bonnets made of letting-in lace, which are joined by narrow satin ribbon: these ribbons are flowered, and very beautifully shaded. These bonnets are far from becoming; the front turns up on one side, and nearly conceals the face on the other: they are ornamented with a bunch of flowers tied together with a large bow of ribbon, which is placed on the right side; the ribbon which fastens the bonnet under the chin is brought to the left side, and tied also in a large bow.

Nothing novel has appeared in morning costume since our last number.

Muslin still continues higher than any thing else in estimation for dinner dress. Slight silks, both striped and sprigged, are, however, adopted by some tonish *belles*. Lace and work, or an intermixture of both, form the prevailing trimmings

for muslin dresses. Gauze, satin, embroidery, blond, and fancy trimmings, composed of silk and *chenille*, are all worn for silk dresses.

The most novel form of dinner dress is the one which we have given in our print. We have, however, seen some very pretty ones in slight silk, the bodies of which were of satin to correspond; a short sleeve, composed of the same material as the dress, was surmounted by a small satin epaulette. The body was trimmed round the bust with puffings of net, between each of which was a small white satin rose; the trimming of the skirt consisted of several rows of these puffings. The general effect of this dress is pretty, but rather too formal.

The materials for full dress continue the same as last month. The one which we have presented to our fair readers is, at present, in great estimation. The Percy robe, composed of rich fancy gauze, is also very much admired; it is made in different colours, but considered most elegant in white. Its form is very simple: a plain round dress, made to fit the shape without any fulness in the body; the sleeve, of the same material, very short and full, confined to the arm by a slight puckering of white satin. A pelerine of blond lace, of uncommon depth and beauty, goes round the back of the dress, and as far as the shoulder in front, where it is confined either by a brilliant ornament, a flower, or a knot of ribbon. The lace is then brought rather high over the bust nearly to meet in front, from whence it gradually slopes down to the bottom. The trimming of the skirt is generally embroidery, but sometimes consists of a single fall of blond. The elegant simplicity of this dress induces us to think it will continue long in favour.

Artificial flowers, which we have no longer occasion to import from France, since our own are hardly to be distinguished from the productions of nature, are universally adopted in full dress by juvenile *belles;* they are also used to ornament the *toques* and turbans of matronly ladies. Turban caps are very generally adopted by ladies of a certain age, to whom they are truly becoming.

Cornettes continue to be worn by *élégantes* of all ages in half dress. We refer to our prints of last month and the present, for the most approved and becoming *cornettes* that have appeared for some time.

White cornelian begins to be greatly worn in half-dress jewellery. Sapphire ornaments are also in much request; they are particularly becoming to *belles blondes.*

There is no change in full-dress jewellery.

Fashionable colours for the month continue the same as last.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

A COMPLETE revolution has taken place since I wrote last in the promenade costume, which is now remarkable for its variety. I will begin with the head, and endeavour to give you some idea of

the different sorts of bonnets and *capotes* which are in requisition among our *élégantes*.

Straw, chip, Leghorn, and crape continue to be fashionable for *chapeaus;* but they are not so much so as plaid silk, which is now the favourite material for hats and *capotes*, and fancy straw, which is also in great request for the former. I believe I mentioned this beautiful material to you in my last; it is a composition of straw and silk.

Hats have increased very much in size, particularly Leghorn, which are worn very large. Some of our *élégantes*, who affect simplicity, have them bound with a plain broad ribbon round the edge of the brim, and have no other ornament than a short white lace veil, a knot of plaid ribbon, or a very small bouquet of flowers. Other *belles*, whose number is the most considerable, ornament their *chapeaus* in a manner much more showy, but yet not inelegant; they line them with pink or gold-colour, edge them with plaited *tulle*, in the middle of which one sometimes sees a cork-screw roll of very narrow ribbon, or else a full plaiting of ribbon, which is generally plaid. A large bunch of flowers, a plume of feathers, and perhaps an enormous bow of plaid ribbon on one side, completes the trimming of some hats; others are adorned with jasmine, of which there are often five or six, all of different colours; others, and those in my opinion are the most elegant, are trimmed with broad gauze ribbon, to correspond with the bonnet, which is twisted all round the crown, in the form of a serpent, with white satin tastefully disposed between the folds.

In telling you that bonnets are worn very large, I forgot to observe, that the most tonish turn up a little in front; and while they shade the sides of the face, they display the upper part of it very much. The brims, both of hats and bonnets, are quite as large as they have ever been worn; but the crowns, though high, are not immoderately so.

Capotes of cambric muslin, or, as we call it, *perkale*, are still in requisition for the retired walk; but the most elegant are those composed of plaid silk. *Ponceau*, green, and blue, or else yellow and *ponceau*, or else blue and green, are the favourite colours in plaid silk for hats or *capotes:* they are usually trimmed with plaid ribbons, the colours of which are *coquelicot* and blue. These *capotes* are sometimes trimmed with a full plume of feathers, which resemble, at a distance, a bunch of grass, and which are always grass-green. Lilac and yellow are the favourite colours for crape hats; they are trimmed always with pea-green.

Spencers, scarfs, and, above all, *colerettes à la Hollandaise*, are all in requisition for the promenade. Spencers have altered very little since I wrote last: they are always composed of levantine; the favourite colour is lilac, and they are ornamented with buttons in the style of a habit.

Scarfs are so variously disposed, that it would be difficult to tell what mode of wearing them is most prevalent. Some *élégantes* dispose them round the neck like a cravat;

others arrange them in a form nearly similar to the braces we wore in our school-days, with a bow and very long ends behind; and some throw them carelessly round the shoulders. Small square shawls, which are generally green with worked borders, are also in requisition with several distinguished fashionables.

The *colerette Hollandaise* is a muslin collar, which is drawn round the neck by a broad pink, lilac, or blue ribbon; a double frill of cambric or clear muslin, very nicely plaited, stands up round the throat, and a similar frill falls over the gown. This *colerette* is in universal request; for what reason it would be difficult to define, as it is neither becoming, elegant, nor expensive.

White is the only thing worn in morning, dinner, or evening costume by *belles* of good taste. Some few ladies, whose ambition it is not to look like other people, sport dresses of plaid silk, trimmed with flounces of the same material, which have a very bad effect; nothing, indeed, can be less appropriate to the season, as the colours are glaring, and sometimes dark, and the stripes very broad.

Perkale, jaconot muslin, and muslinet, are all adopted in the morning costume. *Perkale* and sprigged muslin are worn for dinner, and fine clear muslin is adopted for evening parties, except for very full dress, for which gauze and *tulle* are considered most fashionable.

There is no longer any difference in the form of morning or dinner dress, high gowns being considered most fashionable for both; and collars, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, are universally adopted: they are open in front so as to display the throat. The waist is very short, the body loose behind, and confined to the waist by a band of the same material as the dress. The front is generally tight to the shape. Sometimes a very broad pelerine, trimmed either with work or lace, to correspond with the bottom of the dress, is affixed to it. This pelerine descends below the waist both before and behind, and, by means of a sash tied over it, it forms a kind of jacket. Long sleeve, generally of a moderate fulness, but sometimes almost tight to the arm, with *bouillons* of clear muslin let in either down or across the arm. Sometimes these *bouillons* are twisted in the form of a serpent; and when that is the case, a narrow flounce generally runs along each division of *bouillons*. Plain long sleeves are usually finished at the bottom by three tucks, and sometimes a roll of muslin across the wrist; and they have in general a small half-sleeve, which is ornamented with tucks to correspond.

The skirts of dresses are now made in a manner singularly becoming to the figure: instead of being gored, and an easy fulness all round, they are as wide at top as at bottom, and are much narrower than usual, though not so tight as they were worn a few years ago in London.

There is much variety in trimming. All dresses are trimmed high, some with narrow flounces to correspond with the dress; these flounces are cut in small scollops, and either overcast or finished with fine edging: this kind of trimming

has a very neat appearance. Other dresses are trimmed with an intermixture of tucks and rolls of clear muslin, disposed in the form of a corkscrew: these rolls are interspersed with small lace *bouillons*, and if there were not quite so many of them, would have a very pretty effect. Embroidery is also in much request; the bottoms of dresses are frequently trimmed with a broad embroidery of palm-leaves, or fancy flowers, always intermixed with *bouillons*. Lace is not at all used either for morning or dinner dress.

Nothing can be more simple than the form of evening dress. A plain round gown, made as short as possible in the waist, and cut very low all round the bust. The body is full, but it is so short as to be entirely concealed by a cestus of white satin, which forms a full rose at the back of the waist: it is disposed in folds in front, and fastened down in the middle by a brilliant ornament. The sleeve, which is very short, has a triple edging of satin disposed in the form of a corkscrew. The trimming of the skirt is a kind of corkscrew of satin, to which are attached *bouillons* of the same material as the dress. The style of these dresses is very elegant, and much more chaste and becoming than full dress is in general with us.

The front hair in full dress is now universally worn in loose full curls; the hind hair is fastened up in a large knot *à la Grecque*. Flowers are the favourite ornament for the hair, except with ladies of a certain age, by whom *toques* are generally adopted. Silver tissue gauze, of a very light and elegant description, is a favourite material for these head-dresses, which have altered very little since I last described them to you: they are made something smaller, and those with a diadem front have the front much lower. The *camelia japonica* is a favourite ornament for *toques;* but garden flowers of various descriptions are also adopted: wild flowers are worn only on *chapeaus* and *capotes*. Feathers, particularly *Marabouts*, are in nearly as high estimation as flowers. Bunches of Indian corn, and wild berries in gold and silver, have been seen on the *toques* of some dashing fashionables, but they are not generally worn.

There is no change in the fashionable colours for the month, except that *ponceau* has been added to them: it is worn, however, only in plaid silks.

Adieu, my Sophia! My fingers are too much cramped to reply to all the pretty things you have said to me in your last; I can therefore only tell you, that I did not know till I lost you, how very dear you were to your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR'S CODE OF AGRICULTURE.

HOWEVER doubtful or mysterious the art of agriculture may have formerly been considered, yet by the various improvements which have been made in that art, and the great increase of know-

ledge which has of late years been amassed, the difficulties attending the practice of an improved system of husbandry, have, in a considerable degree, been removed, and its principles have become so much simplified, and so well understood, that the time has at last arrived, when it is possible to undertake the arduous task of drawing up *A Code of Agriculture.*

Till the present period had arrived, this could not have been attempted with any well-founded hopes of success; for so many able and well-informed individuals had never, in any former era, directed their attention to agricultural pursuits;—so much capital had never previously been employed in the cultivation of soil;—so many practical farmers had never before published the result of their experience and observations on agricultural subjects; nor had those minute operations, on the due execution of which the success of the farmer must in a great measure depend, been ever formerly so distinctly pointed out. Hence the superiority of the present era for such an undertaking.

And if such a work were to be attempted at this time, there is, perhaps, no individual, on whom it was so incumbent to endeavour to prove that it might be executed, as the person who now ventures to offer the result of his labours to the public. On his suggestion, the government of Great Britain established a Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement; under whose auspices the greatest exertions were made to collect useful information, as a foundation for such a work as the one now proposed, the publication of which, from the commencement of the new institution, was in his contemplation. A great body of valuable materials having been thus amassed*, what could be more desirable than to reduce the substance of the whole, into so moderate a compass, that it would require neither much expense to purchase, nor much time to peruse? How far it is practicable to carry such an idea into effect, the reader will soon have an opportunity of judging.

But to enable any person to undertake such a task as the present, it was not alone sufficient that he had access to books, however numerous, or however valuable the information they might contain. It was necessary for him to converse with farmers, to discuss the various subjects connected with agriculture, with practical men; to survey their farms; to examine their various practices on the spot; to compare the systems of different countries—and, above all, to be himself a farmer, and that on a great scale. These advantages have not been wanting on the present occasion.

After considering deliberately how the proposed plan could best

* For that purpose, the agricultural circumstances of every district in the kingdom was minutely examined, and Reports published, of the state of the several counties of England, in 47 volumes octavo, and of Scotland, in 30 volumes more. Seven volumes of Communications, in quarto, and several other works on specific subjects, have also been published by the Board; and this national undertaking was completed at an expense of nearly two hundred thousand pounds.

be executed, the following appeared to him the most simple and the most comprehensive that he could devise.

I. To consider those *Preliminary points*, to which a farmer ought to attend, otherwise he can never expect to carry on, in a successful manner, any system of husbandry. These particulars are,—Climate—soil—subsoil—elevation—aspect—situation—tenure, whether in property, or on lease—rent—burdens on, and size of the farm.

II. To inquire into the nature of *Those means of cultivation, which are essential to insure its success:* these are, Capital—regular accounts—arrangement of agricultural labour—farm servants—labourers in husbandry—live stock—implements—agricultural buildings—command of water—divisions of fields—and farm roads

III. To point out *The various modes of improving land*, by cultivating wastes—inclosing—draining—manuring—paring and burning—fallowing—weeding—irrigation—flooding—warping—embarking—and planting.

IV. To explain *The various modes of occupying land*, in arable culture—grass—woods—gardens—and orchards: and,

V. To offer some general remarks on *The means of improving a country:* by diffusing information—by removing obstacles to improvement, and—by positive encouragement.

This work is intended to form one large volume octavo (and will be published early in August), in the body of which, general principles can alone be dwelt upon. Where particular information is necessary, it will be inserted in notes; and where the subjects are of great importance, and require minute detail, it is proposed to consider them in separate dissertations.

In the press, *The Principles of Diagnosis*, by Marshall Hall, M. D. &c. This work is founded entirely on the external appearances of morbid affections. It embraces, 1. A view of the countenance and attitude of patients, inasmuch as they are plainly characteristic of disease: 2. The symptoms of diseases, considered in their modifications, and in relation to particular affections: 3. A diagnostic arrangement of diseases; and, lastly, their diagnosis. A part of this work will be published in July.

The third volume of the new edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, with great additions, edited and continued by Mr. Bliss, closely printed in royal quarto, is ready for delivery. The fourth volume is in the press.

A small work, of much utility, will be published in a few days, entitled *Errors of Pronunciation and improper Expressions in current Use*, chiefly by the inhabitants of London; to which are added, those in similar misuse by the inhabitants of Paris.

A new edition of Mr. Cumberland's periodical work, entitled *The Observer*, will be published in a few days, in three vols.

John Harrison Curtis, Esq. aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, is about to publish a *Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear*; containing a comparative view of its structure and functions, and of its various diseases. This work is intended chiefly for deaf persons, and will be accompanied with an interesting copper-plate, representing an invention of an

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

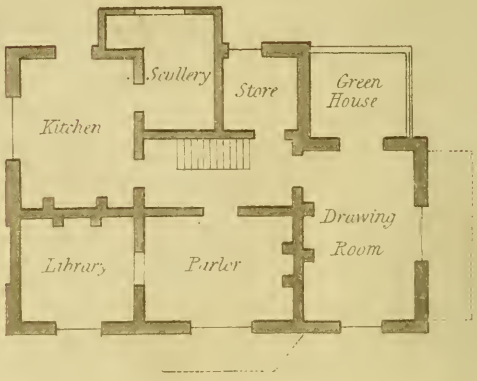
The Revenge—History of Peregrine Pirouette—*and Continuation of the* Correspondence of the Adviser, *in our next.*

In the communication of R. W. S. B. *we cannot discover one single quality of poetry, for which we presume it to be intended, except the rhymes.*

The paper of Mathematicus, *though not adapted to our publication, might be acceptable to some one of our journals expressly devoted to scientific subjects.*

The Biographical Sketch offered by A Gleaner *will be thankfully received.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



A COTTAGE ORNÉE.

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Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. AUGUST 1, 1817. No. XX.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 6.—A COTTAGE ORNE.

PERHAPS no sort of building is more decorative to rural scenery, than that which is now known by the term "cottage style." Its fitness for the purpose is, however, wholly destroyed if adopted for villas, as it lately has been, that from magnitude and cost might really be termed mansions. This species of architecture is applicable only to small buildings, and the more polished and higher order of art should be employed in designs for spacious edifices; indeed, the quantity of a building, as well as the purpose of its application, should be considered, and the style to be adopted would properly be the result of the deliberation. Another style has also been used for buildings of considerable extent, that as yet has no name descriptive of its character: it is composed of many parts, all selected from houses that have been built piecemeal, from the time of James I. to the present day, and the more unaccommodating the parts are to each other, the more suitable to the style proposed; and if the several rooms seem to have no other connection but by stairs or passages, the design is then approaching to perfection. Some ancient houses that have been added to, altered, and repaired from time to time, may present a variety of parts coming happily together, and forming a picturesque whole, that pleases principally from the curious manner in which they are combined; but when an artist sits down to design a house, he is surely not governed either by fine fancy or sound judgment, if he selects such parts, and puts them together in this adventitious manner.

Mr. Pope, in reply to the Duke of Buckingham's description of his house, affects to describe that which he then inhabited, and it would suit exactly the style of building before alluded to.—"You must expect nothing regular," says he, "in my description, any more than in the

house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, when the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since."

The design annexed is for the residence of a small family, and would not be an expensive building.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

HINTS ON THE MAKING OF BRITISH WINES.

By Dr. Macculloch.

When we read in many books of receipts, directions for sulphuring the casks before fermentation, we must be convinced, that such directions have arisen from an utter confusion of ideas on the subject. The same remark may be made on another rule, of which the object is equally misapprehended — the mixing of white of egg with the fluid about to be subjected to fermentation. The proportions of sugar seem to have been allotted with equal want of consideration; and it seldom appears to have entered into the minds of the inventors, that the strength of the wine was to depend on this ingredient. The proportions of the fruits to the total compound seem to have been dictated by similar caprices; their natural properties, whether of sugar, acid, or flavour, not having been considered in the views of the artist.

Those ingredients which are added for the avowed purposes of flavour, have been managed with similar want of judgment, and they have indeed often been supposed capable of communicating the strength, or vinous quality, to the liquor. Instead of being introduced at the decline of the fermentation, they have been exposed to all its effects; in consequence of which, their flavour has often been volatilized or destroyed. This is the case with cowslip wine, where an enormous quantity of flowers is used, to obtain an effect which might be procured with a much smaller allowance. Such also is the practice with raspberries — a practice worth noticing, since it affords an opportunity of stating the more correct and useful mode of proceeding. If an attempt is made to form wine from raspberries and sugar, a liquor will be produced with little or no flavour of the fruit; but a small quantity of syrup or juice of raspberries added at the decline of the fermentation, or a little fresh fruit suspended in the cask at the same period, will be sufficient to communicate a taste, more likely to prove excessive than defective.

But the most striking defects of the common proceedings are visible in the vacillation and uncertainty, with which both the fermentation and the subsequent process-

es are conducted. By using the yeast of beer—a practice founded on ignorance of the nature and causes of fermentation — a false and bad flavour is introduced, which is often sufficient to render the produce tainted and even nauseous. By want of attention to the process itself, and the circumstances by which it is affected, the artist is unable to advance or retard it, to alter or amend it; while, guided solely by rules founded on fixed periods, inattentive to his subject or its concomitancy, and undecided respecting the future character of his wine, it is not surprising if he meets with perpetual disappointment, producing still wine when he wished for brisk, or sweet when he intended to form dry. The same want of principles prevent him from taking advantage of the practices of sulphuring, racking, and bottling.

The fruits chiefly in use are, the quince, cherry, strawberry, sloe, elder-berry, damson, mulberry, black or bramble-berry, raspberry, orange, lemon, gooseberry, and the three varieties of currant. Dried raisins, although not ranking among our fruits, are extensively used, and require also to be noticed.

A wantonness of experiment seems to have, in some measure, led to this great and superfluous number of articles as the nominal bases of wines; although the practices have also been, in a great degree, founded on false views of the real nature and objects of this manufacture. It is evident, that when no peculiar and agreeable flavour follows the adoption of any individual fruit, it can have no legitimate claim for use, beyond that which is founded on its several proportions of sugar, leaven, acid, colour, or astringency. As the two last of these can be communicated with the greatest certainty by adventitious ingredients, it is bad policy to have recourse to weak expedients for the same, and particularly if, for the sake of these minor objects, we must sacrifice others of greater importance.

Since also the sugar is, confessedly, and in all cases, an adventitious ingredient, capable of being proportioned with the greatest nicety, completely in our power, and of a moderate price, it is unnecessary to consider that ingredient in fruits, as the one which is to guide our choice. It is to the due admixture of acid, and of leaven (the fermenting principle), that we are chiefly to look for the causes which are to determine us in our selection. If a good flavour can be obtained from any fruit of our own growth, we have then the whole data which should rule our determinations. The object of price is a consideration which will naturally be added to these more important ones.

The quince appears to have usurped a place in the foregoing list, to which it properly has no title. Its similarity in principles to the apple and pear, is sufficient to assure us, that its produce can only be a species of cider, characterised, according to circumstances, by the astringency and flavour which distinguish it from these two fruits. Its price and rarity also increase the objections to its use.

Vinous liquors, of no very particular character, may be made from the several varieties of cherry; but the operator should be cautioned against the common practice of

pressing the kernels in quantity, as, however agreeable a slight flavour of the bitter may be, a taste amounting to bitterness is always unassimilating and injurious to the wine.

From the strawberry, wines of agreeable quality, both dry and sweet, may be produced; but the peculiar flavour of the fruit is generally dissipated in the process. The cautions which I have given respecting flavour, will suffice to point out in what way that is most likely to be obtained.

I make the same remark on the raspberry, with this additional hint, that as very little in point of flavour or produce is gained by the use of these fruits, which are in most places of a high price, it behoves the operator to balance the advantages against the disadvantages, before he enters on the undertaking. A simple infusion of this fruit, as before noticed, in any flavourless currant wine, will, with greater cheapness and certainty, produce the desired taste.

Having no experience in the brambleberry or mulberry, I am unable to say, whether any flavour can be communicated by their use. The cheapness of the former is a recommendation; and there is no doubt that they both contain the substances, leaven and acid, most essential for this purpose. They also afford what so few fruits do to the same degree, the colouring principle. In managing them, so as to derive the greatest advantages from their colour, it is necessary that the fermentation be allowed to go on with the skins, until the colour is extracted, which will also be accompanied by the slight degree of astringency, which, at a certain period of ripeness, accompanies both these fruits.

The sloe and damson are so associated in qualities, that nearly the same results are produced from both—a bitterish and astringent liquor, capable of being converted into rough wine of a good character, care being taken duly to proportion the quantity of fruit to the sugar, or to modify that liquor by the addition of other fruits of less decided properties. This is a case in which it is necessary to protract the fermentation, so as to make a a dry wine, as the peculiar astringency of these fruits forms a very discordant association with sweet wines. By a due admixture of currants or elder-berries with sloes or damsons, and with proper care, wines not much unlike the inferior kinds of Port are often produced.

In naming the elder-berry, I have mentioned a fruit whose cheapness and abundance have long recommended it to notice; and from which, with attention, excellent red wine can really be made. It seems to possess in great perfection that portion of the extractive principle, which is required to produce a free and full fermentation; and its admirable colour communicates to the wine a tint as rich as can be desired. It appears to be deficient in acid; and its produce is consequently much improved, by the addition of tartar as an ingredient in the artificial *must*. Its natural sugar is so small in quantity, that it requires an ample addition of this fundamental ingredient. If it has no good flavour, it is at least free from any bad one—a virtue which

does not appertain to many of the fruits of current application in wine-making.

In apportioning the two several ingredients of tartar and sugar, the following rules may be of use:

Considerable differences in the dose of tartar may be allowed without producing any correspondent changes in the result, and the proportion of this ingredient has consequently been made to vary from one to four, and even six per cent. The causes of this admissible laxity will appear, when it is considered that the greater part of the tartar is deposited in the lees. I may also remark, that from two to four per cent. will be found a sufficient dose, and that in proportion to the greater or less sweetness of the fruit, the sweetest requiring the largest quantity of tartar, and *vice versâ*. The dose of tartar ought also to vary in proportion to the added sugar, increasing as this increases. Although pure tartar, or cream of tartar, may answer the intended purpose, the crude salt is to be preferred, because it already contains a portion of yeast conducive to the more perfect fermentation of the artificial *must*.

In proportioning the sugar, the following general rule may also be taken as a guide: Two pounds of sugar, added to a gallon of a compound containing all the other ingredients requisite to a perfect fermentation, produce a liquor equal in strength to the lightest class of Bourdeaux white wines. Three pounds produce one equal in strength to the wine known by the name of White Hermitage; and from four, if fermented till dry, a wine resembling in strength the stronger Sicilian wines, that of Marsala, for example, or the Cape Madeira, is produced, supposing these wines to be free from brandy. Where a fruit already contains sugar, it is obvious that the quantity of added sugar must be diminished in proportion to that which the natural juice may be estimated to contain, if we are desirous of accurate results. If in any case wine is to be left sweet, it is clear that this general rule cannot be applied, since sweetness and strength are, in the same wine, and from the same quantities of sugar, incompatible. While on the subject of the juicy fruits, I may as well notice a part of the current practice which appears ill founded, and often attended with bad consequences. This is the large proportion of water, and consequently small proportion of fruit, which is generally used, an usage apparently originating in a misplaced economy. If we attend to the common practice of making wine from grapes, that which ought to be the model for all our imitative operations, we shall see that no water is used, but that the whole fluid is composed of the juice of the fruit itself. If we now attend to the current practice, as recommended in our own domestic receipts, we shall find that the juice of the fruit rarely forms more than one-fourth of the whole liquor, and often much less, the proportion of fruit being seldom more than four pounds, including the solid matter it may contain, to eight pounds of water, and three or four pounds of sugar; and this proportion is fixed with no regard to the ripeness of the fruit, a circumstance of con-

siderable importance. The consequences resulting from this sparing use of the fruit are highly injurious. The artificial *must*, thus compounded of water, sugar, and juice, contains a much less quantity of the vegetable extractive matter, and of the native acid, than is absolutely essential to a perfect and efficient fermentation. To put this case in a stronger light, let this proportion of juice be still further gradually diminished, and the *must* will soon consist of little else than sugar and water, a compound incapable of forming wine. Let it, on the contrary, be increased, and a vigorous and perfect fermentation, with a produce perfectly vinous, will be the result.

If green fruit is used, in which little or nothing exists but acid and extract, of which the former is in this case always in much greater proportion, bulk for bulk, than in ripe fruits, the acid would be too predominant were the juice of the fruit used in undue quantity. Their dilution is absolutely necessary. But if the fruit be ripe, the acid is diminished in quantity, and cannot therefore bear to be still further diminished by excessive dilution. It will accordingly be found, that a much more perfect wine is produced by diminishing the water, or increasing the proportion of fruit.

As the orange and lemon, although not native fruits, are familiar to us, and scarcely differ in their chemical composition, I may safely consider them in one view. So little difference exists between the citric acid which is found in these fruits, and the tartarous which characterises the grape, that it is natural to expect their produce to be of a good quality. They are, however, deficient in extractive matter or leaven, and for this reason are incapable of being converted into wine, even with the aid of sugar, unless yeast or some other leaven be added. As it is impossible to add the yeast of beer in sufficient quantity for the perfect fermentation of the fluid, without spoiling the flavour, these wines are generally imperfect and sweet. They are likewise almost always corrupted in their flavour by the infusion of the peel, giving a taste, which, however grateful abstractedly, does by no means coalesce with the taste of wine. It would tend to the improvement of these wines, if the peel were to be omitted, and if any vegetable matter could be added capable of inducing the complete fermentation, without communicating a bad flavour. I have attempted it by means of gum, and with partial success. It is not unlikely that substitutes would be found in wheat, either in the flour or gluten.

The gooseberry is one of the fruits most commonly used, and is in particular well known as an ingredient in brisk wines, which are made to resemble, in appearance at least, the wines of Champagne. For this purpose, it is used in an unripe state. It is well known in the wine countries, that, independently of those causes of briskness in wines which consist in the management formerly described, this property always results from the use of unripe fruit, and is readily produced by mixing unripe grapes with the ripe ones. The case is the same with the gooseberry. The fault of this wine, however, if it be considered as an imitation of Cham-

pagne, is a bad flavour, which is almost invariably communicated by the fruit, and that in proportion to its ripeness. To avoid this evil, so generally injurious to the brisk gooseberry wines, the fruit can scarcely be taken in a state too crude, as at this period the flavouring substance has not been developed. At the same time the expressed juice alone should be used, care being taken to exclude the skins from the fermentation, as being the part in which the flavour principally resides. With these precautions, the noxious flavour may generally be prevented.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MRS. JORDAN.

Mr. Ryley, in a new volume of his entertaining work entitled *The Itinerant*, gives the following characteristic anecdote of the late Mrs. Jordan:

Those who, like me, have had the pleasure of being on terms of friendly intimacy with this unrivalled actress, equally a credit to her profession and an honour to human nature, will corroborate my testimony in asserting, that, in addition to her many other good qualities, she possessed a heart susceptible of the most tender and humane emotions, called into instant action by the least approach of misery or distress. During her short stay at Chester, where she was performing as usual to crowded and enraptured houses, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison—a small debt of forty shillings having, in a very short time, by the usual process of the glorious *uncertainty*, Item, this, that, and the other, been worked up to a bill of eight pounds. As soon as this good creature heard of the circumstances, she sent for the attorney, paid his demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume: "You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits sent on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit. On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan, with her servant, was taking her usual walk on the Chester walls, the widow with her three children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a long kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and with difficulty exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my family from ruin." The children beholding their mother's tears, added their plaintive cries, and formed together a scene too affecting for so sensitive a mind to behold without the strongest sensations of sympathetic feeling, affording, I should conceive, a sort of heavenly pleasure not to be described, and felt but by those whom Providence has blessed with a soul of sufficient magnitude. The natural liveliness of disposition Mrs. Jordan was well known to possess, would not easily be damped by sor-

rowful scenes: nevertheless, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down the cheek of sensibility, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound-note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, there, now it's all over; go, good woman; God bless you, don't say another word." The grateful creature would have replied, but this good Samaritan insisted on her silence and departure, which at last she complied with, sobbing forth thanks and calling down blessings on her benefactress. It so happened that another person had taken shelter in the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as our heroine observed him, came forward, holding out his hand, and with a deep sigh, exclaiming, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger; but would to the Lord the world were all like thee!" The figure of this man plainly bespoke his calling: his countenance was pale and wobegone, and a suit of sables rather the worse for wear covered a figure thin and spare. The penetrating eye of our fair philanthropist soon developed the character and profession of this singular-looking person, and with her wonted good humour and playfulness, retiring a few paces, she replied, "No; I won't shake hands with you." —"Why?"—"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil."—"The Lord forbid: I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed; and do you think I can behold a sister so cheerfully obeying the commands of my great Master, without feeling a spiritual attachment that leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love."—"Well, well, you are a good old soul I dare say, but—a—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like *me* when I tell you who I am." "I hope I shall."—"Well then, I tell you, I am a player." The preacher turned up his eyes and sighed.—"Yes, I am a player; you must have heard of me; Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again put forth his hand, and with a complacent countenance replied, "The Lord bless thee whoever thou art; his goodness is unlimited; he hath bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit, and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should!" Thus reconciled, the rain having abated, they left the porch together, whilst the deep impression this scene, together with the fascinating address of our heroine, made on the mind of the preacher, overcame all his prejudices, and the offer of his arm being accepted, the female Roscius of the comic English drama, and the melancholy disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm, affording in appearance at least rather a whimsical contrast, till the door of her dwelling put a period to the scene. At parting, the preacher again took her hand. "Fare thee well, sister," said he: "I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be, for thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practice equals thine, I hope and trust, at the Great Day, the Lord will say to each, *Thy sins are forgiven thee.*"

PLEASURES of a POSTE aux ÂNES.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 7.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER VIII.

LAUGH as you please, my friend, I am better and better pleased with my uniform way of life, which has not less variety than novelty for me. The forenoon of this day I have spent so agreeably at the post-house of the village, that I might challenge the largest town to afford me a more pleasant morning. It is to be sure only a *poste aux ânes*—but what does that signify? I have not such an over-refined taste as Louis the Great, and can at times contemplate a dance of rustics by Teniers with more interest than a battle-piece by Lebrun.

The bustle occasioned by the comers and goers, the saddling and unsaddling, the paying and receiving, the order and disorder—in a word, the whole grotesque picture, which was every moment renewed, could not fail to make a due impression upon my heart, now open to pleasure. Yet I was not a mere passive spectator. Why should I not now and then lift a pretty girl, whose roguish eyes sparkled beneath her gipsy-hat, into or from the saddle, and earn her courteous thanks, or any other little recompence that she thought fit to bestow?

It is impossible to conceive a more charming picture than such a country girl, just arriving or going off with two baskets at her side, filled with necessaries which she has fetched from town, or is carrying thither, presenting to the favoured youth who is waiting for her, a ribbon which she has bought for her, or receiving from him a tender kiss at parting. In our gloomy country, my dear Edward, we have few opportunities of enjoying the pleasure of seeing so many gay faces within so small a compass. In this respect, I consider the *poste aux ânes* as one of the most important discoveries that I have ever yet made.

My host, whom I attended thither, trotted away on one of these post-asses, and will return in the same manner in the afternoon with the fair companion whom he yesterday promised me.

You must not, however, imagine that the asses of this country are such sluggish, unsightly creatures as yours. Here nothing is slow and indolent; and the most contemptible, as well as the most highly esteemed animal, feels the kindly influence of this genial clime.

If I was pleased this morning, I have no less cause to be so this afternoon. I dined in company with my amiable young hostess on chops more savoury than a king himself has set before him, unless his sheep browse upon rosemary, the most common food of those of this neighbourhood; drank a bottle of country wine, which your connoisseurs in Berlin would be apt to mistake for Burgundy; and scarcely had I risen with glowing cheeks from my

banquet, when who should enter but my host, leading his niece by the hand, and bringing with him more life than I needed.

I will not tantalize you with a formal description of little Margot and all her *agrémens;* but be assured that she differs full as much from your opera beauties, as the enchanting landscape before me from a dreary, dirty, smoky city. And a girl like this is brought to me out of pure kindness! How old must my honest host take me to be, if he supposes nothing is likely to come of this!

The first quarter of an hour after her arrival served to convince me of my danger. Believing that I could do nothing wiser, I placed myself with philosophic eye opposite to her, and endeavoured to find out by what natural powers it is possible that this body, this mind —the one as unaffected, undisguised, and fascinating as the other— how such corporeal and mental maturity could belong to a girl of thirteen? But instead of advancing one step towards a solution of the main question, I found myself at last involved in the subordinate circumstances, and that so dangerously, that I was obliged to relinquish my inquiry, and had reason to thank my stars that I had yet the power to do so.

While I am writing, the people are busy, as though nobody were present, in making up the bed in which Margot is to sleep this and the following nights, not more than two or three yards from me.

Well—the bed is ready—and I am in a fever. I must go out into the air: perhaps its refreshing influence may appease this tumult.

Would to Heaven that whatever is too much for the heart could be as easily got rid of! It would, indeed, be a fine thing if nothing but fresh air were necessary to preserve the equilibrium in our petty world. I have taken only a little turn round the house, and here I am seated again opposite to the girl, intent upon her every movement; and rejoice that in this country, turn your eyes which way soever you will, all is so unclouded, so serene!—Did not Jerome tell me it would be so?

You must be very indulgent if you permit me to write to you in such broken sentences, but indeed I cannot help it. I commit my rapid thoughts to the paper when the girl runs out of doors, and throw the pen away as quickly when she comes skipping back again.

This young creature—I feel it but too strongly—may become dangerous to my peace before a week's end, if the impression she makes upon me increases hourly as it has done to-day. She is already as familiar with me as if she were my daughter. She calls and orders my John about just as she likes, and I verily believe she will soon begin to order me about too. I lost not a single tone of her voice when she was just now telling me about her linnet, which she has made so tame that it will feed out of her hand, and what luck she has with flowers. She needs, as she assures me, but to stick the dryest twig into the ground, and it is sure to grow.

These things that I am relating to you, are, I know, but paltry trifles; but I protest that they are so far from seeming so as they drop

from her lips, that I scarcely remember to have ever heard any thing more fascinating.

I shall break off, my dear friend. Margot is asleep. May the angels of Heaven watch over her slumbers!—I will go and sleep too—if I can.

December 24.

She is still asleep. I shall hasten to my hill, that I may be out of the way when she wakes. The master and mistress of the house are already at work in the kitchen.

What a charming walk I have had! refreshing to both soul and body. I have now my senses in order, and am in much higher favour with myself than yesterday. Fear nothing from the enticing girl! She shall only serve to divert and enliven me, and to be the charm of my life during my short stay in this village.

At the time when system-making engaged my attention, I divided female virtue into two classes; and I see no reason why this division should not still be retained. The one is that genuine, simple, natural virtue, which commands respect even in the meanest attire; the other, that apparent virtue which must be always watched, and which, as it has been justly observed, is not worth the watching. Out of the former class Nature has evidently taken the materials for my excellent hostess and her niece; and Heaven grant, that if ever I am to be confined by the noose of matrimony, my partner for life may in this respect resemble my present companions!

I have sustained a loss which affects me much. Poor Mops is dead, and we have buried him under my host's great olive-tree. If the honour of suicide be not exclusively reserved for man in preference to all other creatures, I should almost imagine that my poor dog had out of grief quitted the world of his own accord. It seemed as if he could not bear to see his master in good-humour; and since Margot has come hither and removed one wrinkle after another from my face, especially since yesterday evening, when, to be sure, she and I were exceedingly cheerful, his vexation appeared to have reached the highest pitch. He crept into a corner, and was found this morning a corpse.

I must confess, that for some time past I have neglected him, for which I am now truly sorry; for he was a good creature that was attached to me, and to which, in the hypochondriacal hours of my journey, I was indebted for many a useful consideration.

Margot, seeing me absorbed in these serious thoughts, and my eyes ready to overflow, stepped right before me. "How," said she, with a hearty laugh, "how could you have the least regard for such a snuffling, snarling creature? I'll tell you what—out of love to you, I gave him something that did his business for him. His very look was enough to make one as dismal as himself."—And I, like a fool, sit staring at the girl, and cannot tell whether her self-accusation be joke or earnest, as ready to forgive her the one as the other for the sake of the pearly teeth which she exhibits. With this child I shall become a

child myself, dear Edward!—but I cannot help it!

December 25.

O Jerome, Jerome! couldst thou but see me, thou wouldst certainly be satisfied with me! My heart is filled with love and joy. How soon, under this genial sky, and in the society of this extraordinary race, has the ice that surrounded it been dissolved! One stratum after another of this envelope has been thawed, and now, animated with new life, it throbs with such tumultuous pulsations that I can no longer controul it. Even my hills and woods have lost their venerable aspect since Margot has rambled there along with me. This child of Nature loves to bathe in the dews of morning, and is too sensible of the pleasure derived from motion to remain at home, and not to catch me by the arm as soon as I step to the door.

This morning, very early, she awoke just as I was taking down my hat, which hung up against the wall above her bed. She sprung up like a frightened hare, and scarcely left me time to turn my eyes another way till she had put on her clothes. O Nature, Nature! even coquetry, as it proceeds from thy hands, is touching. Often have I had to adjust a lock of hair or a handkerchief, or to fasten a pin, but never have I done either with that feeling which Margot excited in me, when, full of mirth and spirits as I could wish her, she came to request me to put on her confounded gipsy-hat, in which she looks so bewitching.

Her toilet being finished, we walked and ran and climbed over every thing that Nature threw in our way, and sung and joked and laughed as if the whole world was our own. Upon the hill we were joined by my John, just when we two children were trying who could see the farthest, and discover whether it was an eagle or a crow that was making its evolutions on the verge of the horizon. I was extremely glad of his coming. I called him to us, and he participated heartily in our amusement.

You cannot conceive how much this man has gained in my estimation, since the narrow circle which here surrounds me has almost entirely removed the distance between us. Excepting that he sleeps in the loft, he lives entirely with me in the room occupied in common by the whole family. He is the kindest-hearted and best-natured creature that I could have taken with me, and I sincerely rejoice that, after being in my service ten years, I have at last discovered the good qualities which he possesses.

This is probably but too often the case with people of our class, and still more with the great. We seek friends at the gaming-table and in brilliant companies, and are surprised at not meeting with one single soul to satisfy our wants, while at the very moment perhaps such a one as we need is standing behind our chair. How poor have the laws of our trumpery etiquette made us! How have they frittered away the feast of content, so that nobody can now live upon the fragments which fall to his share.

December 26.

I look forward with trembling to the approach of the time which is

to separate me from these children of Nature, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to observe that John too hangs his head when I allude to our departure. In future, this good fellow shall never sit any where but beside me in the carriage—yes, indeed, he should even if Mops were yet alive. His intelligence, his good-humour, and, above all, the feeling of the happy life that I lead here, have become more beneficial and more needful to me, than his trifling services, with which, in fact, I could well dispense.

Poor Margot! thy tender bosom also heaves; tears of sorrow glisten also in thy roguish eyes; thy love-breathing lips quiver with a secret pang when thou thinkest of our parting, of thy separation from a friend who is become but too dear to thee! O that I may be the only one, as I am the first, to embitter that joy of which Nature made thee so susceptible!

I protest to you, Edward, that even my self-love can scarcely account for the sudden passion conceived by this girl; and yet there she is in all that glory by which an inexperienced heart betrays itself, and which indeed befits no other.

When I have sometimes met on the first page of a sentimental novel with an innocent young creature but just turned out of the hands of Nature, who beholds for the first time on a Sunday the man with whom you find her on the sixth page, by the following Saturday over head and ears in love, and living on a footing of such familiarity with him, that if the author and reader have any skill in calculation, they may very nearly predict on what page she will become a mother; I never failed to laugh the scribbler in the face, and took good care not to be at the christening. But Heaven knows we ought not to laugh at any thing.

Often too have I seen such curling, complicated, party-coloured figures in the clouds, that if a painter were to venture to introduce an accurate representation of them in his landscape, our critics on the fine arts would not hesitate to set him down for a madman; and yet the original existed in nature without offending one single human eye. Were I now writing a novel, my dear Edward, I should have authorship enough to make at least half a year's acquaintance precede, in order to give probability to the throbbings of the heart, the glowing cheeks, and the faltering accents of this damsel of thirteen: but as I am writing a journal, I must paint the clouds as I find them.

Souls created for one another, as I now begin to believe, are mutually attracted, wherever and however they may come together. Should you—notwithstanding this axiom, the infallibility of which is to be sure admitted only in novels—be still astonished how this blooming, artless girl, undaunted by my pale, emaciated face, could have made such prodigious advances in the short space of four days, you will be infinitely more surprised at the rapid change which the same period of time has produced in such an experienced veteran as I am.

I must confess, that the deep-rooted notion of the necessary inequality of conditions, has been so

shaken within me during these few days, that little is wanting to its complete overthrow. Since the moment that I discovered Margot's passion for me—a discovery for which no extraordinary degree of penetration was required—I have so argued with myself about conjugal and domestic happiness, and sympathy of souls, and unequal matches, as if I had been paid for it. I stoutly contended, that the heart ought not to be controuled by any maxim or principle not springing from nature, but from our factitious relations. Am I not manifestly sacrificing at the shrine of prejudice a pearl, so pure and so genuine as love alone can place within the reach of its favourites? and may I hope ever to find a jewel equal to this in the bounds to which my condition confines me?

In such sophistries I should say that I had wasted a fine morning, while sauntering by her side to the top of the hill, had I not, at the same time, so thoroughly warmed myself at the brilliant flame of her first love, that I cannot possibly lament the loss of the time, though I am now necessitated to search for all the sedative remedies of reason, for the purpose of cooling my overheated imagination. Heaven be praised, I have succeeded! I have read myself a severe lecture; I have proved to myself, that I belong to the most inconstant, the most faithless class of mankind, that alone excepted which in every thing is a degree above mine; that I have lived much too long in a corrupted atmosphere to be able to abide in the region of truth and serene nature; and have thence drawn this conclusion, that Margot, the child of innocence, is much too good for me.

In truth, she is worthy of the best of men: but only such a one, whose birth and condition have from the cradle protected him from the hostile attacks of a polished education; who has not imbibed the poison of fashionable manners; who concentrates all the rays of happiness and content in one focus, and is ignorant of the great art of the higher classes to divide them prismatically into colours—to deprive them of their energy; in a word, none but the best man of her own class can make this girl, beautiful, amiable, virtuous, endowed with the most exquisite combination of qualities for an excellent wife—so happy as she deserves to be. On her part, her love for me is a venial error; on my part, it would be treason against Nature were I to take advantage of this error, and to presume to withdraw her from the magic circle in which the estimable people, whose inmate I am, revolve, and which, I will not deny, might tempt me to contract the most absurd of matches, were I to continue with them much longer.

How different, Edward, are our four seasons from theirs! Their days pass away as simply and happily as their seasons, and their lives are like their years.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

To S. Sagephiz, *Esq.*

Sir,

I have the misfortune to be abused by all my acquaintance male and female: the latter do not scruple to call me a male jilt; and the former say, I am a fastidious, capricious fellow, who will profess a friendship for a man one day, and slight him the next. These accusations proceed from my being unfortunately gifted with a warm imagination, a good deal of susceptibility, and a degree of delicacy which I am afraid borders on fastidiousness. Thus if strangers appear amiable, I am always ready to give them credit for being really so; but as my regard is founded on the good qualities I suppose them to possess, it naturally ceases as soon as I find myself mistaken, which unfortunately happens too often. With your leave, Mr. Adviser, I will illustrate my case by a few examples.

An acquaintance of mine who knew that I was a passionate admirer of poetry, offered to introduce me to the celebrated Sam Stanza, whose works I had read with delight. We met at an evening party where the company was very numerous, and I had no opportunity of conversing with Mr. Stanza; but I was much delighted with two or three happy replies of his, and I expressed my admiration to every body in the warmest terms. Some good-natured friend told him the high opinion I entertained of him, and he was so much pleased with it, that he made advances towards intimacy, which I met more than half way.

At first we saw each other always in company, and my admiration rose every time I saw him; but as we grew more intimate, I found that he was extremely superficial, and so wholly engrossed by the desire of shining, that he was a most unpleasant companion in a *tête-à-tête*. With much elegance and facility of expression, he had few original ideas, and his stock of general information was very confined indeed. This discovery changed my admiration into cold civility, and as he sought an adulator rather than a friend, he terminated our acquaintance abruptly: I have consequently ever since enjoyed the credit of being too stupid to relish the conversation of one of the first wits of the age.

My old friend Peter Profound, who is reckoned very learned, preserved for a long time the high opinion which his gravity and taciturnity induced me to form of him. When I visited him, I generally found him in his library, absorbed in the contents of a huge folio; and I was sometimes refused admittance because he was deeply engaged in study, and had given orders not to let any body in. This piece of information I received in confidence from his valet, and it heightened my respect for him.

One day I wanted to consult him on some very serious business, and determined to take the privilege of friendship to interrupt his studies for once. I accordingly entered his library without ceremony, and there beheld a sight which completely annihilated my veneration

for the philosophic Peter. He was seated at a table with his nightcap and spectacles on, busily engaged in cutting out figures in card-paper. My first impulse was to burst into a hearty laugh, but the inexpressibly rueful countenance of my friend threw me into a confusion nearly as great as his own: I stammered out an apology, and hastily retired. You will readily conceive that our acquaintance did not continue long after this discovery of Mr. Profound's mode of employing his solitary hours.

I chanced at a public dinner to sit next to Lord Smoothphrase, of whose politeness and urbanity I had frequently heard, but from what I saw of him, I was convinced that common fame had not done him justice; and I said every where, that Lord Smoothphrase was certainly the best-bred man in England. Through the means of a friend of mine who was intimate with him, I soon had the honour of being ranked among his lordship's acquaintance.

For some time I believed that I had found in Lord Smoothphrase a perfectly well-bred man; but one morning, while I was paying him a visit, an old lady, to whom he had given strict orders never to be at home, was let in: she came to demand payment for the schooling of a little girl whom his lordship had promised to provide for. His politeness and suavity vanished the moment that she mentioned her business; he treated her with the most unprovoked rudeness, dismissed her without her money, and the moment she was gone, ordered that the rascally porter who had let her in should be turned out of his house that instant. You will not wonder that this circumstance induced me to recant all the praises I had bestowed upon his lordship's good-breeding.

Some years ago I was captivated by the charms of Miss Bellair, whose good temper was almost proverbial among her acquaintance. She was generally considered amiable, her manners were fascinating, and as I had no doubt that she was all perfection, I spoke of her in such raptures, that every one set me down as her professed admirer.

Luckily I had prudence enough to wish to see a little more of her before I made formal proposals, and a very short acquaintance convinced me, that she had not those qualities which I deemed absolutely necessary in a wife. She was indeed good-humoured and well-bred, but she was totally devoid of feeling and good-nature. She would not, I verily believe, have put herself to the smallest inconvenience to serve any human being, and I had the strongest reason to suppose, that she admitted my addresses not because she was partial to me, but merely from considering that it was time for her to settle in the world; and as she had no actual offer of marriage, she behaved in such a manner as she thought would induce me to make one. I accordingly ceased to visit her, and in consequence I was universally considered as the most hard-hearted fellow on earth, and execrated for leaving a sweet girl to pine at my desertion.

However, my forsaken fair did not long wear the willow, for she was married within two months to Counsellor Siftwell, who having a

personal dislike to me, waited upon her to try whether he could not induce her to bring an action against me for a breach of promise of marriage. As our courtship had not gone that length, she declined the counsellor's professional services, but she did it in so engaging a manner, that he became her warm admirer, and in two months afterwards he led her to the altar of Hymen.

Some time ago I passed a summer in the country, where I had not been very long before one of my neighbours, a beautiful young widow, made a sensible impression on my heart. I could see her only at church, for she lived in the most perfect seclusion, and she declared that during the year of her widowhood, of which only six months were expired, she would receive no visits. I had consequently no opportunity to judge of her mental qualities, but her benevolence made her adored by her poor neighbours, and I readily persuaded myself, that her mind would keep the promise made by her countenance, which was the most intelligent that I had ever seen.

As propriety forbade all approaches to the fair widow, I could not deny myself the pleasure of disclosing my passion for her in confidence to an old acquaintance, who came to pass a few months at my cottage. He laughed heartily while I was speaking, and as soon as I had finished, assured me that he was certain I should soon find some flaw in this newly discovered diamond, which would put me out of conceit with it. As I believed that was impossible, I paid no attention to his raillery; my passion continued to increase, and I expected with the greatest impatience the moment in which I could with propriety present myself as a candidate for the hand of my mistress, when a trifling circumstance totally extinguished my passion.

It was then the middle of summer, and I knew that the widow passed the greatest part of the day in walking through the grounds which surrounded her house; it unluckily occurred to me, that with the assistance of a telescope I could enjoy the pleasure of contemplating her charms during her morning rambles, and the following day I stationed myself to observe her motions. She was seated in an alcove, and from her attitude I had no doubt that she was deeply engaged either in reading or contemplation. Conceive my astonishment when I perceived through my glass, that her attention was riveted to her nails, which she was engaged in cutting! She continued occupied with them till my patience was exhausted, and I was near throwing down my glass in a rage. I refrained from viewing her for some moments, and then took another peep: but the second trial was worse than the first; she was doing something to her eyebrows, and between her eyebrows and nails she passed four hours without stirring from the alcove.

I quitted my cottage the next day, consoling myself that I never had it in my power to make a declaration of my sentiments; but unfortunately the friend to whom I had confided them, whispered the story of my passion and its sudden termination to all our common acquaintance, and I was rallied so un-

mercifully upon the subject, that I had half a mind to forswear society altogether, and bury myself in solitude all the rest of my life.

I could state many other instances of a similar nature, but I think, Mr. Adviser, I have said enough to convince you, that I am unjustly stigmatized. If, sir, you can point out to me any way to retrieve my character, and enable me to live on good terms with my acquaintance, you will much oblige your very humble servant,

SILVESTER SPYFAULT.

There are two things which I would recommend to Mr. Spyfault: the one, not to form nor express his opinion so hastily; the other, to recollect the scriptural precept of doing as he would be done by. Let him examine his own heart, and in spite of the *amour propre* which blinds us all in a great measure to our own failings, I fancy he will find sufficient cause to look with a more lenient eye on those of his neighbours. I wish to be understood as speaking only of the harmless foibles of his acquaintance: for I think he cannot be too circumspect in chusing a wife; but before he fixes his choice, let him recollect, that a very large portion of toleration is necessary on both sides, to enable a married pair to live happily together. The fastidious delicacy which makes him so soon disgusted with his acquaintance, would render both himself and his wife miserable; and if he follows my advice, he will lay aside all thoughts of matrimony till he has conquered it.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Continued from p. 27.)

1739.

January 11. Married, Mr. Beard, comedian and singer at Drury-lane theatre, to Lady Henrietta Herbert, relict of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis, and daughter to the Earl of Waldegrave, with 800*l.* per annum jointure.

29*th.* The first stone of Westminster bridge laid.

February 6. At Covent-Garden theatre, one John Somerford tumbled from the upper gallery into the pit, being ten yards, without receiving any hurt. When the play was done, he told Mr. Rich that he had made himself free in the gallery, and hoped he should have the liberty of going into it when he pleased; to which Mr. Rich consented, with a proviso always that he did not come out of it in the same abrupt manner.

September 25. The first stone of the Mansion-House laid.

1740.

March 17. Mrs. Stephens received 5000*l.* reward from government for discovering her medicine for the stone.

1741.

February. A fine monument is erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Shakspeare, by direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martin. Mr. Fleetwood, master of

Drury-lane theatre, and Mr. Rich of that in Covent-Garden, gave each a benefit arising from one of his own plays towards it, and the dean and chapter made a present of the ground. The design, by Mr. Kent, was executed by Mr. Scheemaker.

March 29. Died, Sir Thomas Parkyns of Bunny, Nottinghamshire, author of a treatise on the Art of Wrestling.

1743.

May 4. Died, Mr. Charles Povey, well known for his many schemes and projects, particularly the Sun Fire-Office, from which he had a salary of 150*l.*

1745.

October 19. The whole amount of three nights' acting *The Beggar's Opera*, proposed by Mrs. Cibber, who acted Polly, making 600*l.* was paid by Mr. Rich into the chamber of London, for the encouragement of the soldiers. Every comedian played gratis, and the tallow-chandler gave the candles.

24*th.* Died, Edward Shepherd, Esq. architect, owner of Shepherd's market and other buildings about May-Fair.

1748.

August 27. Pantines invented: they were figures pulled by a string in the manner of a Dutch toy; these were appended to carriages.

November 10 being the birth-day of the Princess of Wales, the fine statue of King George I. in Leicester-square was uncovered.

1749.

June 16. By the court of aldermen and common council of London—Resolved, that the commissioners of bankrupts sitting at Guildhall shall not be provided with coals and candles at the expense of the city, nor coffee or tea be provided for any committee; that only 5s. be allowed for each coach or chariot that shall go with any of the members to wait upon his majesty, or any of the royal family, with an address, or upon any other occasion, and 10s. 6d. for the lord mayor's coach.

November 30. The Hon. Horatio Walpole, brother to the Earl of Orford, who was robbed by two men on the 7th in Hyde Park, when a pistol going off shot through the coach and scorched his face, received a letter from the robbers, intimating their concern for the accident, and their apprehension of the consequences at that time; and that if he would send to a place named, a person would be there to deliver his watch, sword, and coachman's watch, if he would, on his honour, send forty guineas in less than an hour to the same place, with threats of destruction if he did not. But he did not comply, though he afterwards offered twenty, the sum they fell to in a second letter.

1751.

M. Labelie, the Swiss architect of Westminster bridge, in his new description of it, tells us, that the quantity of stone materials in that noble structure is nearly double the quantity of the same in St. Paul's.

June 25. Married, Baron Neuhoff, formerly King Theodore of Corsica, now in the rules of the King's Bench for debt, to Miss Edmonson of Panton-square, a lady of beauty and fortune.

October 3. The vestries of St. Clement Danes, St. Margaret, and

St. John's Westminster, have agreed to enforce an act of 2d Will. and Mary, for obliging all persons whose houses adjoin to the street, to hang out lights at their doors, from dark-time till twelve o'clock from Michaelmas to Lady-day, or contribute to lamps at such distances as two or more justices shall appoint, under 2s. for every neglect; and levying a penalty of 5s. for every offence on those who lay any dirt, ashes, or other obstructions in the streets.

1752.

January. Married, Mr. Roubilliac, the statuary in St. Martin's-lane, to Miss Crossley of Deptford, worth 10,000*l.*

March 15. Died, Mrs. Eliza Justice, wife of Counsellor Justice, transported some years ago for robbing Cambridge University of many books, and authoress of *Amelia*, or *The distressed Wife*, a poem.

April 17. The theatrical house called the New Well, near the London Spa, preached in for the first time by a Methodist clergyman, it being taken by the Rev. John Wesley for a tabernacle.

1753.

May 31. Died, Lady Harriet Beard, wife of Mr. Beard, of his majesty's band of music, by whose death a jointure of 600*l.* per annum devolves to the Earl of Powis.

1755.

April 15. Died, Mr. Benjamin Bourn, author of *The Sure Guide to Hell*, a young man, son of the Rev. Mr. Bourn, a dissenting minister, of *promising expectations!*

1758.

Jan. 2. His majesty, according to annual custom, ordered 1000*l.* to be distributed among the poor of the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, St Mary-le-Strand, St. Paul Covent-Garden, St. Clement Danes, St. Ann Westminster, St. George Hanover, and St. James.

A fine equestrian statue of his present Majesty King George by Van Nost, was erected in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

May 29. The first stone of a new bridge was laid from Brentford to Kew.

Dec. 22. The annual legacy of John Smith was distributed to poor persons in several parishes in Surry, to whom he left each three yards of linen and three bushels of coal. He died near ninety years ago, and had acquired upwards of 10.000*l.* by begging about the country, and letting money out to use to poor persons.

1759.

April 24. Died, Thomas Bond at Litchfield, aged 82, said to be the original from whom Mr. Farquhar took his character of Scrubb in *The Beaux Stratagem*. He was a servant in Sir Thomas Biddulph's family great part of his life.

1760.

May 13. At Mr. Langford's sale of Mr. Ames' books, a copy of the translation of the New Testament by Tindal, supposed to be the only one remaining which escaped the flames, was sold for 14½ guineas. This book was picked up by one of the late Lord Oxford's collectors, and was esteemed so valuable a purchase by his lordship, that he settled 20*l.* per annum for life upon the person who procured it. His lordship's library being afterwards purchased by Mr. Osborn of Gray's Inn, he marked it at 15s. for which price Mr. Ames bought it. This transla-

tion was finished in the reign of Henry VIII. 1526, and the whole impression, as supposed (this copy excepted), was purchased by Tonstall Bishop of London, and burnt at St. Paul's cross that year. Tindal was betrayed at Antwerp, and apprehended by the emperor's officers, who made him a close prisoner in the castle of Freyburgh, 1536, where he was publicly burnt to ashes.

June 3. The Rev. Dean and Chapter of Westminster held a jubilee in commemoration of Queen Elizabeth, who founded Westminster school. They marched in grand procession from the hall to the cathedral, where Purcell's grand *Te Deum* was performed, and a sermon preached by the Right Rev. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of that cathedral. The figure of that queen in wax was also set up in the Abbey.

July 9. A fire broke out at the house of Mrs. Kennedy in Manchester-buildings, near Cannon-row, Westminster, which consumed that house and the house of Miss Dawson (Nancy), the dancer, and damaged others.

15*th*. Several fine drawings have been made of his majesty, in consequence of the premiums offered by the Society of Arts (for the Encouragement): the committee agreed to reduce the number to four, which were this day laid before his majesty by the Duke of Devonshire, in order that one of them might be ultimately fixed on.

16*th*. The Society of Arts adjudged a premium of 20 guineas for the best likeness and drawing of his majesty, to Mr. J. Meyers.

THE HISTORY OF PHARAMOND.

GIFTED by nature with brilliant talents and an excellent heart, the youth of Pharamond afforded the fairest promise of a happy maturity. He was indeed guilty of some excesses, but paternal affection palliated where it could not excuse his faults, and his doting father looked forward with hope and exultation to the time when the effervescence of youth subsiding, Pharamond's virtues would reflect additional lustre on the distinguished race from which he sprang.

There were few hearts more feelingly alive than Pharamond's to the distresses of others, and the profuse expenditure which sometimes drew severe reprehension from his indulgent father, was as often occasioned by his benevolent propensities as by his love of pleasure. Chance brought him acquainted with Alcander, a young man of nearly his own age, who veiled a most profligate heart by manners singularly engaging. Alcander was necessitous, and he scrupled little by what means he supplied his wants; he soon became sensible of the advantages which he might derive from Pharamond's friendship, and he cultivated it with the greatest assiduity.

One day while the friends were engaged in conversation, Pharamond perceived that Alcander was melancholy and abstracted. He inquired the cause, but received an evasive answer, and Alcander assumed a more cheerful air; but

his gaiety was so evidently forced, that it increased the solicitude of Pharamond; and his entreaties at last drew from his friend an acknowledgment, that his melancholy was occasioned by the distressed situation of a female relation of his, who was left by the sudden death of her father wholly unprovided for.

Alcander drew a touching picture of the misfortunes of his deceased relation, whose remains he said would have been seized for debt, had he not stepped forward to rescue them from his merciless creditors; but the sum which he had paid was all that he could command, and the situation of the poor orphan almost distracted him. He had not concluded when a bank-note to a large amount was slipped into his hand for the relief of her necessities. He made a show of reluctance, which the generous Pharamond soon conquered, and with many professions of gratitude, he accepted the money for the use of his cousin.

The first thing to be done was to find an asylum for Flavia, and Alcander soon afterwards told his friend, that he had placed her in the house of a respectable widow, who had promised, as soon as the violence of her grief was abated, to procure her a situation as governess in a family.

For some time Pharamond saw little of Alcander, who was, or pretended to be, wholly occupied with his cousin. One day when Pharamond called upon him, he was informed that he was just sent for to Flavia, who was dying. Equally grieved and surprised at this news, Pharamond hastened to the lodgings of Flavia: he found the street-door ajar, and on entering a parlour, he beheld Flavia reclining on a sofa. Alcander was hanging over her with a countenance full of consternation. Flavia's eyes were half closed, and her total want both of colour and animation might have made one suppose her a beautiful statue. On hearing footsteps she opened her eyes, and they met those of Pharamond, who was gazing on her with a look of the tenderest interest. A crimson glow suffused her cheek, and never perhaps in the full bloom of health and beauty had she appeared so touchingly lovely. Pharamond recollected almost instantly the impropriety of his presence, and hastily withdrew; but the image of the fair Flavia accompanied him, and he remained in the house till he was assured all immediate danger was over.

The cause which Alcander assigned for the illness of his cousin redoubled the interest which she had inspired in the bosom of Pharamond: a nobleman of high rank had presumed to insult her with licentious offers. Pharamond's whole soul was on fire; scarcely could he forgive Alcander's refusal to entrust him with the name of the villain, whom he longed to chastise. From that day he was constant in his inquiries after the health of the interesting Flavia, and at last he was permitted to see her. She thanked him with a grace and sweetness the most captivating for the interest he had taken in her health; one visit produced another, and a few interviews sufficed to render the susceptible Pharamond deeply enamoured of the lovely orphan.

He confided his sentiments to Alcander, who listened to him with the greatest apparent regret, and besought him in the strongest terms to conquer his passion. He was, however, well aware that his reasoning would have no effect on the generous and high-spirited Pharamond, who was determined, if he could obtain the consent of Flavia, to espouse her secretly, and wait for a favourable opportunity to break the matter to his father.

Though he had reason to believe that the affections of Flavia were his own, she steadily refused his offered hand. He cherished, however, a hope that his perseverance would at length overcome her reluctance to bestow it upon him, and he visited her constantly though secretly.

These visits proved fatal to the honour of Flavia and the peace of Pharamond; but though imprudent, he was not unprincipled, and he insisted upon repairing by an immediate though private marriage the injury he had done her.

The unhappy girl replied to his passionate entreaties only by her tears, nor could he draw from her the consent he so ardently solicited. The following morning he was refused admittance, under pretence that she was too ill to see him, and in the evening he received a letter from her, bidding him adieu for ever.

In this letter she declared herself unworthy to become his wife, and acknowledged that, prior to her acquaintance with him, a villain had robbed her of her honour. She owned it had been her intention, polluted as she was, to accept his offered hand, but this intention was gradually shaken, and at last overthrown, by the nobleness of his behaviour to her.

While he was reading this extraordinary letter, Alcander entered with a countenance full of astonishment, and from him Pharamond learned, that Flavia quitted her lodgings the day before, and was gone no one knew whither. Had not the mind of Pharamond been too deeply occupied with the contents of Flavia's letter to remark the incoherence and agitation of Alcander's manner, it would have given him some suspicion of the truth. In fact, he was the villain to whom the unhappy Flavia owed her ruin. She was really his relation, and left to his care by her dying father; but that father did not know, that some months before, her honour had fallen a sacrifice to his wiles. Alcander's refusal to perform his promise of making her his wife, threw her into the state in which she was first seen by Pharamond, and Alcander perceiving immediately the impression which her charms had made upon him, formed the plan of ridding himself of her by bringing about her union with his deceived friend. Though fallen, Flavia was not quite abandoned; it was with infinite difficulty that he gained her consent to this iniquitous proceeding. At last she reluctantly agreed to receive the visits of Pharamond, whose amiable qualities soon made a sensible impression on her heart: but the more tender her regard for him became, the more deeply did she regret the deceit which she was about to practise; and when at last he offered her his hand, all the threats of Alcander were unavail-

ing to induce her to accept it. Compelled at length to come to a determination, she resolved to bury herself for ever in obscurity; but though she acknowledged her own guilt, she did not dare to reveal that of Alcander. She knew that he was not deficient in personal courage, and she feared that the life of Pharamond might fall a sacrifice to the vengeance which she was certain he would seek.

Disappointed in the hopes of happiness which he had formed, Pharamond sought to lose the remembrance of his perfidious Flavia in riot and dissipation. His father's remonstrances and entreaties roused him at last from the excesses to which he at first abandoned himself; he forswore love for ever, and in the bustle of politics, into which he entered with great spirit, he found an effectual cure for his passion.

At that period his father died, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, and the treachery of a steward in whom Pharamond entirely confided, completed the ruin of his fortune.

Pharamond had distinguished himself by the zeal with which he espoused the opposition party. His conduct was the effect of principle, and his patriotism was for a long time proof against distress, but the pressure of his necessities became at last so great, that he accepted a place. By this step he totally alienated the regard of the party which he abandoned, and it was impossible for him to conciliate that to which he went over, as several of its members had a perfect recollection of the bitter sarcasms by which he had formerly wounded them.

His distress had made him acquainted with the selfishness of Alcander, and though he never knew to what degree this false friend had injured him, his ingratitude had totally extinguished Pharamond's regard. Poor Pharamond now found himself in a situation of all others the most dangerous to a feeling soul. He was surrounded by beings with whom he was continually obliged to dissemble, and for whom he did not feel the smallest interest. By degrees a total change took place in his character, and ambition filled the aching void which betrayed love and unrequited friendship had left in his heart.

The thirst of power resembles the thirst of gold; it increases by being fed. Pharamond has risen step by step, till he has nothing more to gain; yet he is still unsatisfied. He is tormented too by a perpetual fear of losing the post which he at present holds, and to preserve it, he submits to mortifications from which his high spirit would once have revolted with disgust. No one who sees the smiling ease, the unvarying placidity of his manner, can conceive that his heart is a prey to fear, envy, and suspicion: yet such is the case. These baleful passions poison his life; habit has given him a degree of self-command, which enables him to conceal their workings from every eye; but the effort by which he effects this, only serves to plant their stings deeper in his heart.

Fortunio closed his volume with a sigh, and with expectations considerably lowered, went to pay a visit to Marcus. He found him in conversation with an officer, and after the first civilities were over, Fortunio took an opportunity to in-

NEW BETHLEM HOSPITAL,
St. George's Fields.

quire the particulars of the last engagement in which Marcus had commanded. He admired the enthusiasm with which the general spoke of the bravery of his own troops, and the noble justice which he did to the valour of the enemy. It was evident that his whole heart was in his subject; the love of glory sparkled in his full dark eye, and as Fortunio saw his countenance gradually glow with honest pride and pleasure, he whispered to himself, that if Marcus was not happy, at least he could not be very wretched. He opened his volume, however, with much less confidence than he had done in the two former instances. Let us see what account it gave him of the History of Marcus.

Plate 8.—NEW BETHLEM HOSPITAL.

Having in a preceding number described the architectural arrangement and general appearance of this institution, it will be sufficient here to advert to such particulars connected with its internal economy as are of any interest to the general reader.

This hospital is designed for the admission of all poor lunatics, except cripples and such as are afflicted with certain bodily diseases. Upon security being given that they shall be taken away when required, and have clothes found them, all admissible patients, except those from parishes and public offices, are admitted without fee or expense. Parishes and public offices pay three guineas for each, and enter into the same engagements. For incurables must be paid a deposit of five pounds, and nine shillings a week, besides their clothing; but if sent by poor friends, the weekly payment is reduced to six shillings. Patients remain till cured, or for twelve months, when they are to be discharged, unless there be then a prospect of cure.

According to the rules of this institution, no person whatever, except governors, or those in company with a governor, is to be permitted to view the hospital and patients; but the president or treasurer may give written orders for the admission of any member of either House of Parliament at convenient hours.

The keepers and servants are forbidden to receive any fee or gratuity whatever, either from visitors or others, on pain of dismission.

The official return of the state of this hospital as delivered to the lord mayor, according to custom, on Easter Monday last, was as follows:

Remaining in the hospital, 1815	118
Buried last year	8
Cured and discharged last year	102
Patients under cure	115
—— incurable	81

REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR, WITH THE GROWTH OF THINGS.—*Written in* 1663.

There be in the year four quarters, the which are named thus, Ver, Hyems, Æstas, and Autumnus: these are the four seasons in the year. Prime-time is the spring of the year, containing February,

March, and April; in these three months every green thing growing beginneth to bud and flourish. Then cometh summer, as May, June, and July; and in these three months every heath and grain and tree is in his most strength and beauty, and then the sun is at the highest. Next cometh autumn, as August, September, and October, wherein all fruits wax ripe, and are gathered and housed. Then cometh November, December, and January, and these three months be in the winter; that time the sun is at the lowest, and is of little profit.

We astronomers say, that the age of man is threescore and twelve years, and that we liken to but one whole year, for evermore we take six years for every month, as January and February, and so forth; for as the year changeth by the twelve months into twelve divers manners, so doth man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every six times six maketh thirty-six, and then man is at the best, also the highest; and twelve times six maketh threescore and twelve. and that is the age of man. Thus you may count and reckon every month for six years, or else it may be understood by the four quarters and seasons of the year; so man is divided into four parts, as to youth, strength, wisdom, and age. He is to be eighteen years young, eighteen years strong, eighteen years in wisdom, and the fourth eighteen years to go to the full age of threescore and twelve.

The Change of Man twelve Times, according to the Months.

He must take the first six years for *January*, the which is of no virtue nor strength; in this season nothing on the earth groweth. So man, after that he is born, till he be six years of age, is of little or no wit, strength, or cunning, and may do little or nothing that cometh to any profit.

Then cometh *February*, and then the days lengthen, and the sun is hotter; then the fields begin to wax green. So in the other six years till he come to twelve, the child beginneth to grow bigger, and is apt to learn such things as are taught him.

Then cometh the month of *March*, in which the labourer soweth the earth, and planteth trees, and edifieth houses. The child in these six years waxeth big, to learn doctrine and science, and to be fair and pleasant and loving, for then he is eighteen years of age.

Then cometh *April*, that the earth and the trees are covered with flowers, and in every part goods increase abundantly. Then cometh the young man to gather the sweet flowers of hardiness; but then beware that the cold winds and storms of vice beat not down the flowers of good manners that should bring a man to honour, for then he is twenty-four years of age.

Then cometh *May*, that is both fair and pleasant, for then birds sing in woods and forests night and day; the sun shineth hot: then man is most lusty, mighty, and of proper strength, and seeketh plays, sport, and manly pastimes, for then he is full thirty years of age.

Then cometh *June*, and then the sun is at the highest in his meridional; he may ascend no higher in his station: his golden beams

ripen the corn; and then man is thirty-six years. He may ascend no more, for then nature hath given him courage and strength at the full, and ripeneth the seeds of perfect understanding.

Then cometh *July*, that fruits be set on sunning, and our corn a-hardening; but then the sun beginneth a little to descend downward. So the man goeth from youth toward age; it beginneth to acquaint him with sadness, for then he is come to forty-two years of age.

After that cometh *August*, then we gather in our corn, and also the fruits of the earth; and then man doth his diligence to gather, that he may find himself, maintain his wife, children, and household, when age cometh on him; and then, after that six years, he is forty-eight years of age.

Then cometh *September*, that wines be made, and the fruits of the trees be gathered; and therewithal he doth freshly begin to garnish his house, and make provision of needful things to live with in winter, which draweth very near: and then man is in his most stedfast and covetous estate, prosperous in wisdom, purposing to gather and keep as much as shall be sufficient for him in his age, when he may gather no more; and then he is fifty-four years of age.

Then cometh *October*, when all is gathered, both corn and other kinds of fruits, also the labourers plough and sow new seeds in the earth for the year to come; and then he that nought soweth, nought gathereth. And then in these six years a man shall take himself unto God to do penance and good works, and then the benefits the year after his death he may gather and have spiritual profit; and then man is fully the term of threescore years.

Then cometh *November*, that the days be very short, and the sun in a manner giveth but little heat, and the trees lose their leaves, the fields that were green look hoar and grey; then all manner of herbs are hid in the ground, and then appeareth no flower, and winter is come, that the man hath understanding of age, and hath lost his kindly heat and strength; his teeth begin to rot and fail him, and then hath he little hope of long life, but desireth to come to the life everlasting; and these six years make him threescore and six years of age.

Last of all cometh *December*, full of cold, with frost and snow, with great winds and stormy weather, that a man cannot labour: the sun is then at the lowest, the trees and the earth are hid in snow. Then it is good to hold them nigh the fire, and to spend the goods that they got in summer; for then man beginneth to wax crooked and feeble, and then he loseth his perfect understanding, and his heirs desire death; and these six years make him full threescore and twelve years, and if he live any longer, it is by his good guiding and dieting in his youth. Howbeit, it is possible that a man may live till he be a hundred years of age, but there be few who live so long.

C——.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XX.

What beauty is I know.——PRIOR.

THOUGH my subject may interest my own sex, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists who have thought proper to determine, that beauty is rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength or swiftness, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes altogether out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness, or the distinction of merit.

To such philosophising pedagogues I shall beg leave to remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no power of argument, no effort of human wit can bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished, at least, that beauty was in some degree dependant upon sentiment and manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy; and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which only differs from a stone or a log by the skill of the artificer, and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance, for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion; and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is little less than that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular, and which are generally considered as subordinate, graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident: dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen if it depended upon any known

rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin. He tells you that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole. He calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is, perhaps, possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects: it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, well known by the name of *affectation*. It will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languishment, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks, which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain: the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health; it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection, but as paint is apt to leave the countenance more pallid and sickly, the passions burst forth with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite a more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, according to my doctrine, which, for the happiness of my sex, cannot be too generally propagated and believed, depends principally upon the mind, and, consequently, may be influenced by education. It has been remarked by those who have studied the physiognomy of the "human face divine," that the predominant passion in any character may be generally discovered in the countenance, because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax, so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the more pleasing and the softer passions, that

they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: their prevalence, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impression on the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Lavater argues strongly, ingeniously, though not always conclusively, on the influence of the organic construction of certain parts of the human frame on intellectual character: I shall not, however, perplex my readers with any quotations from his curious work, but proceed in my own way to the illustration of my subject.

I have further to observe, that the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, is not so dangerous to the possessor as that which proceeds from the mere attraction of features. It is, to use an Eastern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence." If it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it. Beauty of this description and character represses with awe, softens with delicacy, and wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is blended with that of beauty, because the latter is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of native appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity. Every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity and a breach of the strongest obligations.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces but in the school of Virtue, and that those who wish to be *lovely* must learn to be *good*.

I shall beg leave to add a letter which I have received on the foregoing subject, and which serves to enliven the moral, philosophic discourse which precedes it.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

It will be sufficient for me to introduce myself to you as seventeen years of age, with a handsome fortune, and I suppose I may say, as every body else does, with a considerable share of beauty. Till I had finished my growth, the old ladies complimented me, and the young ones sought my company; but since the gentlemen have begun to discharge their glances at me, and that I have been distinguished in the societies to which my mother has presented me, in short, since I appear to have grown into the favour of the other sex, I have lost the esteem of my own. Some of those with whom I had been intimate became cold and indifferent, and others gave up all acquaintance on the imputation of disagreeable qualities, which they had themselves invented. It was but the other evening when I was

treated with absolute incivility from the following circumstance:—A gentleman, who had been very facetious to several ladies in the company, at length turning to me, thought proper to exclaim, "As for you, madam, Prior has described you in the following couplet:

"That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

Immediately a malignant smile displayed itself on the countenance of every lady in the company, and verses ridiculing those who were vain of such a trumpery thing as a pretty face were loudly quoted, but which I shall not repeat. I continually meet with similar insults, and I wish to advise with you how I am to defend myself against such abominable misconduct. Is there no possible way to baffle the malice which persecutes me? What is the value of beauty when it renders the possessor unhappy? and why was Nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make her kindness prove a cruelty? I am told that my shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips I know not what, my cheeks, forsooth, adorned with a just mixture of the rose and lily; but these enviable qualities, as they are supposed to be, have been the cause of so much unmerited uneasiness to me, that, incredible as it may be, I should be glad to exchange them; I do not say for deformity and disagreeableness, but for just such a portion of personal attractions as may allow me to live easy and unmolested, that I may not excite such a degree of admiration among the men as to make me an object of scandal and hatred among the women. I do assure you, madam, that my conduct is irreproachable; that I do not give myself airs; that, to the utmost of my power, I studiously avoid the shadow of affectation of any kind; that so far from running into fashionable extremes, I carefully avoid them; that I study to improve my mind, and pursue, without any display of superiority, the attainment of those qualifications, and no more, that are suited to my sex and years, and my situation in life: and yet not a week passes but I receive some mortifications which I do not deserve, and can attribute them only to those personal gifts of nature, in which I have no merit, and whose attractions accident may diminish, and time will, in a few years, inevitably destroy.

Say something, I beseech you, which, while it may correct others, may afford instruction and consolation to your uncomfortable, humble servant,

AMANDA CHEERLESS.

My fair correspondent is among the very few who think superior beauty a misfortune. It often, indeed, proves so; though with her way of thinking, it will not, I trust, be a misfortune to her. She may, I think, comfort herself with this consideration:—That those who propagate stories against her, know them to be false, and are only endeavouring to make others believe them to be true. My advice, fair lady, is to disappoint their envious efforts by not suffering them to make you unhappy; conduct yourself as you ought; assume a becoming courage when you appear in the world, and these petty scandals will vanish before you. Thus a great philosopher of ancient times,

on hearing it was asserted by certain persons that he was a bad man, calmly replied, "I shall take care to live in such a way that nobody will believe it."

F—— T——.

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

In Covent-Garden Theatre on the Night of his Farewell, June 23, 1817.

Written by particular request, for the Occasion, by WM. CAREY.

THE testimonies of respect to this great performer emanated from various quarters. The plan of an invitation by a public advertisement to a dinner at the Freemasons' Hall, and the present of a piece of plate, were liberally forwarded by his brethren of Covent-Garden Theatre, and taken up by the nobility, gentry, men of letters, and artists of the country. The idea of an address for a *Farewell*, but *not a final one*, originated in a distant circle of lovers of the drama, not personally known to Mr. Kemble. In their subsequent choice of a writer, they applied to one who also was an entire stranger to Mr. Kemble, and was only known to them by the circumstance of his having, in various publications, for many years spontaneously expressed his sense of that eminent actor's powers. He could not, therefore, be supposed to speak any other than his unbiassed opinions, which had already met their concurrence. The manuscript was read in private circles, and in the pit at Covent-Garden, some time before it was printed. Only two days before the *first* intended night of delivery, a printed copy being, as is customary on such occasions, communicated to reach him; the resolution of Mr. Kemble to persevere in his farewell was received with regret, but not without hope. Printed copies were, also, handed through private circles in town, a week before the farewell night. On that night, between the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th acts, printed copies were circulated by several gentlemen in the pit and boxes; and were perused with earnest attention. It was at the same time circulated in the galleries: a cabinet copy had, also, been printed in gold letters, upon white satin, surrounded by a wreath of roses, surmounted by a crown of laurel, and encompassed by an outer border embroidered in gold. The tassels on each corner were acorns of gold twist. This tasteful expression of public respect was accompanied by a superb crown of laurel, to decorate the brows of Mr. Kemble, and both were handed by the audience from seat to seat, from the back to the front of the pit, to be presented at the conclusion of the play. They were then delivered by the gentleman, who held them, to M. Talma, the celebrated French tragedian, who sat in the orchestra, with a request that he would fling them upon the stage for Mr. Kemble. This was executed and applauded, with loud cries for Mr. Fawcett, the stage-manager, to present them to Mr. Kemble. One of the servants entered to clear the stage, but was warned by the general shout not to touch these testimonies of public respect.

Mr. Fawcett entered and took up the satin scroll and crown, and shewed them to the audience, with these words:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I presume that I am to consider this crown and scroll as a mark of public respect to Mr. Kemble. If it be your pleasure to depute me to present the laurel to that gentleman, it will be the most delightful task which ever fell to my lot to perform." The whole house by a burst of applause and cries of "*Yes, yes,*"—communicated their desire. Mr. Fawcett, with respectful acknowledgments bowing, assured the audience, that, "in their name, he would present their compliment to Mr. Kemble;" and withdrew, with the crown and address, amidst fresh tokens of esteem and respect for the eminent actor whom they had just lost. The address was as follows:—

SIR,

After having so long received from the display of your eminent abilities, the greatest degree of gratification and instruction, which the highest class of histrionic representation could bestow, we think upon the near approach of your intended farewell to the stage, with sentiments of deep concern, and, if possible, an increase of respect. In justice to the interests of the drama, and our own feelings, we would fain postpone the moment of a separation so painful. Fitted by the endowments of nature and by classical acquirements, by high association and the honourable ambition of excellence, you have, for upwards of thirty years, dignified the profession of an actor, by your private conduct and public exertions in the British capital. We beheld in your personification the spirit of history and poetry united. In embodying the characters of Shakspeare and our other dramatic writers, you were not contented to revive an outward show of their greatness alone. The splendour of an antique costume—the helmet and armour—the crown and sceptre, all that pertains to the insignia of command, are easily assumed. When you appeared, the habit and the man were as soul and body. The age and country in which we live were forgotten. Time rolled back a long succession of centuries. The grave gave up its illustrious dead. Cities and nations long passed away, re-appeared; and the elder brothers of renown, the heroes and statesmen, the sages and monarchs of other years, girt in the brightness of their shadowy glory, lived, and loved, and fought, and bled, before us. We beheld in you not only their varying looks and gestures, their proud march and grandeur of demeanour, but the elevated tone of their mind and the flame of their passions. We mean not here to enumerate the various characters in which you have shone as the light of your era: but we may be allowed to say, that *you excelled in that which was most excellent;* that wherever the grandeur of an exalted mind was united with majesty of person; wherever the noblest organ was required for the noblest expression; wherever nature, holding up the mould of character, called for an impression from the most precious of metals, there she looked to Kemble as her gold; there you shone with pre-eminent lustre.

In the austere dignity of *Cato*, the

stern patriotism of *Brutus*, the fiery bearing of *Coriolanus*, and the mad intoxication of *Alexander*, you transported your audience in imagination, alternately to Greece, Rome, or Babylon. Seconded by the well-painted illusion of local scenery, you seemed every where in your native city, every where contemporary with the august edifices of the ancient world. In you some of those great characters lived, and we cannot conceal our apprehensions, that, when you withdraw, we shall lose sight of them for a long time, and, as life is short, perhaps for ever. In expressing this sentiment, we feel a warm respect for every actor of genius. A mind like yours would be wounded by any compliment that was not founded in the most liberal sense of general desert. It is an additional merit in you to have obtained distinction in an age of refinement, and from a Public qualified to appreciate your powers. A small light shines in darkness; but you have flourished amidst a circle of generous competitors for fame, whose various abilities we admire, and in whose well-earned applause we proudly join. They behold in the honours which your country pays to you, the permanence of that celebrity which they have already so deservedly acquired, and a sure pledge of the future honours which await upon the close of their professional career. We, therefore, earnestly entreat, that you will not at once deprive the public of their gratification, and the stage of your support. We entreat of you not to take your final leave on the night named for your last performance. All we ask, is, that you will consent to perform a few nights each season, so long as your health will permit. We adjure you to grant this request, by your own fame, an object which is not more dear to you than it is to us, and we confidently rely upon your respect for public opinion, that you will not cover us with the regret of a refusal. We have spared the annexation of signatures as inadequate and unnecessary, even if our numbers and restricted limits permitted that form. The pealing applause of the audience, each night of your performance, *and the united voice which accompanies this*, are the best attestation of the public sentiment.

Monday, June 23, 1817.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Gradus ad Parnassum, or the Art of Playing on the Piano-Forte, exemplified in a Series of Exercises in the strict and in the free Styles; composed, and dedicated to her Excellency the Princess Sophia Wolkonsky, by Muzio Clementi. Pr. 1l. 1s.

It may require an apology to our readers to have delayed till now a notice of this important work. We have had it in our possession some months, but we wished to be familiarized with its plan and contents before we would attempt speaking of it. That this resolution demanded some time in its execution, those who have examined the "Gradus ad Parnassum" will not deny. The steps by which Mr. C. guides the way to the mountain of the Muses are not of easy as-

cent, they require laborious climbing; but whoever has successfully achieved the toilsome journey, to him any other, the most rugged, path in the whole realm of harmony will appear but a promenade. On investigating the pages before us, the whimsical question suggested itself: Supposing the shade of Clementi to arrive with this book under his arm in the Elysian Fields, what would Pythagoras, Aristoxenus, Olympus, or any other of the celebrated Grecian theorists, say of his labour, admitting that they understood our mode of musical notation? Whatever might be their judgment on its merits, we are confident they would consider Clementi as an impostor, if he told them, that, in the world he had left, all these notes could be executed by *one* man upon *one* instrument. Many of these exercises are set in four distinct and independent parts, the inner ones of which are kept in activity by middle fingers, while the extreme parts are sustained or carried on by the rest of the hand. The author appears to have had for his principal aim the grand object of rendering the fingers independent of each other, the strengthening those that are usually neglected, and thus producing an equality of nerve and pliability among them all. But while the pieces, which serve as vehicles of this essential system of drill, fully accomplish the object intended, they, at the same time, present a treasure of science and profound harmonic combinations, which it would be as presumptuous in us, as it would be tedious to our readers, to analyze in this place; as in a gallery of masterpieces of the pencil, we turn from one subject to the other, in doubtful hesitation which to admire most. Before we dismiss the present work from our consideration, it may be well to admonish the student, not, like a butterfly, to flutter with superficial eagerness from one exercise to the other, nor to be disheartened by difficulties at first deemed insuperable. Let perseverance be his motto: let him consider that these movements are *studies*, which time and intense application only will enable him to master; no matter whether he be a fortnight in the practice of one number, so this fortnight renders him master of the task. The *tempi* of all the movements cannot be mistaken, as they are *metronomically* indicated; and it will be advisable, at first at least, not only to let the metronome beat throughout the performance, but to set it much slower than marked, and gradually to accelerate the tempo until the pupil's ability is adequate to the performance in proper time.

"*The rosy-cheek'd Boy at the Cottager's Door*," *a Ballad, sung by Mr. Horn at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane.* Pr. 2s.

The *melody* and words of this ballad are stated to be by the author of "The Village Milkmaid," "The Baronet's Choice," and some other songs, all which have passed critical muster in former numbers of our miscellany. Although the present production presents us with unquestionable traces of the author's lyric talent, we deem it inferior to any of his former labours. The melody does not proceed throughout in equally smooth connection, and the ideas and style are more of the common kind.

The harmony, on the contrary, although not free from objection, appears to have been better attended to; and upon the whole we think we perceive progressive improvement in the accompaniments of this author's songs. This is as it should be, for although he only lays claim to the melody, the public have a right to expect his melodies correctly harmonized.

Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Ann Smith, by C. L. Lithander. Op. 6. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The introduction consists of an adagio in B minor, in which pathetic expression, originality of conception, and scientific treatment, form predominant features; its conclusion, in which the author modulates through broken chords, fancifully sprinkled over the whole range of the key-board, is devised in the best style. The subject of the rondo, in E major, is rendered attractive by the elegant smoothness of its pastoral melody, which is followed by an apposite contrast of energetic unisono ascent; after which Mr. L. enters upon a succession of digressive matter, interspersed with a variety of elaborate modulations, highly to his credit as a writer, and, we may say, as a professor; for we have had the advantage of hearing him perform his own production in a style of perfection and genuine feeling, the impression of which will not soon be effaced. In the harmony, bold as he sometimes ventures his flights, we observe a purity that bespeaks firmness of theoretical principles; one passage alone struck us as rather exceeding the limits of compositorial licence: we allude to *p.* 7, *l.* 3, where, after an ascent from the key of C through alternate sixths and thirds, he arrives at the chord of B by means of an harmonic progression, liable, in our opinion, to essential objection. But this transient irregularity is far from affecting the general value and character of a composition, in every respect entitled to the highest favour at the hands of the true lovers of the art.

La Sauterelle, a Divertisement for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Harmonica, ad libitum, composed by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.

La Sauterelle, we suppose, takes its title from the skipping style in which the first movement of this divertimento is set. It is a march of regular construction, well put together, and effective in melody and harmony, without striking originality. The variation of the theme, *pp.* 4, &c. is in good taste, and reminds us of what is called the Copenhagen Walz. The succeeding movement is a rondo of very pleasing texture; the subject, which is not altogether new, is sprightly and artless in expression; the deductions drawn from it are such as to do credit to Mr. R.'s inventive conception and taste (especially the digressions, *pp.* 8 and 10); and the conclusion is worked up with much ingenuity and effect. There is one passage (*p.* 6, *l.* 4,) which is liable to objection: the progress of the harmony is rather harsh, and the rhythm infringed.

Preludes, in a progressive Style, for the Piano-Forte, composed for the Use of young Ladies, by T. Latour. Pr. 6s.

Although these preludes seem exclusively intended for young ladies, we perceive nothing in them

which could render it improper to put them into the hands of pupils of the other sex. We derived much entertainment from them: they are sensibly arranged, composed in good taste and style, and adapt themselves remarkably well to the fingers. The keys (major and minor) extend to four flats and four sharps, with the exception of the minor sharp keys, of which the preludes consist only of the key of E minor, probably to avoid difficulty. Although there are from eight to nine preludes in every key, the subjects of the first four or five numbers in each key is the same, but amplified in the style of variations, so that the progression from the easy to the more difficult is strictly and judiciously maintained.

Dr. Haydn's Grand Symphony in B (b), *as performed at the Philharmonic Society, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Ross and Miss Key*, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 5s.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the above charming symphony, and particularly with the elegant romance-allegretto in E b, which forms its second movement. The adaptation of it as a piano-forte duet will, therefore, be received as a welcome addition to the library of performers on that instrument, especially with the recommendation which it carries with itself. It appears to us correct and effective, although free from overcrowded harmony and intricacies of execution. The second, especially, is set so as to be mastered by a very moderate proficient: we should deem it too plain, were we not satisfied that the main object of Mr. B. was, by steering clear of difficulties, to render his labour accessible and relishing to limited abilities.

"*Friendship, Love, and Wine*," *a Round, the Words by W. Ball, Esq. adapted to three national Waltzes.* Pr. 1s. 6d. Chappell and Co.

Three distinct walzes, the first, *Ach du lieber Augustin*, the second equally well known to us, although not by any name, and the third, called the *Tyrolese Walz*, are, with considerable ingenuity, brought together so as to constitute a vocal terzett, of which each walz forms a part: the words to each part are given in English and French, and a piano-forte accompaniment supports the whole. It is rather curious to find how well these three separate tunes combine into a simultaneous harmony of treble, tenor, and bass, so as to produce a very agreeable glee. The reason, of course, lies in the construction of all regular walzes, which may even be produced by musical dice.

Exmouth, the Pride of British Peers, sung with the highest applause at the public Concerts by Mr. L. Lee, composed by W. H. Astor. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is the first musical production bearing Mr. Astor's name that has come under our observation; we hope it will not be the last. The number of wretched sailors' songs had, we own, not created a favourable bias on beholding the title, but we soon found this to be of a very different complexion from the generality of its brethren. The melody is at once dignified, tasteful, and free from commonplace expressions; and the accompani-

ment not only well conceived *upon the whole*, but in some instances peculiarly select and effective. The harmony, in several places, would have been capable of emendation. In the 11th bar, *p.* 1, for instance, the direct chord of the seventh (C 7), not one of its inversions ought to have led to the conclusion of the symphony. In the first bar, *p.* 2, the chords for the third and fourth crotchets proceed by consecutive octaves with the melody. A similar instance of objectionable octaves occurs in the second and third bars of the symphony, *p.* 3; and the same fault of inefficient resolution, as before observed, presents itself at the end. Without enlarging upon further oversights of this description, we flatter ourselves, that what has been said will be sufficient to call the author's attention to the essential requisite of pure harmony, in the event of future compositions. When there is so much to commend, it is a pity to have any thing at all to find fault with.

First Fantasie for the Piano-Forte, the Themes by Mozart, from the Opera Le Nozze di Figaro; composed, and dedicated to Miss Willis, of Dublin, by Fred. Ries. Op. 77. No. I. Pr. 5s.

When we consider the number and the rapid succession of Mr. Ries's works, and reflect on the constant round of professional avocations that engross his time, we feel an agreeable surprise in finding the quality of his labour unimpaired by the quantity. We, therefore, deem his unabating diligence as praiseworthy as his talents and genius are admirable. If at this moment, when but just arrived at the prime of life, the musical world were doomed to regret his loss, the treasure he would leave behind would endear his name to succeeding generations, and of that bequest the Fantasia before us would form a valuable portion. Its title-page illustrates the plan on which it is constructed: it is a kind of *pot-pourri* of Mozart's Figaro, from which a great number of themes have been selected, linked together with infinite skill and taste, and varied, amplified, and remodulated with all the art and science with which Mr. R. is so eminently gifted. Among the subjects that take successively the lead, we observe "Voi che sapete," "Signore cos' è quel stupore," "Sù l'aria, che soave zefiretto," "Se a caso madama:" and these, with some others, after having passed muster, and submitted, in their turn, to infinite protean transformations, enjoined to them by the magic wand of true musical genius, are at the end, by the same spell, collectively called forth, as if to exhibit again, and at one view, the materials with which the interesting structure has been raised.

The Piano-Forte made easy to every Capacity, and the Art of Fingering clearly explained in a Series of Instructions and Examples; to which are added forty-five Lessons, composed, or selected from classical Authors, by J. Jousse. *Fifth Edition, with Alterations and Improvements.* Pr. 8s.

The value and utility of Mr. Jousse's well-known Piano-Forte Instructor is practically attested by the circumstance of the work having reached a *fifth* edition. The additions and improvements in the

latter appear to be as follows: A chapter has been added on the use of the pedals; another on the various touches used in playing on the piano-forte; and a third on the nature of accents, emphasis, and syncopation. These articles form an appendix, so as to preserve the body of the instructions in the former order. Lastly, some favourite airs have been substituted for others in the preceding editions, which were deemed either too difficult or less attractive.

Caller Herrings, a favourite Scotch Air, arranged, with Variations for the Piano-Forte or Harp, by Philip Knapton. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Although this theme appears to us not very favourable for the purpose of variations (for which, nevertheless, it is frequently made choice of), we must own that Mr. K. has successfully exerted himself in bestowing upon it a skilful and interesting treatment. From this commendation the beginning of the second strain (which imitates bells) might suffer some exception, were it not that the failure in its representation, under a variety of forms, is to be attributed to the nature of the subject itself. The second variation is throughout proper, and presents some clever traits of harmonic arrangement towards the end. No. 3, also, is active and fluent in progress; and No. 4, in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, perfectly satisfactory.

"As Violets bow'd," a Duet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; the Words by Mrs. J. Cobbold, from a MS. Opera of "The Emir of Balbec," composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Robert Cobbold, by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s.

A diligent, perhaps even a laborious, aim at selectness in melody and harmony is obviously perceptible in the construction of this duet, which, with some qualification, claims our approbation. The piano-forte extract before us contains errors against harmony, which perhaps are not in the score; while, on the other hand, it has occasionally more of the score entailed upon it than suits the convenience of two hands. The symphony is ingeniously borrowed from the body of the duet, and well put together. The beginning of the vocal part is somewhat naked and antiquated, and the ascent of the voice to the F's at "Upon the glossy foliage rest," before having developed and well told a regular subject, is very premature, and the same words are too often repeated. Elmira's part, in the third line, is well conceived, especially the passage "Feels pity," &c. The *à due* portion, *p.* 3, is likewise commendable, although the accompaniment might have set out with something more than a literal copy of the voices. Some traits of clever contrivance have here not escaped our notice. The concluding symphony is neat and fanciful, but not free from harmonic errors.

"Love, awake," a Serenade, written by Daniel O'Meara, Esq. adapted to a celebrated Russian Melody, as sung at the Nobility's Concerts, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Spanish Guitar, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 1s. 6d.

To adapt a sonnet of tender amatory import to a walz tune, we deem a bold undertaking; but we also are of opinion, that Mr. Sola has been successful both in the selection of his subject and in the execution of the task he proposed to himself. The melody, which

we had hitherto considered of German origin, bears the stamp of national originality, and is extremely pleasing; the arrangement, simple as it appears, is creditable, and the musical interest is enhanced by the value of the poetry.

"*Now is'nt it a pity*," *the favourite Ballad sung by Miss Tunstall at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the Burletta entitled Plants and Planets, written by C. Dibdin, Esq. composed* by J. Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This ballad may be termed an agreeable musical bagatelle. The ideas are not new, especially when compared with other compositions of Mr. W.'s (*e. g.* "Winny Wilkins"); but the apt connection of the whole texture of the melody, its lightsome character, and its correspondency with the words, infuse sufficient interest into the whole. The burthen, "Now is'nt it a pity," is very naturally expressed. The voçal and instrumental parts present not the slightest difficulty of execution.

Button, Whitaker, and Co.'s Miniature Edition of Payne's and Wilson's Quadrille Figures, in French and English. Pr. 3s.

Without professing to enter into the merits of this pretty little book, which, although not exceeding the size of a visiting-card, contains, in upwards of one hundred close pages, a world of important matter—for the fashionable ball-room—we presume our fair readers will not find fault with us for just bringing the lilliputian folio under their notice. It explains in letter-press the figures of about fifty quadrilles. The music to these, with the figures on the back, we find is likewise published in an equally compendious form on cards of a larger size, each containing one quadrille, with a bass accompaniment.

"*The Robin*," *an admired Ballad, sung by Master Williams, the Music composed* by Mr. G. Nicks. Pr. 1s.

Were the harmonic arrangement of this ballad free from error, we should be enabled to speak of it with much commendation. The melody is tasteful, replete with chaste simplicity, the periods are in rhythmical symmetry, and grow out of each other in natural succession; in short, the tune is well constructed. To vouch our observation as to faulty harmony, we need only refer to the beginning of the second line in the symphony, which contains both octaves and fifths of harsh succession: *p.* 2, *b.* 4, the bass ought to proceed thus—F♯ D, E C♯, &c.; and in the same page, *l.* 5, *b.* 3, the accompaniment ought to be E 3 6, D 4 6; not to mention other incongruities.

Three Sets of progressive Preludes for the Piano-Forte, in major and minor Keys, composed by W. Ling. Op. 9. Pr. 5s.

The arrangement of this publication is as follows: The preludes in the first and easiest set consist of little more than a succession of simultaneous chords in five major and their relative minor keys. In the second set there are preludes for nine major and as many relative minor keys. These are chiefly arpeggios of chords broken into their component parts. Thus far the key of each constitutes its only difference from its companion, all being merely transpositions from the models in C major and A minor. Far from considering this objec-

tionable, we conceive it judicious, not only on the score of easiness, but also because the pupil thereby is better initiated into the characteristics of each key and of the chords most allied to it. In the third set, the good sense of Mr. L. has suggested a different plan. Here each prelude varies in style and treatment; each consists of a short movement or rhapsody; and here he has not only displayed all the taste and science which on other occasions we have given him credit for, but a rich vein of fanciful invention, always guided by a classic *tact*.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF FRENCHWOMEN.

(From *Lady* MORGAN'S "*France.*")

THERE is perhaps no country in the world where the social position of woman is so delectable as in France. The darling child of society, indulged, not spoiled, presiding over its pleasures, preserving its refinements, taking nothing from its strength, adding much to its brilliancy, permitted the full exercise of all her faculties, retaining the full endowment of all her graces, she pursues the golden round of her honoured existence, limited only in her course by her feebleness and her taste, by her want of power and absence of inclination to "overstep the modesty of nature," or to infringe upon privileges exclusively the attribute of the stronger sex.

"To paint the character of woman," says Diderot, "you must use the feather of a butterfly's wing." He must have meant the character of a Frenchwoman, who unites to more solid qualities many of the peculiar attributes of that lively insect. Light, brilliant, and volatile, she seems to flutter on the surface of life, with endless adaptations to its forms; but quick, shrewd, and rapid in her perceptions, she appears to reach by intuition what intellect vainly toils to obtain by inference and combination. More susceptible than sensible, more awakened through her imagination than excited through her heart, love is to her almost a *jeu d'enfant*. The distrust she inspires in her lover acts favourably for her interest on the natural inconstancy of man, and she secures the durability of her chain by the carelessness with which she imposes it.

It is no uncommon thing in France to see the most lasting attachment succeed to the most lively passion, and all that was faulty in unlicensed love become all that is respectable in disinterested friendship. There is nothing more common than to behold long-attached friends pairing off from the more prosperous lists of society, to unite their forces against the attacks of adversity, and who suffer

with resignation because they suffer together. These friendships, equally common between individuals of different and the same sexes, are tacit eulogiums on the married state in its best aspect, and indicate the necessity of a sympathy of interests and feelings with some being willing to blend its existence and identity with our own, even when passion no longer animates nor love cements the tie of the communion.

I have known a French lady attend with the most devoted care her sick friend for weeks together; live at her bed-side, "explain the asking eye," anticipate every wish, and forego every pleasure, to fulfil the duties of friendship; and yet the death of this person, wept for a few hours with bitterness and vehemence, in a few days left no trace of sadness behind it. This happy, though not heroic, facility of character is purely constitutional; and while it operates graciously upon all the ills of life, while it quickly absorbs the tear and dissipates the sigh, it neither interferes with the duties nor chills the affections of existence. Though it would make no figure in tragedy or romance, it supports resignation, cheers adversity, and enhances those transient pleasures whose flight is scarcely perceived ere their place is supplied. This light volatile tone of character, this incapacity for durable impression, this transient susceptibility to evil, is after all, perhaps, the secret sought by philosophers. The views of the Epicurean and the sceptic, well understood, seem to meet at that point which nature has made the basis of the French character; arriving by different routes to the same conclusion, that true sensibility is, to feel but not to be overcome.

A Frenchwoman has no hesitation in acknowledging that the *besoin de sentir* is the first want of her existence; that a succession of pursuits is necessary to preserve the current of life from that stagnation which is the death of all vivid and gracious emotions. It appears indeed to be the peculiar endowment of the French temperament, to preserve even to the last ebb of life that unworn sensibility, that vigour, freshness, and facility of sensation, which are usually confined to the earliest periods of human existence, and which ordinarily lose their gloss and energy with the first and earliest impressions.

I was speaking one day to a royalist lady of the many charming qualities of a mutual friend of ours, and on the excellent character of her husband. She replied with a shrug, "*Quant à lui le bon homme, c'est une excellente personne; cependant, ma chère, il ne remplit pas l'âme de sa charmante femme.*" This want of *having her soul occupied* by a husband to whom she had been twenty-five years married, I thought rather an exaction on the part of the *charmante femme;* and I could not help observing, that, notwithstanding this singular refinement upon married happiness, I considered Mons. and Mad. de **** an exemplary couple. My royalist friend agreed with me; adding, that "it must be confessed, *l'amour conjugal* was much more prevalent since the revolution than before; and that *maintenant il y a d'excellens ménages dans la France.*"

To the custom of selling wives with halters round their necks among the lower classes in England, the French make constant allusions. Nothing places our own prejudices in so strong a light as thus coming in contact with the national prejudices of others. In England all French husbands are considered as *des messieurs commodes;* in France all English husbands are frequently distinguished by the epithet *des brutals.*—"*Voila,*" said a French lady with whom I was driving in the Champs Elysées—*voila miladi **** et son brutal!*" pointing to an English couple not celebrated for their conjugal felicity. Of the frequency of divorces in England, the publicity which reflects the mother's shame on her innocent offspring, the indecent exposure of the trials, where every respect for manners is brutally violated, and the pecuniary remuneration accepted by the injured husband, the French speak with horror and contempt; particularly as women whose character is no longer equivocal, are received in the English circles of Paris by persons of the highest rank.

"Your divorces," said a French lady to me, "seem not to proceed in general from any very fine or delicate sense of honour; but to be as much a matter *de convenance* between the parties, as marriages formerly were among us." Legal divorces are rare in France: formal and eternal separations made privately by the parties are more general; and when love survives in one object the honour and fidelity of the other, measures of greater violence are sometimes adopted, more consonant to the impetuous character of a people whose passions are rather quick than deep-seated, and who frequently act upon impulse in a manner which even a momentary reflection would disclaim.

During my residence in Paris, a young man of condition destroyed himself, on having obtained proofs of his wife's frailty. A few weeks afterwards a gentleman shot himself through the head in the churchyard of Vaugirard, not because his wife was *faithless,* but (as he declared in a written paper found in his pocket) because she was *insensible* to his own passion.

A more interesting case of conjugal suicide was related to me, while I was travelling through Normandy. A Mons. C—, whose beautiful seat I saw near Rouen, had destroyed himself a few months before on the tomb of his deceased wife. She had inspired this romantic husband with the most ardent passion, and died in the prime of her beauty and her youth of a rapid decline. Mons. C. struggled in vain against the despondency her loss occasioned. The unequal conflict between reason and feeling finally decided him on the desperate step he had long meditated. He devoted some weeks to the arrangement of his affairs (for he was a rich manufacturer of cloth); and having settled his large property on his infant children, whom he committed to the guardianship of his brothers, he put a period to his existence, assigning no reason for this act of desperation, but his total inability to enjoy life, after having lost her who had long made it precious to him.

As long as the frailties of a

Frenchwoman of fashion are *peccate celate;* as long as she lives upon good terms with her husband, and does the honours of his house, she has the same latitude and the same reception in society as is obtained by women similarly situated in England, where, like the Spartan boy, she is punished not for her *crime* but *for its discovery*. There a divorce only marks the line between reputation and its loss: society will not *take hints*, and a woman must *publicly advertise her fault* before she can obtain credit for having committed it. The high circles of Paris are to the full as indulgent as those of London. *Lovers understood* are not *paramours convicted;* and as long as a woman does not make an *esclandre;* as long as she is decent and circumspect, and "assumes the virtue which she has not," she holds her place in society, and continues to be, not indeed *respected* but *received*.

If, in these anti-chivalric times, there yet remains a spot where man seems a *preux* by nature, and woman may be a "*queen for life*," it is unquestionably France. Even age there does not inevitably dismiss one sex from the lists of admiration, nor release the other from the obligations of attention and respect. "*Avoir un charme jusqu'à dans les rides*" is not confined to those forms which time has spared and over whose waning charms Love still sheds the reflection of his departed light.

I know not whether it may be deemed fatal or serviceable to morality, that the spirit of slander meets no encouragement in French society, and that a tendency to defamation is considered an irrefragable proof of ill-breeding and vulgar origin. This seeming leniency to the faults of others does not wholly spring from an indulgence indiscriminate in its views of *good* and *evil*. It arises in a certain degree from a fulness of mind, a copiousness and fluency of conversation, that is never driven by its own barrenness to the discussion of subjects merely and invariably of a personal and private nature. Few are so idle, so ignorant, or so shallow, as to be indebted to the frailties of their neighbours or their friends for their sole topic of conversation and remark.

There is also indeed on this point a circumspection which leaves the *mere* stranger in Parisian society liable to imposition; for few like to "throw the first stone," and "*Je ne la connois pas*" is the usual reply to any inquiries made on the subject of such females who though not of the family *de la pruderie*, still hold their precarious places in society by a decency and propriety of conduct which lay suspicion at rest.

The innumerable sets, circles, and parties into which the immense mass of Parisian society is broken up, does not admit of that universal exposure of character, which, in a smaller sphere of action, or where society is more blended and forms one great whole, places every member of the community before the mirror of general observation. None but characters of eminence and celebrity can be brought before the tribunal of public opinion in Paris, and receive the indelible marks of infamy or high consideration. To whatever extent domestic virtue and conjugal fidelity may

be carried in France by the dissemination of useful knowledge and the progress of moral philosophy, it is extremely difficult to come at any direct proofs of their violation.

In the lowest places of public amusement, in the most mixed and motley assemblies, all is decency and seeming propriety. No look shocks the eye, no word offends the ear of modesty and innocence. Vice is never rendered dangerous by example, nor are its allurements familiarized to the mind of youth by the publicity of its exhibitions. This propriety of exterior, this moral decency in manners, has been made a subject of accusation against the French by recent travellers, who demonstrate their patriotism by extolling even the licentiousness which, in England, openly presenting itself to public observance, marks by very obvious limits the line between vice and virtue. But England, the first country in the world, because still the *freest*, will disdain this parasitical eulogium on all that is faulty in her social institutions, and surely not rank those among her friends, who would intoxicate her with the incense of indiscriminate praise, and confounding her virtues and her faults, lull her into that vain-glorious security, which has ever been in all states the sure forerunner of slavery and degradation.

While this decency of exterior extends itself to all the forms of public association, it is carried to an excess in private society, which sometimes banishes ease and induces formality. There exists no such mode of gratifying *vanity* without risking *feeling*, as is practised with us under the generic name of *flirting*. One of those honest unmeaning *flirtations*, carried on in the corner of every drawing-room where an English assembly is held, or pursued on the staircase or doorway, to the great annoyance of all persons not particularly interested in the dalliance, would shock an elegant society in Paris beyond all power of endurance. In affairs of the heart Frenchwomen know no medium between love and indifference. They may have *male friends*, but they have no *flirts;* and if they have a lover, they would be as cautious of distinguishing the fortunate being in public society by any marked preference, as an Englishman of fashion would be of making love to his own wife before company.

The public attentions paid by Englishmen of the most distinguished rank to women of public and notorious characters in Paris, and their introduction of such persons into the private circles of society, excited universal indignation and contempt. It was in vain to talk to the French of English morality, while Englishwomen were seen to associate with and even to pay respectful homage to some modern *Laïs* of the day, whose fashion rather than her talent had become her passport into society. No public women whatever are admitted into good French company. Once on the boards whether as actress or as singer, they can never be received by women of character or condition, except in their professional capacity, when they are engaged and paid *pour donner une scène* on some particular evening, or to sing their *bravura* on the night of a private concert. The well-known

anecdote of some English duchesses holding the shawl of the late presiding deity of the Opera-House in London, till she was at leisure to put it on, excited infinite mirth in an assembly of French ladies, where it was related in my presence.

The imitative talents have indeed no false appreciation in France: they rank not *before* but *after* original genius. While in our circles a fashionable actor or first-rate singer would be received with a more marked distinction than an Otway or a Cimarosa; in France the author and the composer would hold a place in public estimation and in private company, which the actor and the singer could never hope to attain. Oh! it is depressing to the feelings of high-minded and sensitive genius thus to receive in homely obscurity its scanty remuneration, and neglected by its cotemporaries, to live only for that future day which will come too late to awaken the gracious emotion arising from *conscious merit crowned by success;* while the imitative talents, which owe their being to its labours, and derive their materials from its imagination, are courted, feasted, and paid with unsparing prodigality! Some of the best poets in England are at this moment struggling with a bare sufficiency, far from those circles which their talents were calculated to irradiate and delight; while Italian singers have recently returned to their own country to purchase principalities, and English actors are driven to extravagant excesses by the superabundance of suddenly-gotten wealth, which they know not how worthily to employ or prudently to accumulate. In this instance they certainly "manage matters better in France."

France has never been the land of poetry nor of beauty, and yet poetry is the passion and dress the object of the nation. It is on this point that Frenchwomen are most fallible, and lose all that is most interesting in their characters, or respectable in their conduct.

Here economy ends, and extravagance begins to know no bounds. Here all that is frivolous supersedes all that is essential, and all that is light floats to the surface. The merits of the *divine cachemir* and the *joli mouchoir de poche brodé* rapidly succeed to financial discussions and political arguments; and "*Combien de cachemirs avez-vous, ma chère?*" is a question asked with more importance, and considered with more gravity, than would be given to the new political tracts of Chateaubriand and Fievée by the many fair disciples of those grand vizirs of *ultra-states-women.*

The elegant produce of the Indian loom is an indispensable object to every Frenchwoman, and from the estimation it is held in, one would suppose there was "magic in the web of it." I shall never forget the mingled emotion of pity and amazement I excited in one of my French friends, by assuring her I had never been mistress of a *cachemir*. "*Ah! Seigneur Dieu, mais c'est inconcevable, ma belle!*" and she added, that I ought to buy one with the produce of my next work. I replied, "I had rather buy a little estate with it."—"*Eh bien, ma chère,*" she answered quickly, "*un cachemir c'est une terre, n'est ce pas?*" In fact, these valuable and expensive shawls general-

ly do become *heirlooms* in a French family.

Voila un trait de toilette pour vous, mon enfant, said Mad. de Genlis to me one morning as I entered her pretty apartment at the Carmelite convent; and she related to me the following anecdote:—A little before I had paid my visit, a young gentleman had left this celebrated lady, suddenly cured of a passion for a young married woman, against which Mad. de Genlis had long and vainly preached. She had argued the matter with him morally, prudentially, sentimentally; she had even, like Mad. de Sevigné (in listening to her son's confessions respecting Ninon) tried to get in *un petit mot de Dieu*—but it was all in vain, until a shawl *peau de lapin* effected what the charming eloquence of Mad. de Genlis failed to produce. He had the night before attended his *chère belle* to a ball; she sent him to her carriage for her shawl. He flew to be the bearer of the *superbe cachemir*, breathing its kindred roses: but (death to every finer feeling of fashion, taste, and sentiment,) the *laquais* drew from the pocket of the carriage——a shawl *peau de lapin!!!*--"*Ne plus de prêchemens donc, ma chère comtesse*," added the convalescent lover, "*c'est une affaire finie!* Never can *love* and *rabbit-skins* be associated in my imagination; and believe, my dear madam, *qu'il n'y a pas d'amour à tenir contre un schall peau de lapin!*"

The modern revolutionary *mouchoir de poche brodé* is a great refinement upon the *royalist pocket-handkerchief* of other times. This elegant expensive little article is as indispensable to a Parisian fine lady as the *cachemir*, and its effects occasionally seem equal to that of the charmed handkerchief of Othello, which

> an Egyptian to his mother gave,
> To make her amiable.

A gentleman once accused my charming friend la Comt. d'H**le of having no lace or embroidery on her handkerchief. She laughed at his observation. "You are in the wrong," he replied; "*car il n'y a rien qui monte la tête d'un homme comme le joli mouchoir d'une jolie femme.*"

AMUSEMENTS AND CUSTOMS OF THE LOWER CLASSES OF THE IRISH.

(From *Mrs.* Anne Plumptre's "*Narrative of a Residence in Ireland.*")

The veneration for saints so prevalent in all countries where the Catholic religion prevails, is very strong in Ireland. Each parish has its patron saint, whose birthday was always a holiday celebrated with great festivity. These days were called *patrons*. On such occasions not only the people of the parish, but the neighbours far and near, assembled themselves together, dressed in their very best clothes. The older people never failed to go into the churchyard and offer up prayers for the dead, particularly if any among their own connections happened to be interred there. Sometimes indeed the whole day was spent in tears and lamentations. This was the case particulary among the females; and the merry-making ended in a day

of sadness. The place where the festivity was celebrated was a large common, about which tents were erected; and there was plenty of eating and drinking, with a proportional quantity of fiddling, piping, and dancing. In the dancing each lad, dressed in his best clothes, selected his lass, who was equally adorned in all the finery she could muster. A circle was then formed, not a very spacious one, scarcely more than two yards each way; when one of the couples danced a sort of jig within the circle, neither of them taking their eyes from the ground the whole time; till at length the jig being concluded, the man took the woman round the waist, gave her a twirl, and snatched a kiss. Another couple then succeeded, and after them another and another, continuing thus till all had taken their turns. But as the whiskey always went round pretty freely at these meetings, they often ended in scenes of riot and disorder, not unfrequently in fighting, when ancient quarrels which had been slumbering broke out again. For this reason, the *patrons* have, by desire of the Catholic priests themselves, been nearly laid aside.

The above festivities were of very ancient date; dances of a different kind, by no means so ancient, still continue to be celebrated, principally when a number of persons are desirous, for any particular reason, to honour some of their superiors; as for instance, the tenants of an estate for any act of favour shewn them by the landlord, or the like. These they call *long dances*. The party is headed by a lad and lass chosen for the occasion as king and queen; the youngest and the handsomest are generally selected. They are very much dressed with ribbons and other finery. The man is always in a nice clean shirt, the sleeves tied round the arms with ribbons, and the woman is in white; they carry a garland between them, and walk or dance at the head of the troop. When they arrive at the house of the person they intend to honour, they stop before the door, and the king and queen standing still, the rest of the dancers, linked together by handkerchiefs held between each, dance in a long string round and round them till they are completely encircled; the company then dance back in the same order, till their majesties are entirely disencumbered, when they in their turn dance. This done, the king invites any of the ladies belonging to the mansion to come and dance with him; which is seldom refused, as such a refusal would be considered a great want of urbanity. The queen then invites any of the gentlemen to dance with her; and this concluded, the whole company dance according to their fancies, or else, which is more commonly the case, one of the men offers to amuse the company with a hornpipe. His performance is, however, any thing else; he twists and twirls himself about, hopping and jumping and turning in all directions, making great exertions, and shewing great dexterity and agility in his motions, though the name of dancing can scarcely be applied to it. His countenance remains all the time entirely fixed, nor could the world combined make him alter a mus-

cle: this exercise he continues as long as his breath and limbs will hold out; he does not cease till he is nearly exhausted. The company then, linked together, once more encircle their sovereign, and then untwisting themselves, they all dance off in the same order that they came. They always expect the lady and gentleman of the house to furnish them plenty of drink, but do not desire any thing to eat, and very rarely will accept money. The company is attended by a man and woman, dressed-up ridiculous figures, who are called the *Pickled Herring and his Wife;* they make grimaces and play antics something in the style of a merry-andrew. Many of these frolics took place without the least disturbance ensuing, even at the time when the country was considered as in its most disturbed state.

Another mode of the tenantry complimenting the landlord is, that a small quantity of the first wheat cut at the time of harvest is set apart, and instead of being thrashed, a person holding the stalks of the wheat in his hand, beats the ears against a cask till the corn is all beaten out: this is called being *scutched.* The grain is then cleared away entirely from the chaff and kiln-dried, after which it is spread out on a cloth or in a dish, and every bit of stone or dirt carefully picked out. This done, it is ground in what is called a *querne;* that is, it is put between two stones, the one convex, the other concave, and rubbed till it becomes a fine flour, the bran being all ground with it: this is a very tedious and laborious process. It is only some farmers who have a *querne;* those that have not, carry the wheat to a neighbour who has, and borrow the use of it. This flour is presented to the landlord, who has it made into a cake with cream and butter; it is baked on a *griddle,* and eaten hot, being considered a great treat. When eaten, the lady of the house repeats a sentence in Irish, which signifies, "May we all eat the same together this time twelvemonth!" No luck would attend the house if this were omitted.

The custom observed in most Catholic countries of making bonfires on the eve of St. John the Baptist, is still preserved in Ireland, though somewhat on the decline. An addition to it prevailed here, however, which I never saw abroad: that the children and cattle were made to pass through the fire; grown people would also not unfrequently do it voluntarily: it is considered a certain preservative against disease or accident. When the fire is dying away, the old women assemble round, and each takes away a burning stick to carry home with her, which is to bring a blessing upon the house, and is carefully preserved till the next year. It is reckoned very dangerous to be exposed to the air after sunset on this day, for the *evil ones* are about, and are then endowed with particular power to harm any body. At all times it is thought hazardous to be near a wood at night, but the risk is never so great as on St. John's eve. Much the same tricks are played among the younger people in Ireland on All-hallows eve, as Burns describes in Scotland in his poem on that subject. If a stranger comes into a farm-house where any of the usual oc-

cupations are going forward, such as making cheese or churning butter, if the visitor omits to say, "God bless your work!" and the work should afterwards go wrong, it is all ascribed to this omission, and the poor visitor is terribly execrated.

The people have a custom of marking themselves in a manner very much after the nature of tattooing in the South Sea Islands, only not carried to that excess. The women, with a needle and thread dipped in strong blue water, prick themselves, drawing the blue thread through, which leaves a mark that is never wholly effaced. They generally make this mark between the thumb and fore-finger. The men will also sometimes mark themselves in a similar manner. A friend has told me, that she knew a gardener in a family whose arm was marked with the figure of Christ upon the cross: this had been done when he was a child with the point of a needle dipped in soot-water; he was then an old man, and the figure was still fresh. These marks are considered as religious. It is a custom of very ancient date.

Pleurisies and agues are exceedingly common among the lower classes; they are indeed the natural result of the damps to which they are continually exposed, sometimes unavoidably, and sometimes through their own fault. They will often, when obliged to wait any where, extend themselves on the ground with their faces downward, regardless how damp soever it may be. Their cabins, too, are scarcely ever weather-tight. I have heard a lady say, that she had gone sometimes into these abodes of wretchedness to visit the sick, and found the bottom (for they are never paved) quite a mire, the patient most likely lying upon a bed raised but a few inches from the ground by some pieces of plank. The first time after I came to Ireland that I went to stay in the country, I was rather amused by seeing a paper, stuck upon a wretched cabin in a village, half-unroofed, announcing *Dry lodgings to be had here.* It put me in mind of the noted Mr. Elwes's room, where there was just one dry corner for the bed; though I must say, that in these dry lodgings I question whether there was even a corner sheltered from the weather. I afterwards learned, that the meaning of *dry lodgings* was, that lodging only was to be had, without eating and drinking.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 9.—THE MOST FASHIONABLE PARISIAN BONNETS.

No. 1. WHITE straw bonnet, round crown, a moderate height; the brim is very deep. The trimming is plaid ribbon, of which there is a large knot on the summit of the crown, and a bunch of fancy flowers placed on one side.

No. 2. A *capote* of cambric muslin, of a similar shape to the one just described; it is trimmed very

elegantly with rich worked muslin. The brim is edged with two rows, set on rather full. The lower part of the crown is finished by vandykes of work, and the top is ornamented with a fulness of work before and behind. A full band of soft muslin ties it under the chin.

No. 3. A second *capote* of *perkale*, which is laid on in plaits. The crown very low. The brim a moderate breadth, but very wide. Both brim and crown are trimmed with a double row of pointed work. White sarsnet strings, fastened inside the bonnet, tie it under the chin.

No. 4. White straw bonnet, trimmed with a scarf of dark green silk, with a stripe of *coquelicot* in the border. This scarf is disposed in a very full rosette, and finished by long ends. A green and *coquelicot* striped ribbon ties this bonnet, the form of which resembles the one we first described, under the chin.

No. 5. A *capote* composed of striped muslin. The crown is oval and low; the front is deep, and comes down square at the sides. At the back of the crown is a piece of the same material set in very full, which quite shades the back of the neck; it is tied with soft white ribbon, and ornamented with a bunch of wild flowers.

No. 6. A bonnet, composed of yellow crape, the crown of which is very low, and the front enormously large; it is trimmed round the brim with a fulness of yellow crape, ornamented with a bunch of yellow crape roses and a very large knot of yellow ribbons: it ties under the chin with ribbon to correspond.

The small bunch of flowers consists of tulips, pinks, narcissus, and roses. The large bunch is composed of roses, narcissus, blue-bells, and poppies, all of which are at present in high estimation among the Parisian *élégantes*.

PLATE 10.—WALKING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin round dress; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with five rows of embroidery, in a running pattern of leaves. The body is full; it is cut low round the bust, and the fulness is gathered in there and at the bottom of the waist by a narrow band of muslin. Plain long sleeve, almost tight to the arm, and finished at the wrist with work. The *fichu* worn with this dress comes up very high on the shoulders, and partially displays the neck; a pink and white net silk handkerchief is fastened in a large bow and long ends before. Head-dress a bonnet composed of white satin, and lined with the same material: the brim, which is very large, turns up entirely in front; the edge is ornamented with intermingled rolls of pink and white satin. The crown is also adorned with rolls of pink satin, displayed in a very novel and tasteful style; it fastens under the chin with a knot of pink satin at the left side, and is finished by a rich plume of down feathers. Blue kid sandals, and white kid gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Satin and fancy silk spencers still continue to be much worn for the promenade, but muslin pelisses are considered more fashionable. When worn for dishabille, they are composed of cambric muslin, and trim-

med with work. The one which we are about to describe is the most elegant that we have seen.

The body and skirt of the pelisse are in one: the latter, made without gores, is of a moderate fulness; the former is full in the back, with six small plaits on each side. The fronts are alternately gaged and small-plaited; the gagings are about an inch in breadth, and the plaitings three in number. Long sleeve of an easy fulness, except at the wrist, which is nearly tight to the arm, being plaited and gaged to correspond with the body. A small collar, rounded in the style of a pelerine, falls back so as partially to display the throat. The trimming consists of that rich embroidery which we mentioned as being fashionable a considerable time back; it became unfashionable soon afterwards, but is now again in considerable estimation: there are three falls. As the appearance of this trimming resembles, at a distance, point lace, the effect is very rich, though somewhat heavy.

As the French style of headdress continues to be adopted by a considerable number of distinguished *élégantes*, we have presented our subscribers with a selection of the most fashionable bonnets. Those of cambric muslin, which the French call *capotes*, are adopted as morning bonnets by many ladies remarkable for their elegant taste in dress. They are certainly very gentlewomanly, and extremely appropriate to the season.

For carriage or elegant promenade dress, nothing is considered so tasteful as clear muslin pelisses, lined with slight sarsnet, and trimmed with lace. A trimming of muslin *bouillons*, interspersed with small rosettes of satin ribbon, the same colour as the linings, and finished by a deep flounce of lace, is very novel, and is also considered highly fashionable. We noticed a pelerine cape the other day on one of these pelisses, of a novel shape and very pretty; it was crossed behind something like a handkerchief, and had two long ends in front, which were sloped so as to fall back very much. This pelerine, which was formed entirely of letting-in lace, and edged with rich pointed lace, had an uncommonly elegant effect. The delicate pink of the wild rose is a very favourite colour for linings; green, peach-blossom, and evening primrose, are also in considerable estimation.

Half-dress lace caps are much in favour in the carriage costume. They are generally mobs, with the crowns *à la Françoise*; but they are neither *outré* nor unbecoming. Flowers form the prevalent ornament: satin and ribbon, the former in rosettes, the latter in large bows, are, however, partially adopted by some very tasteful *belles*.

Since writing the above, we have seen several elegant gauze caps, which, as well as gauze *fichus* trimmed with *tulle*, have been lately introduced by a lady, not less remarkable for her rank than for the benevolence which adds lustre to it. The *cornettes* are trimmed either with *tulle* or British blond; and if they become as general as they are expected to be, it will be of infinite service to that branch of our manufactures.

Muslin is the only thing which has been worn for some time past

PARISIAN BONNETS.

WALKING DRESS.

in the morning costume. Tucks are, at last, beginning to decline in favour, though they are still worn by some *élégantes*. The most fashionable dishabille is the Gloucester morning dress, composed of fine jaconot muslin; the bottom of the skirt is finished by a piece of clear muslin let in full, and formed into waves by ribbon drawn through it: this trimming is surmounted by a rich flounce of work, and another finishes it at the bottom. The body is loose, and drawn in to the shape by two rows of ribbon, which come no farther than the bottom of the back, which is ornamented by rosettes of the same coloured ribbon. A very narrow wave of muslin, to correspond with the skirt, goes round the bust, and is finished by a fall of work. Long sleeve, ornamented at the wrist, to correspond. This morning dress, which is in considerable request in the highest circles, is the most tasteful and becoming dishabille that we have seen for a considerable time.

Striped sarsnets, and those of light colours, are rather more in favour than they were last month for dinner dress, but muslin is more generally worn. Embroidery in coloured worsteds begins to be in some request in trimming. The most elegant, in our opinion, are wreaths of leaves in various shades of green: they are not, however, so general as borders of flowers. Dog-roses, violets, honeysuckles, and pea-blossom, are all in request.

The Percy robe is still in great request for full dress, for which gauze and *tulle* continue to be most fashionable; but white sarsnet round dresses, richly embroidered in coloured silks round the bottom, are also much worn. The bodies of these dresses are trimmed with *tulle*, which is formed into the shape of shells by pink silk chord. The sleeve is very short and full; it is also composed of *tulle* over white sarsnet: the *tulle* is laid on very full; it is interspersed with pink chord, and confined at bottom by a narrow border to correspond with the bottom of the dress.

The hair in half dress continues to be worn very low at the sides, much parted on the forehead, and disposed in light ringlets.

In full dress the hind hair is variously disposed. Some ladies have it brought to the left side, where it forms five or six tufts; others have one half of it twisted up behind in a large knot, while the remainder, disposed in three or four plaits, is brought round the head; and many arrange it in full bows, which are apparently confined by several bands of hair. The front hair is almost universally brought plain across the forehead, and disposed in loose curls at the sides of the face. This fashion, so becoming to the Grecian contour of countenance, is the very reverse to the round-faced *belle*, whom it absolutely disfigures: it is, nevertheless, almost universally adopted.

Head-dresses for full dress continue the same as last month.

Fashionable colours for the month are, peach-blossom, wild-rose colour, grass-green, straw-colour, blue, and lilac.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 14, 1817.

My dear SOPHIA,

YOU will receive this letter from the hands of Miss S. who has promised at my desire to visit and shew you her purchases. You will not, however, be much gratified by the sight of any thing but her bonnets*, as she would not have her dresses made up. I shall endeavour to atone for the disappointment which this circumstance will cause you, by describing the few changes which have taken place since I wrote last.

White is still in universal estimation, our promenade dresses are composed of nothing else. A cambric muslin pelisse made tight to the shape, very short in the waist, and rather scanty in the skirt, is considered the most fashionable dishabille: it wraps over very much, and fastens down the front by straps; it is cut what you would call half high, and has a pelerine of a moderate size. Plain long sleeve, rounded at the bottom, and finished by small tucks. Half sleeve, short and very full. I have not seen any thing for a considerable time so elegantly plain, or so well calculated for morning walking dress, as this pelisse.

Muslin round dresses and pelerines are also in considerable estimation for the promenade. Some *merveilleuses*, or as you would style them, dashers, have appeared in muslin trowsers. Lest you should be shocked at their indelicacy, I must observe, that very little more than the rich lace which trimmed them round the bottom was visible, and that very few ladies have conformed to this fashion.

Jaconot, book, and cambric muslin are all worn for the dresses I have just mentioned. The gown is finished round the bottom of the skirt by a double flounce of very rich pointed work, which is surmounted by a rouleau of clear muslin, over which is placed a flounce headed by a second rouleau to correspond. The body is cut extremely low all round the bust, which is ornamented by a rouleau and flounce to correspond with the bottom. The ruff, in which the throat is completely enveloped, also corresponds. The pelerine, of a plain round shape, falls something lower than the waist; it has no collar, but a ribbon run through it, fastens it round the neck, with a bow in front. The embroidery of these pelerines is in general of a considerable depth and great richness.

This dress is in high favour without the pelerine for dinner costume, and is the only novelty that I have to announce to you. The mania which our fashionables had for tucks is now transferred from their own dresses to that of their children, whose frocks and trowsers are covered with them. *Bouillons* are as much the rage as ever, one sees from four to six rows of them at the bottoms of dresses. Flounces are also much worn, and the fertile invention of the *marchandes des modes* has given an air of novelty even to them. Sometimes the bottom of a dress is ornamented with three or four, which are very deep,

* For a description of which, see our print.

very richly embroidered, and drawn up in festoons. Sometimes there are as many as six flounces, which are set on at a distance from each other; these flounces, which are very narrow, are carefully small-plaited, and the space between them is filled either by a fulness of clear muslin, a letting-in of lace, or a rich embroidery. This last is considered more fashionable than either of the others.

One of our most fashionable corsets is I find of English invention, I mean the *corset des Graces:* it is much admired here, and is certainly the easiest and pleasantest stay I ever wore. It is also extremely advantageous to the figure, and as the French ladies pride themselves exceedingly on the elegance of their shapes, they give it on that account a decided preference.

I have little to say of full dress, for which crape and *tulle* are at present most fashionable: the latter is, however, adopted only for ball dresses, or by very youthful *belles.* There is no alteration in the form of full dress since I wrote last; but I think there is more variety in trimmings. Blond is high in estimation; there are sometimes as many as four rows set on very full round the bottom of a dress, and the bosom is finished by a pelerine to correspond.

A more fashionable and much more novel style of trimming is a double or triple flounce of blond festooned, and each festoon fastened by a single flower or a small sprig of myrtle. A great many *élégantes* sport *bouillons* of *tulle,* which are divided by white satin tucks: and embroidery is also very fashionable; it consists chiefly of small bouquets of roses and myrtle in chenille, which being much raised, has a rich and natural effect.

The mention of embroidery reminds me, that I have not yet told you what flowers are most fashionable; and never were the treasures of Flora in such request among belles of taste as at present. Beside fancy flowers, of which lilac roses surrounded with leaves are most fashionable, the blossom of the sweet-pea, larkspur, honeysuckle, geranium, blue-bells, gilly-flower, tulips, pinks, narcissus, roses, and poppies, are all worn either for bouquets, hats, or ornaments for the hair. For the last purpose, full branches of roses intermingled with wheat-ears are in very high estimation, as are garlands of the other flowers which I have mentioned, placed at the back of the head.

The present style of hair-dressing is very unbecoming. I mentioned I believe in my last, that it was worn in loose curls on the forehead; it was then divided a little in front, and of a moderate fulness: it is now curled so as to entirely conceal the forehead, and the hind hair, which is strained back, and fastened up in a large loose tuft, displays the skin of the head.

The hair in half dress is much more becomingly arranged. A few loose light curls shade without concealing the forehead; part of the hind hair is disposed in a tuft, and the remainder, divided into two or three bands, is twisted round the head.

I must not forget to mention, that, besides the bonnets which Miss S. will shew you, *capotes* of *gros de Naples,* and gauze, *tulle,* and satin *chapeaus,* are in favour for

the promenade. The *capotes* resemble those of Miss S. but the *chapeaus* are formed in a different way: they turn up almost entirely in front; the brim is of a moderate size, and of a peculiarly jauntee shape. They have frequently no other ornament than a rich lace, white silk, or *tulle* handkerchief, of a moderate size, doubled and pinned across the crown, so that the ends fall behind. These handkerchiefs, when in silk, are sometimes embroidered at the corners. Other *chapeaus* have a very narrow round brim, finished at the edge, and also round the crown, by a plaiting of *tulle*, and ornamented either with a bunch of flowers, or three down feathers placed upright in front of the hat.

White crape, gauze, satin, and *tulle* are all in favour for *toques*. Very little alteration has taken place in the form of these headdresses since I wrote last; they are something higher than they were then, and wider round the top of the crown. Flowers are the favourite ornament for *toques*, except for court, for which they are generally adorned with feathers and precious stones.

I shall send you in my next a description of a singularly pretty ball-dress, which would suit your sylph-like figure to a miracle; and also some *cornettes*, which I imagine will be very tasteful, as they are the invention of one of our most distinguished *élégantes*. Adieu, my dear Sophia! Believe me always your attached

EUDOCIA.

With my usual heedlessness, I forgot to enumerate the fashionable colours for the month. They are, pearl-grey, canary-yellow, peach-blossom, amaranth, azure, and rose.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

PREPARING for publication, in two large volumes 8vo. illustrated with maps, *An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*, in three parts, by Mr. T. H. Horne. Part I. will contain a view of the geography of the Holy Land, and of the political, religious, moral, and civil state of the Jews, illustrating the principal events recorded in the Bible. Part II. will present a copious investigation of the principles of Scripture-interpretation, and their application to the historical, prophetical, typical, doctrinal, and moral parts of the sacred writings, and to the practical reading of the Scriptures. Part III. will be appropriated to the analysis of the Bible, including an account of the canon of Scripture, together with critical prefaces and synopses to each book, upon an improved plan. An appendix will be subjoined, comprising a critical account, 1. Of the principal MSS. and editions of the Old and New Testaments; 2. Of the various readings, with a digest of the chief rules for weighing and applying them; 3. Rules for the better understanding of Hebraisms; 4. A concise dictionary of the symbolical language of Scripture; 5. Lists of commentators and biblical critics of eminence, with bibliographical and critical notices of each, extracted from authentic

sources; together with chronological and other tables necessary to facilitate the study of the Holy Scriptures.

Dr. Carey, the prosodian (though not himself concerned in the edition of the Dauphin Virgil now in the press), has offered to enrich it with a *Key*, particularly noticing and scanning every line which presents any metrical difficulty from poetic licence of whatever kind, and explaining the nature of such licence in each individual case. Should the proprietors decline his offer, he has thoughts of giving this Key as an appendix either to his Scanning Exercises already published, or to his Latin Versification made Easy, now in forwardness for publication.

Mr. Juigné has in the press a second edition of Le Sage's *Historical Atlas*, with a new historical and geographical map of Europe, as settled at the Congress of Vienna.

M. Galignani of Paris has just completed a superb work, entitled *Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington*, detailing all the celebrated battles gained by the English armies commanded by this unconquered hero, from the taking of Seringapatam to the memorable victory at Waterloo; embellished with twenty-four elegant engravings, and a superb equestrian portrait of his grace, beautifully executed by the celebrated French artist, J. Duplessi Bertaux. The work forms one handsome volume, royal folio.

Mr. Alexander Chalmers has completed that great undertaking, the new edition of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, in 32 vols. 8vo. The magnitude of the labour may be conceived, when it is known that this edition has been augmented by 3931 additional lives; of the remaining number, 2176 have been re-written, and the whole revised and corrected. The total number of articles exceeds 9000. Appended to each article are copious references to the sources whence the materials are derived.

Professor Paxton of Edinburgh has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in three 8vo. volumes, a work of great research, entitled *The Holy Scriptures Illustrated*, from the geography of the East, from natural history, and from the customs and manners of ancient and modern nations. Though the general scheme has been anticipated, the proposed arrangement is more systematic than any former work; and there is every reason to expect a performance that will be a valuable accession to the Christian library.

Mr. N. Talfourd of the Middle Temple has in the press, *A Practical Treatise on the Laws of Toleration and Religious Liberty*, as they affect every class of Dissenters from the Church of England.

Mr. W. C. Oulton, who continued Victor's *History of the London and Dublin Theatres*, is preparing a farther Continuation to the present time, in three 12mo. volumes.

A complete body of geography is announced as being in preparation, under the title of *The Edinburgh Gazetteer*, or *Geographical Dictionary*. It will be executed by six different authors of literary eminence, each taking a separate department, and be accompanied by an atlas, consisting of fifty-three

maps, constructed by Mr. Arrowsmith. The work will extend to six 8vo. volumes, of fifty sheets each, and be published in half volumes at intervals of three months.

Mr. Arthur Young is preparing for the press, *The Elements of the Practice of Agriculture*, containing experiments and observations made during a period of fifty years.

Colonel Mark Wilks will speedily publish the second and third volumes of his *Historical Sketches of the South of India*, in an attempt to trace the History of Mysore.

The Elements of History and Geography, ancient and modern, exemplified and illustrated by the Principles of Chronology, by the Rev. J. Joyce, will soon be published in two 8vo. volumes.

Mr. Wright, surgeon, &c. of Bristol, is preparing for publication a work on the *Human Ear;* in which the structure and functions of that organ will be anatomically and physically explained, the means considered not only of restoring its integrity when vitiated, but of preventing many of the diseases with which it is affected, and some observations on the causes of the alarming increase of the deaf and dumb: illustrated by descriptive etchings.

A new novel, in two vols. entitled *The Parish Priest in Ireland*, is in the press.

Mr. Baker announces, that *The History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire*, upon which he has been long engaged, will be published in annual succession, in eight parts, forming four folio volumes; but that the period for commencing the publication will depend on the progress of the subscription.

Mr. Fisher has published a statement of the reason which has induced him to suspend his work illustrative of some ancient paintings at Stratford-upon-Avon. This reason was, the new and oppressive act for the regulation of copyright, which requires the sacrifice of *eleven* copies of every work to powerful and wealthy bodies, possessed of ample funds. This act was not passed until three parts of Mr. Fisher's work had appeared; and as the illustrative plates were printed at a lithographic press to the number of only 120 impressions, and all these, excepting three, were disposed of, it became impossible for him to comply with the demand of the universities and public bodies. Having no wish to involve himself in legal disputes with the latter, Mr. Fisher conceives that he is justified in withholding the letter-press which was to accompany his work, but assures his subscribers of his readiness to supply them with the yet unpublished plates as soon as he can put them together. The lovers of the arts and antiquities will farther regret, that the same cause has operated as a bar to the appearance of another work projected by Mr. Fisher, who has spent upwards of twenty years in travelling through the kingdom, for the purpose of making drawings of its *inedited* architectural and genealogical antiquities. These drawings, amounting to upwards of 5000, he designed to publish, and had nearly executed the first part, under the title of *Collections for the County of Bedford*, comprehending sixty-four plates, with descriptive letter-press; but the same act " for the encouragement of

learning" has induced him to defer, if not to relinquish the undertaking.

Mrs. Grose has submitted to the Bath Literary and Philosophical Society some specimens of the *Cicada mannaferens*, or locust of New South Wales, and likewise of the wild honey, or manna, deposited by it on the large forest-tree *eucalyptus*. This insect was first observed by Colonel Paterson in the year 1800 in the pupa state. The rapidity with which it increases in size and strength, after its change into the winged state, is such, that in a few hours it can fly to the top of the tallest *eucalyptus*, which generally grows to the height of 60 or 70 feet. The manna, apparently produced by these insects, is found both in a liquid and saccharine state; the inhabitants gathered it, and used it for some time as sugar, till experience proved that it possesses in some degree the property of manna. The noise made by these little creatures is remarkable. The males begin with a note similar to that of the land-rail, which is several times repeated: at length the females join, when the combination of notes exactly resembles the noise of grinding knives or razors, and hence the insect has received the popular appellation of the razor-grinder. One species of the insect has the same appearance and makes the same kind of noise as that above described, but produces no manna.

Mr. J. B. Emmett has published some experiments made by him on the preparation of gas from oil, for the purpose of illumination. By distilling various oils, previously mixed with dry sand or pulverized clay, he obtained, at a temperature a little below ignition, a gas, which appeared to be a mixture of carbureted and super-carbureted hydrogen gases. It produces a flame, equally and often much more brilliant than coal-gas, and gives out no smoke, smell, or unpleasant vapour. It differed very little in quality whether obtained from refuse or good whale sperm, almond or olive oil, or tallow. For the sake of so important a branch of our national industry as the whale-fishery, which is threatened with serious danger by the adoption of coal-gas for the purpose of illumination, we shall be highly gratified to learn, that the prospect thus held forth is likely to be speedily realized.

Poetry.

THE FEARS OF ESPERANCE.

Addressed to the Maid of Thavies Inn.

Much I fear I have offended
Her I languish to appease;
But a fault with weakness blended,
Haply may not long displease.

Think of this, and you may pity,
(Mercy is a heavenly thing,)
The offence which, fledg'd by beauty,
Flew to hope on angel wing;

And I'm sure that soft forgiving,
Bending to a heart-told prayer,
Must have birth, and form, and living
In a breast so chastely fair.

The wretch of old, in anguish burning,
Under passion's scorching ray,
And his gaze to heaven turning,
Heard the streamlet round him play;

Saw the thing he most desired
Glide before his straining eye,
Tried to reach it, madly fired,
Could but kiss it with a sigh.

Would you doom this wretch to ruin,
If some stratagem he'd tried,
E'en at risk of his undoing,
To have reach'd the bliss he spied?

No! I'm sure you would not do it:
Loveliness is "light from heaven;"
And Charity's benignant spirit
Is also to her daughter given.

Think of this, and have compassion,
If while seeking Virtue's light
My eyes devoutly turn, and often
To a shrine so lovely bright.

Think of this, and have compassion
On the daring of my Muse,
For the worldly forms and fashion
Gave me but this mean to use.

Think of this, and you may pity
(Mercy is a heavenly thing,)
The offence which, fledg'd by beauty,
Flew to hope on angel wing.

ESPERANCE.

POOR JONATHAN.

Inscribed to Lady JERNINGHAM.

By THOMAS JONES.

Founded on an unfortunate occurrence which took place at Cossey in Norfolk, on the 18th November, 1815, when a young man lost his life by the accidental firing of the fowling-piece of his friend who accompanied him on a shooting-party.

Vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita ——CICERO.

Hark! hear ye not yon passing-bell,
Which, sighing sorrow to the gale,
In mournful numbers seems to tell,
That death has hover'd round the vale,
And some one torn from friends away,
Who still are left the loss to moan:—
Hark, hark! for sure I hear them say,
"Alas! poor Jonathan is gone!"

And see yon humble aged pair,
Whose features time has furrow'd long,
How blithe some few hours back they were,
But Death, fell tyrant, check'd their song;
Scarce had the mantling bowl gone round
To greet a long-lost fav'rite son,
When, ah! their ears received the sound,
"Alas! poor Jonathan is gone!"

Though folly mark'd his early day,
And caused those parents many woes,
He left his home, and sail'd away,
To meet his country's daring foes;
He shared the horrors of the fight,
And heard his dying comrades groan,
Return'd to give and taste delight—
But, ah! poor Jonathan is gone!

No bloom that fragrant sweets exhale,
Could to his parents' eyes afford
Such prospects fair; no balmy gale
With blessings so endearing stored.
Escaped the cannons of his foes,
He sought his home and friendship's throne—
But, ah! 'twas friendship's fate to close
His eyes, for Jonathan is gone!

And who is this with vacant eye,
Whose looks an easeless heart portend,
Who seems from self and all to fly?
'Tis Jonathan's most early friend:
And now his woe-fraught bosom heaves,
He speaks, but mark his alter'd tone;
He knows, yet wildly—scarce believes
His friend, poor Jonathan, is gone!

"And was it I," he frantic cries,
"Did I the cruel deed perform?
This trembling hand close friendship's eye?
Oh! shield me, God, from vengeance' storm!
For never bosom beat more true,
No heart could e'er be more his own;
And his was mine I also knew—
Then say not Jonathan is gone!

"Oh, God! what pangs assail my breast!
'Tis thine to take what thou didst give;
Thy will has call'd my friend to rest,
But thy blest mandate bids me live;

And surely thou art more than good,
For, ah! thou whisper'st, 'Do not moan!
Thou still art guiltless of his blood,
Although poor Jonathan is gone.'

" Oh, heav'n and earth! that joyful sound,
What blest delights thy precepts yield!
Oh, God! wherever thou art found,
Thou can'st from ev'ry sorrow shield:
'Twas thy good will who rul'st above;
For, ah! thou know'st, and thou alone,
How early friendship grew to love
For Jonathan, who now is gone.

" Say, what is life with all its joys,
Though health on balmy zephyrs play,
But ceaseless strife for useless toys,
Which one rude blast can sweep away?
Then think, ye gay, who heedless roam!
Remember, time is fleeting on;
That grave must shortly be your home
Where now poor Jonathan is gone.

" To thee alone, All-wise, All-good,
Be ev'ry praise and glory given;
'Thou great first Cause, least understood,'
Direct my thoughts and hopes to heav'n;
I bow to thee, for thou can'st save,
By great designs to us unknown,
And give a crown to deck that grave
Where now poor Jonathan is gone."

AN ADDRESS,

Written for the Opening of a private Theatre, and spoken by Mr. OWEN, 1815; written by THOMAS JONES.

Totus mundus histrionem.

Since first the Drama felt the critic's rage,
And Shakspeare's magic wanton'd o'er the stage;
Since first the Muse her lessons could impart,
To charm the fancy, or to mend the heart,
The mimic scene has oft, by manners new,
Brought men and characters *themselves* to view:
The love-lorn youth has there beheld his face,
The ruin'd gamester witness'd his disgrace;
The wretch whom murder stimulates to blood,
Has mark'd the end—and timely turn'd to good;
The just, the brave, have heard the trump of Fame
To afterages hand the living name;
Sweet Music's shell has oft produc'd a tear,
And wak'd remembrance o'er the soldier's bier:
If such the stage, with harmony combined,
To nature true, by every art refin'd,
Forgive the efforts of an humble few,
Whose sole ambition is, a smile from you.
A tragic author, of a distant age,
Declares, we know, that " all the world's a stage;"
And this his observation still proves true:
We all are actors, seeking something new;
Hope, fear, love, joy, and hatred, each, in turn,
Dance through the brain, or o'er the bosom burn:
Youth, manhood, age, alike display their charms;
Youth *sighs* for love, and manhood *pants* for arms;
And as from manhood we advance to age,
Life's visions fade, and then we quit the stage.
Thus novelty for ever cheers the way,
As thoughts, forms, fashion, vary ev'ry day;
What was the fashion a few days before,
By sprigs of *ton* to-day is term'd a *bore*:
But hold!—the fashions may produce a frown;
Hence I forbear, nor hunt its votaries down:
Yet I must hope, with heart and mind sincere,
That frowns may never be the fashion here.
What if we pant not for a public fame,
We burn with zeal, with youthful poet's flame,
To share your plaudits;—your approving smile
Can cheer our hopes, and ev'ry care beguile.

Warm'd in the sunshine of a friendly ray,
Young genius gains fresh vigour ev'ry day;
And much of merit yet may start to view,
If modest genius meet but friends in you.
Ye critics then, who sway by rigid laws,
Who—ask yourselves—but seldom give applause,
Let candour guide the judgments of the mind;
Alive to faults, be not to merits blind:
No rival spirit here usurps the breast,
But each determines he will do his best:
With efforts guided by such hopes as these,
We, with our motto,* humbly strive to please.

* "Contendamus placere."

MADRIGAL.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

When stars bedeck the azure sky,
And shine the sparkling gems of night,
Oh, lady! oft I wish to sigh,
And wander near thy chamber light,
Whose faintly glowing ray discloses
The spot where innocence reposes.

And while the smiling moon-beams play
In silver radiance on thy bower,
In loneliness I pensive stray,
To worship there its fairest flower,
And hope so sweet a rose as thee,
May ever bloom for one like me.

But still thy image is the shrine
Where all my musings fondly dwell;
Yet strange, this wayward heart of mine
To thee can ne'er its feelings tell,
And though 'twould dare a host in fight,
It trembles in a lady's sight.

Then happy be thy hour of rest,
Though hopeless still my heart must swell,
For one, within whose gentle breast
Resides each grace, I love so well;
Though chance my only doom may be
To love and to despair—for thee.

IMPROMPTU

On the Right Hon. C. ABBOT being elevated to a British Peerage, and succeeded as Speaker of the House of Commons by the Right Hon. MANNERS SUTTON.

Of our *Commons* an *Abbot* had long been the head,
In their house held the sovereign sway;
Now exalted we hear,
As a new British peer,
He politely to *Manners* gives way.

J. BISSET.

Leamington-Priors,
4th June, 1817.

MY NAME.

An Amatory Ballad, by THOMAS JONES.

Rosetta dear, those folds remove
That vainly strive to hide thy breast,
Nor flout the blooming god of love,
Who flutters there to find his nest;
Receive the fondling to thy arms,
Oh let the urchin dare to claim
Protection in thy melting charms,
And kindly call him by—MY NAME!

Dear are those locks that graceful flow
O'er mingling shades of white and red;
But, ah! those piercing eyes of sloe,
With lightnings arm'd, would strike me dead,
Did not soft pity warm that heart,
And light of love the gen'rous flame:
Then bid him not, fair maid, depart,
But kindly call him by—MY NAME!

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER 1, 1817. No. XXI.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The History of Marcus—Irish Pride—*and* Abdallah, an Eastern Tale, *shall have an early place.*

We continue to receive numerous announcements of works already published, in spite of our repeated notices, that such articles cannot be inserted in our Literary Intelligence.

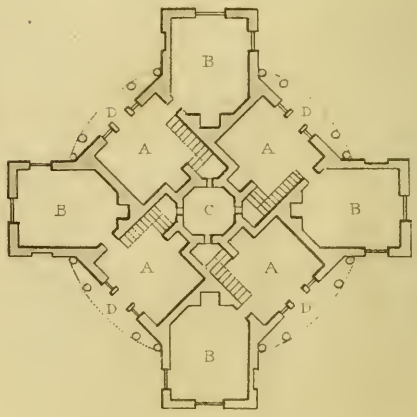
The verses of L. L.—Constantia—Angelo—*and* H. C. *are inadmissible.*

The strictures of Cassandra *serve only to prove the extreme diversity of tastes—a point which the conductor of a literary publication is not likely to lose sight of.*

We should be happy to gratify An Inquirer, *but cannot communicate the name of any contributor without the authority of the party.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.



A A. Kitchen
B B Parlor
C Area
D D Porch

FOUR COTTAGES

N°71 of A. Aikman's Edition of the Works of the Brits. Artists. Pub.d Sept.r 1.st 1807.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER 1, 1817. No. XXI.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 12.—FOUR COTTAGES.

THE habitations of the labouring poor may be rendered ornamental, and the comforts of them increased, at a very trifling charge beyond the cost of common buildings: and for this purpose the annexed plate is designed for four cottages, connected with each other, and under one roof; a mode of building that admits a considerable saving of expense. This subject has been noticed in a former volume, to which our readers are referred. The public attention is now so fully called to consider the condition of the labouring classes of mankind, and particularly that of the cottager, and so much speculation has consequently taken place on the means of increasing their comforts, and on lessening the demands for parochial and other aid, that a relation of every successful means that has hitherto been employed for the purpose must be interesting; and as the following has borne the test of experience it will be the more acceptable, as it proves the advantages which result from giving the labourer the means of employing his surplus time.

A commonable land belonging to a parish was inclosed, and an allotment, containing twenty-five acres, set out for the use of such of the poor as rented less than ten pounds a year, to be stocked in common. Previous to the inclosure, there were some few cottages that had land let with them, to the amount of six or seven pounds a year each. The occupiers of those cottages with land annexed to them, were remarkable for bringing up their families in a more neat and decent manner than those whose cottages were without land; and it was this circumstance that led to the laying out of a plot of lands, besides the common before mentioned, to other of the cottages, and to add a small building sufficient to contain a horse or cow; and likewise grafting stocks to raise orchards. In some instances small sums of money were lent to these

cottagers for the purchase of a cow, a mare, or a pig.

The following good effects were the consequence of this proceeding: It has not in one instance failed in giving an industrious turn even to some of those who were before idle and profligate; their attention in nursing up the young trees has been so much beyond what a farmer, intent upon greater objects, could bestow, that the value of the orchard increased to double its usual rent, and the poor's rate fell from half-a-crown to fourpence in the pound, when in some of the adjoining parishes they were at length so high as five shillings in the pound; and it has also been the means of bringing a much larger supply of poultry to the market.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

HINTS ON THE MAKING OF BRITISH WINES.

By Dr. Macculloch.

(Concluded from p. 69.)

In making gooseberry wine, various proportions of fruit and sugar are used by different persons, but the most common consist of three pounds of sugar and four of fruit to eight pounds of water. Here the proportion of fruit is too small compared with that of the sugar, and the fermentation is consequently in general so imperfect as to leave the wine disagreeably sweet. At the same time the proportion of sugar is such as to render the wine stronger than the strongest wines of Champagne. If, therefore, this wine is to be amended in the composition, it is either by reducing the sugar, if we are contented with a weaker wine, or by increasing the fruit, if we are desirous of retaining the greatest strength.

Wines may be made from the produce of the ripe fruit, but it is commonly ill flavoured, and whether sweet or dry, is scarcely to be rendered palatable, unless perhaps by a most careful exclusion of the husks.

The three varieties of the currant are perhaps better known and more in use as ingredients in wine-making than the gooseberry. Both from the white and red sort wines are made which differ principally in colour, but also very slightly in flavour, though the flavour of neither is very characteristic. I have ascertained by repeated trials, that a principal defect in these wines, as commonly fabricated, arises from the sparing proportion in which the fruit is used, which otherwise contains a sufficient quantity of natural acid, as well as extractive matter, to ensure a perfect fermentation if properly managed. Partly from this cause, as well as from imperfect management of the fermentation, these wines are usually made sweet. They are also not uncommonly nauseous, as well from the combination of a natural bad flavour with this mawkish sweetness, as from the other improprieties of management. By increasing the quantity of fruit (which is generally proportioned like that for gooseberry wine), and by avoiding the use of the husks, the flavour is materially improved, and the quality

of the wine further ameliorated, the fabricator at the same time acquiring the power of making his wine sweet or dry: whereas, according to the present mode, he is generally unable to produce the latter variety. The natural tendency of this fruit is to form a wine analogous to the lighter wines of the grape, and it is a rational object to follow the tendency which is pointed out by the nature of the fruit. I have also reason to think, that much advantage would result from the use of tartar in this case, by which, among other defects, the ammoniacal taste so common in this wine seems to be prevented.

The proportion of tartar need not be specified, as it has been mentioned before, and that of sugar is to be regulated by the principles already laid down. With careful management, wines are thus produced from currants not easily to be distinguished from the Colares of Portugal, which, although not in the first class of wines, is certainly superior to most of our domestic manufactures. A considerable improvement may be made in the fabric of all those wines produced from fruits, of which the flavour is either bad or which possess no flavour at all; and this is by boiling the fruit previously to fermentation—a practice which I have caused to be adopted in currant wines with decided success. From this treatment many tasteless fruits acquire a flavour, and many bad flavours are converted into agreeable ones. In no case perhaps is this more remarkable than in the black currant, which, harsh and comparatively insipid in its natural state, acquires by boiling a powerful and to most persons a highly agreeable flavour.

In making wine from this variety of currant, the effects of the process are very remarkable; the produce of the new fruit being scarcely distinguished by any particular property from the herd of domestic wines, while that of the boiled fruit may with careful management be brought to resemble some of the best of the sweet Cape wines. In the white and red currant, the same precaution has been attended with results equally successful, though not marked by a contrast so decided. The same varieties of proportion are admissible in this case as in the others just mentioned. To what extent the practice of boiling may be tried with advantage, I do not know; but I may venture to point it out as an improvement worthy of further investigation.

Although the dried raisin cannot be considered as a domestic fruit, yet as, like the orange and lemon, it is largely used in the manufacture of domestic wines, I may here take notice of it. The history of the art of wine-making in the countries where the vine is an object of common cultivation, shews that the grape is in many places used for this purpose in a state if not actually that of raisins, yet approaching towards it. Thus the wines of Cyprus and Tokay, among many others, are produced from grapes which have undergone a partial desiccation. Analogy, therefore, would lead us to expect that wines of good quality might in this country also be produced by using the dried grape for that purpose, as they are imported in the state of raisins: yet the success which has

followed the innumerable attempts to make raisin wine, has by no means justified that expectation; although the expensive scale on which the manufacture has been and is still carried on by the makers of *sweets*, would long ere this have brought it to perfection. It is not apparent to what causes this failure is owing, nor is it possible, without repeated and expensive experiments, to investigate the process in such a way as to lay the foundation of a more successful practice. But an examination of the processes in common use may perhaps suggest some hints conducive to a more rational and improved mode of proceeding.

In manufacturing this wine on the large scale, whether for the purpose of open sale as *sweets*, or for the fraudulent imitation and adulteration of foreign wines, a quantity of raisins, varying from two as far as seven pounds to the gallon of water, is used, together with a proportion of common clayed sugar or molasses, reaching from half a pound to three or four pounds. In many cases, from four to six pounds of crude tartar per cwt. is added. Yeast is not in general employed to assist the fermentation, nor should it ever be used. It is asserted that the product of this process is a pure and flavourless vinous fluid, capable of receiving any flavour which may be required, and thus of imitating many wines of foreign growth. Whatever the case may be, when such fluids are used for the fraudulent purposes abovementioned, the wines themselves, which are common in the market, and which are confessedly made in this way, are almost always nauseous, whether sweet or dry, and however they may be called by the various names of Lunel, Teneriffe, Sherry, or Canary, they have all the same disagreeable and overpowering flavour. It is probable that a great part of this peculiarity is owing to the quality of the sugar employed; but it is also to be suspected that the complete drying of the grape developes in that fruit some obnoxious taste, which is communicated to the produce. I cannot pretend to throw any more particular light on the subject; but should recommend to those who are inclined to make trial of raisins, a nice attention to all the circumstances in the mode of fermentation and management. If these fail to produce the desired effect of purity in the wine, we shall then be entitled to consider the manufacture of raisin wine as incapable of further improvement.

In making wines, the fabricator should consider of what kind he wishes his wine to be, or which of the several modifications of foreign wines he means to resemble. To assist his views, I will briefly enumerate the several varieties which it is in his power to imitate in their general and fundamental qualities.

As all wines are reducible to four general divisions, of dry and strong, sweet, light and flavoured, or brisk, a regard to this ultimate object, their quality, must determine the mode of proceeding. If it is intended, for example, to make that kind of dry wine which is made in this country from raisins and sugar, the same practices will be necessary which are followed in the countries where wines are made from the grape for distillation. In

this case the wine is suffered to remain in the vat for three, four, or more days, until it ceases to have a saccharine taste, and till the whole of the sugar is converted into spirit. If it is intended to make a strong and sweet wine, the fermentation must be discouraged by speedily removing it from the vat to the cask, and by the further use of processes which suspend and ultimately destroy the fermenting process. Those most generally used, are racking and fining. But although racking and fining may disengage the wine from all precipitated leaven, it will not separate that which is held in solution, and of which the tendency is equally to destroy the wine at some distant period. For this purpose chemical means are required, and the process in common use is known by the name of *sulphuring*. It consists in filling the empty cask with the vapour of sulphur, from burning matches placed in the bung-hole. The wine is then introduced into the cask, and if this first operation is found insufficient, it may be repeated as often as is necessary. When the leaven is so abundant that a large quantity of sulphureous acid is required, a portion of wine impregnated with the gas, by a process similar to that of the silk-bleachers, is used for mixing with the wine in the cask. The sulphate of potash offers itself as a convenient substitute for this operation; and in the quantity of a drachm or two it is sufficient in general for a large cask of liquor. Other chemical agents capable of accomplishing this end might be enumerated, but the operation of the whole is similar, and consists in precipitating and rendering insoluble the leaven which was contained in the wine. This process must be followed by that of racking and fining. The substances used for fining are most commonly isinglass, or the white of eggs, and the mode of applying them is universally known. Sand, gypsum, starch, rice, milk, blood, and the shavings of beech-wood, have been found to answer the same purpose.

The next leading description of wines is that to which, either in a state of sweetness or comparative dryness, is superadded the effervescence on uncorking, which produces briskness or sparkling. It is from gooseberries almost solely that this variety has in this country been made; but it is by no means limited to that fruit, since, with due attention to the period of maturity, and with careful management, it may be equally well made from any other fruit. I must not, however, quit this subject without cautioning the operator against a bad expedient, to which recourse has been had to produce the effect of sparkling. It is the introduction of a small portion of carbonate of potash or soda into the bottle immediately before corking it. The consequence of this is, doubtless, a disengagement of gas at the moment of pouring out; but the gas speedily flies off, almost before the wine can be drunk, since it exists but in a loose state of combination, and in but small quantity; nor does it communicate to the palate that agreeable and lively sensation which follows from the disengagement of that carbonic gas which is in a real state of combination with the wine. Moreover, the neutral

salt formed by the alkali with the natural acid of the wine is always sensible to the taste, while, at the same time, the native acid of the wine, so essential to the composition of this fluid, is destroyed; not to mention the danger of this acid taste being replaced by an alkaline one from an over-dose of that ingredient.

The third variety of wine is that of which Hock, Grave, and Rhenish may be taken as examples. In these the saccharine principle is entirely overcome by a complete fermentation. Makers of domestic wines have rarely succeeded in imitating these wines. The reasons are twofold: the great disproportion of the sugar to the subsequent fermentation in the first instance; and that want of the after-management, the neglect of which soon consigns these wines to the vinegar cask, if chance should even at first have produced success. I may venture to point out the imitation of these wines from my own experience, not only as readily attainable, but as among the very best of those which can be made from domestic fruits. It is evident that the relative proportions of the fruit and sugar in most common use must be materially altered, and that the fermentation must be conducted in a much more perfect manner before we can hope to produce wines of this character. It is equally evident, that the processes of racking, sulphuring, and fining, must be practised with great assiduity to preserve these wines after we have succeeded in making them.

The last class of wines are those which are both dry in their quality and strong in their nature. Such are Madeira, Sherry, and the stronger wines. With due attention to the fermentation, wines of this strength may be made without the addition of brandy. This addition, when used to excess, is not only injurious to the liquor but to the constitution, as it introduces an additional quantity of ardent spirits into a beverage already perhaps too strong. Its use is also in some measure founded on a mistaken principle, as it is resorted to, at least in this country, among the makers of domestic wines, for the imaginary purpose of checking fermentation, and preventing the occurrence of the acetous state. It has been shewn by recent trials, that alcohol does not check the acetous process, unless added in a much greater quantity than it is ever used for wine; and I have already pointed out the true principles on which the tendency to vinegar may be prevented. An idle notion is prevalent among the makers of domestic wines, that they are deficient in durability. On the contrary, the durability of these wines is in fact shortened by the admixture of brandy, since it ultimately decomposes them, driving off their carbonic acid, destroying their brisk and sprightly taste, and rendering them vapid and flat; while, at the same time, their salubrity is diminished and their price increased. If, notwithstanding this view, makers of wine are still determined to have recourse to the practice of adding spirits, I will point out the least injurious manner in which it may be effected. It may be added to the liquor before fermentation — a method in use in the manufacture of sherry.

It may also be added during the subsequent renewals of the fermentation, which have a sort of periodical recurrence in the cask; the operation being founded on the practice known to wine-coopers by the term *fretting-in*. When for any purpose it is found convenient to mix two varieties of wine, that time of spring is selected when a slight fermentation is renewed, or this process is brought on by rolling or heating. A perfect union of the wines mixed at this period then takes place, a slight fermentation being induced, which serves to unite the whole into one homogeneous fluid. It is under similar circumstances that brandy may be added, and it then enters into a combination with the wine, more nearly resembling that natural union in which alcohol exists in this fluid; while, at the same time, it produces less injury either to the flavour of the liquor, or to the health of the consumer.

DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING BUTCHER'S MEAT.

Butchers' shops, larders, pantries, and safes should be sheltered from the sun, and otherwise removed from heat; be dry; and if possible, have a current of dry cool air through them. With this view, it would be advisable to have windows, or openings, on all sides; which might be closed, or opened, according to the way which the wind blows, the time of the day, or the season of the year. Where windows on opposite sides cannot be had, a current of air may be obtained, by making a flue under the pavement, or floor, from the front, or on one side, to the opposite side. The greatest attention to cleanliness also is necessary.

Charcoal powder is a very powerful antiseptic, and meat may be preserved, or rendered much more palatable, even when considerably tainted, by covering it with charcoal-powder, or by burying it for a few hours under-ground; this is probably owing to the carbon or charcoal contained in the earth.—Meat, and even game, may be preserved by wrapping it in a clean linen cloth, and burying it in a box filled with dry sand, where it will remain sweet for three weeks, if deposited in an airy, dry, and cool chamber. A joint of meat may be preserved for several days, even in summer, by wrapping it in a clean linen cloth, previously moistened with good vinegar, placing it in an earthen pan, or hanging it up, and changing the cloth, or wringing it out afresh in vinegar, once or twice a day, if the weather be very warm.

The best meat for keeping is *mutton*, and the best joint of that a leg; which, with care, if the weather be only moderately hot, in summer will keep about a week; in winter, if the weather be open, a fortnight. A shoulder is the next best joint. The scrag end of a neck keeps the worst, and in warm weather will not keep above two days; if very warm, it is bad the second day. Every kernel, of all sorts of meat, if not taken out by the butcher, should be taken out by the cook, as soon as brought in; then wipe it dry.—In *beef*, the ribs will keep the best, and with care will keep five or six days in summer, and in winter ten. The middle of the loin is the next best, and

the rump the next. The round will not keep long, unless salted. The brisket is the worst, and will not keep longer than three days in summer, and a week in winter.—*Lamb* is the next in order for keeping, though it is considered best to eat it soon, or even the day it is killed.—The first part that turns bad of a leg of *veal*, is where the udder is skewered back. The skewer should be taken out, and both that and the part under it wiped every day, by which means it will keep good three or four days in hot weather. The pipe that runs along the chine of a loin of veal should be taken out, to prevent its tainting. The skirt of a breast of veal is likewise to be taken off, and the inside of the breast wiped and scraped, and sprinkled with a little salt.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

PATRICK WATKINS.

Captain Porter, an officer of the navy of the United States of America, has recently published a Narrative of a Voyage in the South Seas, which contains some curious particulars respecting an individual, who, like another Alexander Selkirk, resided for some time by himself on one of the Gallipagos. These islands are all evidently of volcanic origin; every mountain and hill is the crater of an extinct volcano; and thousands of smaller fissures which have burst from their sides give them the most dreary, desolate, and inhospitable appearance imaginable. The description of one island will answer for all: they appear unsuited for the residence of man, or any other animal that cannot, like the tortoise, live without food, or draw its subsistence entirely from the sea.

Lieutenant Downes saw on the rocks, with which the bay was in many parts skirted, several seals and pelicans, some of which he killed; but on searching the shore diligently, was unable to find any land-tortoises, though they no doubt abound in other parts of the island. Doves were seen in great numbers, and were so easily approached, that several of them were knocked down with stones. While our boat was on shore (says Captain Porter), Captain Randall sent his boat to a small beach in the same bay, about a mile from where our boat landed, and in a short time she returned loaded with fine green turtle.

On the east side of the island there is another landing, which he calls Pat's Landing; and this place will probably immortalize an Irishman, named Patrick Watkins, who some years since left an English ship, and took up his abode on this island; built himself a miserable hut, about a mile from the landing called after him, in a valley containing about two acres of ground capable of cultivation, and perhaps the only spot on the island which affords sufficient moisture for the purpose. Here he succeeded in raising potatoes and pumpkins in considerable quantities, which he

generally exchanged for rum or sold for cash. The appearance of this man was the most dreadful that can be imagined: ragged clothes, scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, and infested with vermin; his red hair and beard matted; his skin much burnt from constant exposure to the sun, and so wild and savage in his manner and appearance that he struck every one with horror. For several years this wretched being lived by himself on this desolate spot, without any other apparent desire than that of procuring rum in sufficient quantities to keep himself intoxicated; and at such times, after an absence from his hut of several days, he would be found in a state of perfect insensibility, rolling among the rocks of the mountains. He appeared to be reduced to the lowest state of which human nature is capable, and seemed to have no desire beyond the tortoises and other animals of the island, except that of getting drunk. But this man, wretched and miserable as he may have appeared, was neither destitute of ambition, nor incapable of undertaking an enterprize that would have appalled the heart of any other man; nor was he devoid of the talent of rousing others to second his hardihood.

By some means he became possessed of an old musket and a few charges of powder and ball; and the possession of this weapon first set into action all his ambitious plans. He felt himself strong as the sovereign of the island, and was desirous of proving his strength on the first human being who fell in his way. This happened to be a negro who was left in charge of a boat belonging to an American ship that had touched there for refreshments. Patrick came down to the beach where the boat lay, armed with his musket, now become his constant companion, and ordered the negro in an authoritative manner to follow him. On his refusal he snapped his musket at him twice, but it luckily missed fire. The negro, however, became intimidated, and followed him. Patrick now shouldered his musket, marched off before, and, on his way up the mountains, exultingly informed the negro that he was thenceforth to work for him and be his slave, and that his good or bad treatment would depend on his future conduct; but on arriving at a narrow defile, the negro, perceiving Patrick off his guard, seized the opportunity, grasped him in his arms, threw him down, tied his hands behind, shouldered him and carried him to his boat, and when the crew arrived, he was taken on board the ship. An English smuggler was lying in the harbour at the same time, the captain of which sentenced Patrick to be severely whipped on board both vessels, which was put in execution, and he was afterwards taken on shore handcuffed by the Englishmen, who compelled him to make known where he had concealed the few dollars he had been enabled to accumulate from the sale of his potatoes and pumpkins, which they took from him. While they were busied in destroying his hut and garden, the wretched being made his escape, and concealed himself among the rocks in the interior of the island until the ship had sailed, when he ventured from his skulk-

ing place, and by means of an old file, which he drove into a tree, freed himself from the handcuffs.

He now meditated a severe revenge, but concealed his intentions. Vessels continued to touch there, and Patrick, as usual, to furnish them with vegetables; but from time to time he was enabled, by administering potent draughts of his darling liquor to some of the men of their crews, and making them so drunk that they were insensible, to conceal them till the ship had sailed; when, finding themselves entirely dependant on him, they willingly enlisted under his banners, became his slaves, and he the most absolute of tyrants. By these means he had augmented the number to five, including himself, and every expedient was employed by him to procure arms for them, but without effect. It is supposed that his object was to have surprised some vessel, massacred her crew, and carried her off.

While Patrick was meditating his plans, two ships, an American and an English vessel, touched there, and applied to him for vegetables. He promised them the greatest abundance, provided they would send their boats to his landing, and their people to bring them from his garden, informing them, that his rascals had become so indolent of late that he could not get them to work. This arrangement was agreed to; two boats were sent from each vessel, and hauled upon the beach. Their crews all went to Patrick's habitation, but neither he nor any of his people were to be found; and after waiting till their patience was exhausted, they returned to the beach, where they found only the wreck of three of their boats, and the fourth was missing. They succeeded, however, with much difficulty in getting round to the bay opposite to their ships, where other boats were sent to their relief; and the commanders of the ships, apprehensive of some other trick, saw no security except in a flight from the island, leaving Patrick and his gang in quiet possession of the boat; but before they sailed, they put a letter in a keg, giving intelligence of the affair, and moored it in the bay, where it was found by Captain Randall, but not until he had sent his boat to Patrick's Landing for the purpose of procuring refreshments; and, as may easily be supposed, he felt no little inquietude till her return, when she brought him a letter from Patrick, which was found in his hut.

Patrick arrived alone at Guayaquil in his open boat, the rest who sailed with him having perished for want of water, or, as is generally supposed, having been put to death by him on finding his water grow scarce. He proceeded thence to Payta, where he insinuated himself into the affection of a tawny damsel, and prevailed on her to consent to accompany him back to his island, the beauties of which he no doubt painted in glowing colours; but from his savage appearance, he was there considered by the police as a suspicious person, and being found under the keel of a small vessel then ready to be launched, and suspected of some improper intentions, he was confined in Payta gaol, where he now remains.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATE 13.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER IX.

December 27.

I HAVE this morning sent my John to the town with letters, and directions to bring me cash for a bill. I must reward these honest folks as well as I can for the relish of life which they have excited in me.

For the rest, to-day has passed with me like yesterday. Whoever would become reconciled with uniformity, let him fix his abode in this village. If it were as honourable, my dear friend, as it is convenient, to put off the reader with a commonplace for the space of fourteen or fifteen hours, I should only need to have recourse to the ordinary expedient of shallow heads, and with a long dash———to give holiday to myself and my pen. But as the uniformity of which I was just speaking is not so monotonous as you may imagine; as, moreover, Margot is gone to bed; as all around me is so quiet, and I am not tied to a few pages more or less, I know not what should prevent me from being to-day rather more circumstantial than ordinary.

I have not, indeed, like you, witnessed the performance of a new opera, or the mutilation of any other masterpiece of nature; but to make amends, I have seen, and that much more plainly than any courtier ever has the good fortune to do, all the springs of a susceptible female heart in motion—the most delightful pantomime given by love in honour of me, and of me alone. For this reason, as well as on account of the incessant compliments which it afforded me occasion to pay sometimes to my penetration, and at others to my self-love, the piece had no inconsiderable interest for me—to say nothing of many other grateful emotions of generosity, compassion, and the like.

Margot, who, while I was writing this morning, had sense enough not to disturb me, and was meanwhile employed in the out-house in explaining to my John the whole history of the silk-worm, could not, when I had dispatched him with the letters, any longer conceal her disappointment for the loss of her walk. You should only have seen how peevish she affected to be, with what tenderness she rallied me upon my scribbling, and how I hastened to promise to make her amends for it in the afternoon.

This promise restored all her good-humour. She flew to the kitchen, urged on the fire, and with such success, that the *ommelette* indeed was rather scorched, but yet we could sit down to it half an hour earlier than we should otherwise have done. For my part, I could not have relished it better had it been dressed in the highest perfection; but she did not like it, even though it was I who helped her. She was lost to every ordinary want. Her voice was tremulous as

Sappho's, and her brilliant eye fixed upon nothing between earth and heaven—except me. My experience came most seasonably to my aid. I listened not to the symphony of my heart with hers—I silenced its first accords, and could thus pay the more undivided attention to the natural *adagio* of the little *virtuosa*, which, I solemnly assure you, afforded me greater pleasure than the performance of the most complete orchestra.

No sooner had we risen from table, than the poor girl, unable to endure the house any longer, reached me my hat and stick, and tripped before me out of the cottage. When I beheld the azure sky, I felt a secret dread of the solitary walk, to which, with the utmost innocence, she sought to entice me. I thought at the moment of the listening Cupid in the most secluded corner of your park, which is certainly not the work of a bungler. I know not a more instructive personification of the god of love. The equivocal smile with which he in silence fixes his looks on the recesses of the wood—the buoyant energy which expands his wings—the slight alarm which he excites in every one who comes upon him unawares, were all fearfully present with me at the moment.

I seated myself on the wooden bench in front of the house, and taking the girl by both hands, drew her gently towards me. "Margot," said I, "before we go any farther, I have something to tell you. I have good reasons for not wishing to ascend our hill to-day."

"So have I," rejoined my companion sighing, and with a *naïveté* which had well-nigh made me forget what I was going to say.

"We will leave the beautiful almond-tree to itself to-day. Its flowers will blow without us."

"I dare say they will," replied Margot: "but what do you mean by this?"

"Margot," said I, with considerable embarrassment, "you must have heard of Cupid?"

"Not a syllable," answered she, with a look of evident surprise.

"Well then," continued I, with still greater hesitation than before, "I must tell you that it is a—a kind of robber, who is said to haunt your hill, and make it very unsafe."

"A very pretty story indeed!" cried Margot, interrupting me, and bursting into a loud laugh. "Why, there's not a word of truth in it. The hill unsafe, to be sure! I should not mind strolling through the whole wood with you, for I am certain we should meet with nobody that would do us any harm. But I am not sorry that you are afraid; for, to tell the truth, I begin to be tired of the solitary hill. It makes me dull when I look at it. Let us take a walk this afternoon to the post-place, where, as it is market-day, we shall find all the asses and people in motion."

"Good!" said I, somewhat disappointed, rising from my seat; and while Margot, merry as a child just released from school, gamboled on before, I slowly followed like a master who has just been flogging the sixth commandment into his scholars, though, with the exception of himself, not one in the whole class is capable either of comprehending or transgressing it. Was I in any better predicament with

THE EMBRACE.

my abortive apologue? Did not the reason why Margot could not understand me lie in her youth and innocence, as did her present ardent desire of diversion in that pleasingly painful emotion with which she was not yet familiar, and which she strove to suppress?

You may judge, Edward, whether the sweet girl, enveloped with the brilliant radiance of nature, in which she this day appeared to me like a suffering saint, was not dearer to me than ever. I must have been either a Turk or a brute to have entertained the idea which suggested itself immediately after the failure of my first attempt at instruction, and to have abused the highly vaunted Socratic method, for the purpose of enlightening the artless girl as to her real situation; or, which would have been the same thing, to disturb the must in its fermentation in order to intoxicate myself with it. "No," said I, "let me rather pass on thirsty, and leave the coming wine pure and unadulterated for him for whom fortune and time reserve this cordial."

I was firmly resolved, during the few days that I had yet to spend in the company of this extraordinary creature, to confine myself to the moderate pleasure of observing her; and, above all, not to defer my departure—I will not say for a few months, as my evil genius had several times suggested—even a single hour beyond the stated period.

Engaged with these heroic ideas, I reached the post-place some minutes after Margot; but it was not long before I found my apprehensions verified. Her feverish uneasiness would not allow her to remain on one spot. Scarcely had we seen one ass come in, and another trot away, when she wanted to go farther. She walked pensively along the high-road, and I followed her without objection through the dust. She presently hung herself familiarly to my arm, and thus we strolled silently on, till, without perceiving it, we had got within a few hundred paces of the gate of the town. The paved road had fatigued her. We therefore sat down on one of the stone benches, with which the French streets are abundantly provided for the accommodation of pedestrians, and gazed at the moving picture that lay before us.

Meanwhile Margot became so extremely thoughtful, that I could not help looking at her with surprise, but without being able to discover immediately what was passing in her breast. What her tongue was incapable of explaining when I inquired the cause of her dejection, was so much the more eloquently expressed by her blood, which tinged her angelic face with the glow of innocence and roses, and compelled me, in spite of myself, to repay this involuntary confession of her disinterested attachment with a most fervent kiss.

At the delicious moment, which the overflowing heart won from staggered reason, a phaëton rolled from a cross-road behind us into the highway, and passed slowly by during my embrace. I raised my head, and met the contemptuous looks cast upon me and my darling by a man without physiognomy—in a word, by the celebrated author of the *Revolution in Portugal*, whom

I had met at Nismes. I was as confounded as if it had been the first time that I was ever exposed to the hasty judgment of a coxcomb when outward appearances were against me. With my long experience of a court, I had not yet learned to disregard such freaks of chance, and to exclaim with the honest man in Plautus—forgive me for quoting Latin—*Ego sum promus meo pectori; suspicio in alieno pectore est sita.* No, I was vexed to the bottom of my heart, both at the impossibility of explaining the innocent circumstances attending such a kiss to a man of his stamp, and at the sarcastic remarks with which he would gain the applause of his evening party at my expense; till at length I began to quarrel with myself for being weak enough to be vexed at such miserable trifles.

I knew not how to help myself over this mortification in any other way, than by aggravating the only fault that I knew of him, and dishing it up in this way for little Margot:—"That ugly man who passed us just now has written the most wretched, stupid poem that is to be found in all France; a tragedy without life or spirit—as long and unmeaning as the author's nose."

Margot, however, paid not the least attention to what I said. "There comes your John," was her only reply.

In truth, my criticism deserved no other. We rose, and went to meet my faithful John, who familiarly joined us. I forgot the baron, Margot hummed a song, and while a fine evening brought us slowly home, John gave me an account of his proceedings in town.

December 23.

If I had reason to be satisfied with yesterday, I have infinitely more cause to be pleased with today. You know, or at least you will know if you ever read as far as this, the state of poor Margot's heart. On my part, indeed, it requires extraordinary resolution to refrain from offering her relief. Her former cheerfulness is quite gone, and to the other symptoms are now added restless nights. What will become of the poor girl?

I lay fast asleep in my closet, when I was awakened as I imagined by her voice, but it was only the sound of the sighs that burst from her bosom. As all was silent around us, I suffered not a breath to escape by which my oppressed heart sought to lighten itself—not one of those wishes concentrated into a gentle *Ah!* which course through the blood, and betray themselves to the observer before they are audible to the innocent soul, like the breeze upon the Æolian harp. But for this violence to myself, we should have produced the most singular concert of sighs that ever was performed; for the more attentively I listened, the more difficult it became every moment for me not to join her.

How glad was I when the day began to dawn, and when I could soon afterwards quit my bed with honour! I passed hers without accident, but carried with me a heart so full of sympathetic feelings, as to prevent me from thinking of any thing else during my solitary walk. I know not, therefore, how swiftly, or how slowly, I ascended the hill; all I recollect is, that this morning it seemed neither lofty, nor exten-

sive, nor romantic enough. I must unconsciously have descended on the other side, for, when the most ludicrous of adventures recalled my presence of mind, I found myself in the midst of an unknown wilderness, perceived my pine-hill some miles distant, and could scarcely discern Caverac with my naked eye.

Is it worth while that the three graces of human life, Truth, Nature, and Friendship, should jointly endeavour to place before you the most ridiculous figure in which you ever beheld a man possessing his sober senses? If you think so, I shall be obliged to prefix a few observations. In my opinion, people ought not to shake their heads at such pictures, and to condemn their author, unless, like Rousseau, he places them with a mysterious mien upon the altar of immortality, and directs in a codicil, provided with an anathema, that they shall not be exhibited to the world till twenty years after he has returned to his kindred dust. But wherefore all this ceremony? According to my present way of thinking—and God grant that I may long continue in it!—I would not give one hour of health to be known by name to the second generation.

I had strolled into the thickest part of a trackless wood, unconscious whether it was the radiance of Aurora or the beams of the moon that lighted my steps. Imagination dwelt on the passion with which I had inspired the innocent Margot; it reproached me with the cruelty of abandoning her to despair; and boldly plunging into futurity, pictured our bridal chamber. In all the undisguised bloom of youthful beauty, she stood trembling with rapture before me. The Loves and the Joys spread their wings around us; intoxicated with transport, I extended my arms, and caught in my embrace ——— the rugged trunk of an aged fig-tree.

Painful as was this collision, for I had received a very severe contusion on the forehead, I refrained from cursing the fig-tree, and bore it with a resignation which would have done honour to a stoic. I waited till the pain occasioned by the embrace had somewhat abated, and then—sufficiently cooled—I set out on my return.

When I had almost reached the pine-hill, I heard a voice calling me. I raised my eyes and beheld the most delicious rural prospect that can be conceived; I looked down the hill, and saw through the bushes a nymph-like figure, light as Zephyr—in short, it was my dear little Margot, in whose honour I bore the mark upon my brow, come skipping to meet me. A little lower down my John emerged from the thicket, and in the background I perceived my host following, armed with a hatchet.

"Oh, sir!" cried Margot, sinking breathless into my arms—"for Heaven's sake, where have you staid so long? How you have frightened me and all of us! For this hour past John and I have been seeking you on this detestable hill. We have looked into every corner and every bush. Where—where have you been?"—Presently up came John, and soon afterwards Blaise, and repeated the same questions.

"Why, my friends," replied I smiling, "it is no wonder that I should return later than I ought

from such an agreeable walk as I have had this morning.—You should have looked for me two hours earlier, Margot; then you might have enjoyed it with me, and spared yourself the ridiculous alarm which you seem to have felt on my account."

"Indeed," rejoined Blaise, "she has been alarmed: she has made quite a child of herself."

As I now happened to take off my hat to wipe away the perspiration, Margot perceiving my forehead covered with blood, gave a piercing shriek. "Did I not say so?" cried she with a tremulous voice; "but nobody would believe me."

"And what would they not believe, Margot?" I asked in astonishment.

"That you had fallen," replied the others, "into the hands of a robber, who, as she would fain persnade us, haunts this hill."

The poor girl appealed to me to confirm the truth of the story, and insisted that the contusion on my forehead was too palpable a proof of it. Aware that my auditory was not of so refined a cast that a mythological explanation might have extricated me from the dilemma—knowing that Margot had no notion, that every thing which is told us should not be taken literally—and totally at a loss for a satisfactory answer, I sought, like a good politician, to gain time, pretended to be more hungry than I really was, and begged Margot to run on before, that on our arrival we might find upon the table something ready to eat. She gives no occasion for repeating a desire of this kind. Away she flew like Anacreon's dove, and John along with her, while my host and I followed them more leisurely.

By the way he related to me how the dear girl's anxiety at my unusual absence had increased every moment; how no representations were capable of quieting her, and how she was at last proposing to summon the whole village to go in quest of and assist me.

"But," continued he, "how came you by that ugly wound on your forehead?"

"I blundered against a fig-tree, my dear fellow," replied I--"that's all."

"So, so," rejoined he laughing: "that's an accident which might happen to any of us. Nobody can always guard against a false step.--But, take care; such an explanation will be far too natural for our silly girl. Now she has once got the confounded robber into her head, there will be no such thing as convincing her, that it was not he who gave you that mark."

Honest Blaise could not have supposed, that his simple tale was so interesting to me as it really proved to be. Little did he imagine that he was describing in the most eloquent terms the passion of his niece for me, whilst, as he believed, he was diverting me with her simplicity. He never dreamt that there was a stronger feeling of truth in the childish prattle of young Margot, than in many other tales to which we readily give credit. But then indeed he was not so well acquainted as myself with the secret connection of my wound with the absurd story related by his niece; nor could he have any conception how closely truth and error here bordered on one another.

As soon as we had reached the

house, we sat down with equal appetite to table, with the exception of Margot, who, from extreme curiosity, which she had also communicated to her aunt, could not taste a morsel. My story, as you will easily believe, was not one of those of which we like to be reminded: the examination of the little simpleton was of course not the most agreeable. I would gladly have got rid of her interrogations—but that was impossible. Her uncle indeed, on the first *mad* question, as he called it, silenced her for the time that we were eating: but no sooner had we risen from table, and my host and his wife gone about their respective business, than the little flattering creature was by my side; and while she applied a plaister to my forehead and pressed it on with her hands, she prattled away in a tone of the most serious compassion, without suspecting how unmercifully she was rallying me. "Then you have really met with that rogue--that Cupid? Good God! how terrified you must have been! Was it a large stone that he threw at you? How did you contrive to escape with your life? Do tell me all about it!"

"Margot," said I, to put an end at once to the conversation, "I will tell you in two words.—I saw the rogue of whom I warned you yesterday, but only at a distance; I took courage—(which in your case would be foolhardiness)—pursued, and fancied I had caught him, when, in my eager haste, I ran against the tree behind which he concealed himself—you see the lump which the blow has left—and when I looked round, he was gone."

"Gone!" cried she. "Well, for your sake I am heartily glad he did go. 'Tis the best thing that can happen when you will not run away yourself. But," continued the arch hussy, "what are our vagabonds to you? and what in all the world would you have done with Cupid if you had caught him? Would you have gone to the expense of bringing him to trial? Our parish, I assure you, is a great deal too poor for that."

"You are right, pretty Margot," replied I with all the gravity I could muster. "I was certainly too precipitate, and you would therefore oblige me by talking no more upon the subject.—But, my dear girl," said I, fixing my eyes stedfastly on hers, "it seems to me as if you had become since yesterday much more inquisitive, more timid, and more feeling, than I have hitherto known you?"

A sudden blush—I would not undertake to say that it did not originate in the consciousness left behind from her first restless night—crimsoned her lovely face, and formed a charming contrast with her evident surprise at my unexpected question. I almost repented of my bluntness. However, I gained one point by it: she desisted from her inquiries, probably presupposing, that in return I should not prosecute mine.

Under the influence of this silent compact, which each party most solemnly observed, we passed the remainder of the day in our usual good-humour. I retired early to bed, as well from inclination, as from a wish to give my friends, who seemed to be tired, an opportunity to do the same.

HISTORY OF PEREGRINE PIROUETTE.

Our childish days are said to be the happiest of our lives. This observation, though generally true, admits of some exceptions, and the little Peregrine Pirouette was one of them. He had the misfortune to be a complete dunce, and though he was literally flogged through the five declensions, yet when his education was finished, he knew so little of what he had been taught, that his father declared with a sigh, the money expended on his education might as well have been thrown into the Thames. He was, however, mistaken in saying that Peregrine did not know any one thing he had learned, for he danced extremely well; and that was in truth the sum total of his knowledge.

Mr. Pirouette had intended his son for one of the learned professions, but as his want of talent and information rendered that plan impracticable, he resolved to try to procure him a situation in one of the public offices, which, as he had himself a place under government, he flattered himself would not be a difficult matter.

Sudden death prevented the execution of Mr. Pirouette's plan, and Peregrine was left, at the age of twenty, without fortune or profession. To the surprise of every body, he contrived to maintain a genteel appearance, and continued to be received in the best company. People indeed wondered at and blamed his idleness, but Pirouette, whose head was full of a scheme to make his fortune, went quietly on in pursuit of it, without troubling himself about the censures bestowed upon him.

Peregrine's plan was to make, if he could, a good matrimonial speculation, but the chances were apparently by no means in his favour; his figure indeed was good, but his features were plain, or rather ugly, and though his address was pleasing and gentlemanly, there was nothing in his person or manners likely to captivate a lady. He made, however, such a good use of his talent for dancing, that he soon ingratiated himself into the favour of some managing mammas who had handsome daughters to dispose of. Nobody understood the art of shewing off his partner to advantage so well as Peregrine, and if the young lady attracted the notice of a man of fortune or title, a hint from the mamma made him resign her hand with the best grace in the world.

Pirouette soon began to be looked on as extremely useful in bringing young ladies forward, and my readers will readily believe, that there were few fashionable balls to which he was not invited. In truth, these invitations were useful to him in more ways than one; for the refreshments frequently answered the double purpose of dinner and supper, as, in the midst of his gaiety, he was often obliged to practise the most rigid abstinence: however, he always contrived to wear good clothes and a happy countenance, for he had *tact* enough to know, that his only chance of success lay in appearing to want nothing.

With all his apparently careless good-humour, Peregrine did not for a moment lose sight of his scheme. In the brilliant parties to

which he was invited, his attentions were not directed to youth and beauty; no, the plain but well-portioned damsel, or the rich dowager, was his object, and they never failed to lend a gracious ear to the compliments he assiduously paid them: but these ladies were in general as skilful manœuvrers as Peregrine himself. They considered him as a desirable dangler, but not one of them thought seriously of bestowing her fortune upon a man who had none of his own; and our poor speculator was nearly reduced to despair, when chance threw him in the way of the widow Autumn.

Mrs. Autumn was just turned of forty, but though past her prime, she was still a fine woman, good-humoured, good-natured, and neither mercenary nor ambitious.

Peregrine, who was introduced to her at a ball, solicited very respectfully the honour of her hand. She replied gaily, that she was too old to dance. Peregrine listened to her with an air of incredulity, extremely flattering to a lady of her age, and contradicted her assertion with a warmth which, upon any other subject, would not have been polite. If Mrs. Autumn had a fault, it was an impatience of contradiction; which, however, did not appear in the present instance, for she not only forgave the warmth with which Peregrine opposed her, but even permitted him to remain at her side the whole evening.

Sensible that the widow would be to him an invaluable prize, Peregrine continued to pay her the most assiduous attention, and took care to manage so as to let her see how much he was in request among the young and handsome fashionables with whom he mixed. This circumstance pleaded powerfully in his favour; the widow's vanity was flattered by attaching to herself a man, who, though he was neither witty, handsome, nor rich, possessed an equivalent for all three in being the fashion. She had contracted when young a marriage of convenience, she now found herself inclined to make a match of affection: however, she still combated her inclination, and frequently said to herself, "After I have refused so many eligible offers, to give my hand to a man whose chief recommendation is, that he is a fine dancer—oh! at my age it will be too ridiculous!"

While her mind was in this fluctuating state, an accident decided her. Lord Listless had dangled for a considerable time after the beautiful Miss Bellair, without coming to the point, and in hopes of bringing him to it, the lady commenced a flirtation with Peregrine, which she carried so far that Mrs. Autumn, apprehensive of losing him, yielded to his ardent solicitations, and bestowed upon him her hand and fortune. It is now two years since the marriage took place, and as yet she has had no reason to repent it.

Since his marriage has given him riches and consequence, Peregrine does not go so often as he did to balls; but when his lady gives one, it is sure to be attended by all the beauty and fashion in town; and while Peregrine exhibits his skill in the waltz or quadrille, she listens with pleasure to her guests' declaration, that Mr. Pironette is certainly the very best private dancer in England.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF PRISCILLA OLDSKIRTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,——As I presume the account of the distresses of an amateur, introduced into some of your late numbers, is drawn up by my sweet husband, I suppose I may be allowed to reply; and since he has begun to expose his concerns to the whole world, I am determined he shall not do it without reason. You have chosen, Mr. Editor, to interfere between man and wife; this you have done in more instances than one, as the pages of your *Repository* bear witness. Have a care, or you may repent of this: domestic concerns are not to be laid open with impunity; and you, who must have read much, must be well aware that a woman's indignation is not to be despised. If you do not suffer for interfering in matrimonial squabbles, you will, I believe, be the only person on record who has escaped with impunity for such flagitious—yes, sir, I am right in my word *flagitious*—proceedings. It has ever been the disgrace of your sex to triumph over ours, to deceive us into wedlock; and although we do match you for this in our opposition to your wishes, yet the natural inclination which we all have to conquer you entirely, still leaves us impatient under your dominion. Pleased, nay delighted, with the idea of marrying a literary character, I easily fell a prey to the arts and seemingly agreeable manners of a man, to whom I condescended to give my hand. Love and poetry lit up the torch of Hymen; and, as Mr. Phillips would say, the rosy halo of the first hovered round our heads, while the latter stimulated the urgency of our union: but, alas! sir, as the song says, "What was my pride is now my shame." Bitterly have I repented the choice I made. Before we were married, the sonnets he composed were delightful, for they were in praise of me; the poems, the novels he used to read to me, fanned the flame of my love, and drove *ennui* from my doors. I could stroll with him all day, I could suffer the incense he offered at my shrine, because it was I who inspired all his verses; and to be like Waller's Sacharissa, Hammond's Delia, or Spenser's Geraldine—I think that was the name of the latter gentleman's lady—nay, even if I might become like Swift's Vanessa, or even his Stella, was a bait my silly heart caught at to rivet my chains; but now he neglects me, and does not even treat me with a single "Fare thee well for ever!" If I give my opinion, he is silent; if I want him to walk, he is engaged; and if to read out, he has a cough, a sore throat, or no time. I, however, became the wife of a professed scribbler, to be made the sport of that pen I once so much admired, and am now held up by it as a warning to the rest of the world; and, like the wife of a certain Methodist clergyman not many miles from Blackfriars bridge, I am pointed at as a beacon for every one to avoid marrying who possesses such faults as those from which my husband is presumed to be a sufferer; in short, I serve only "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

In vain I expostulate, he hears me not; occupied at breakfast, dinner, or tea, with a book, he regards me not, except irritated at length with my complaints, he snatches up his volume, and declaring he has not been able to understand a page, owing to my confounded rattle, he bursts out of the room. He has become to me at once a neglecter of my charms as well as my tormentor; and this appeal is forced from me not in the hope of relief, but in order to shew him that I will have the last word either by hook or by crook. He has ceased to be a companion to me; 'tis true he bursts out occasionally into speech, but it is in notes of admiration of his own talents, or interjections at my want of comprehension for some of his fine similes. His words, vented in monosyllables, soon subside; or else he dogmatical, and myself categorical, rend the air with our voices. Every day passes without a period or full-stop to my troubles. If he writes poetry, it is on other charms than mine; if it be prose, I am called upon every moment to look into the dictionary, for he is but a moderate speller, to search for authorities I can never find, and to be castigated as stupid because I am not wiser—which, in good truth, it is very easy to be—than himself. My rooms are littered over with dirty manuscripts, volumes, and papers. The *devil* is constantly at our door, destroying the comfort of our meals; and I hear nothing all day long but demands for copy, delays of proofs. Our children are driven out, that he may enjoy *solus* some fine idea; and when he goes to press, I am called upon to read some uninteresting detail, to be chidden for mistakes of his own creating, to refer to volumes, and to collect errata, of which he has always a plentiful stock. He acts like nobody else: every body shuns the author and his wife; or if by chance we do go out for *a cup of tea*, every body seems afraid of my husband except myself, who know that he is a *very* mortal: If the exertions of his pen were profitable resources; if I were enabled to sport a larger house, or dress like Mrs. Grundy, I should not grumble. You, sir, best know what remuneration he gets for detailing his troubles in your magazine; and I know not how many novels, narratives, with biographical and topographical schemes, have fallen stillborn from the press. I would say more, but he is coming up stairs; besides, my family demand my attention. My little Sappho has yet to learn her letters; Pensorosa has torn her frock in romping; Euphrosyne is crying because her dancing lesson begins to-day; Petrarch has torn his book; and my youngest Apollo is scraping a fiddle close to my ears: so, sir, no more at present from yours, as you conduct yourself in future, P. Oldskirts.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

To S. Sagephiz, *Esq.*

Sir,——You have, I dare say, been long ago convinced of the truth of our modern Terence's observation, that "Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway." To her magic influence must we attri-

bute not only the changes which take place in our dress, but our manners, education, and even in some respects our morals, are influenced by her. The ladies especially are, and have been time immemorial, under her guidance. In the days of Elizabeth, of glorious memory, fair ones of exalted rank sought celebrity in the paths of science; it was fashionable to be deeply versed in Greek and Latin, and the royal Bess herself led the mode. But what were the acquirements of the virgin queen and her maids of honour compared to those of our modern fashionables, who, disdaining the beaten track of their great-grandmothers, come out, as it is termed, at seventeen or eighteen with a stock of knowledge, which in former days it would have taken a whole life to acquire! As a proof of the truth of this assertion, I need only remind you of the various pursuits of a modern *belle*, who, besides the old accomplishments of music, singing, dancing, the languages, &c. &c. &c. must, if she is at all distinguished in *le beau monde*, study botany, chemistry, mineralogy, chronology, conchology, craniology, and the Lord knows how many *ologies* besides.

But my idea of the power of fashion has led me into a digression which I did not intend to make; my object in writing to you, Mr. Adviser, being in fact to request your assistance in rendering fashionable a new regimen which I mean to introduce for the benefit of married men, whose staunch support I flatter myself with receiving. My regimen is intended solely for the ladies; by conforming to it, the natural disposition will in course of time be either completely changed, or at least very much modified; nor will they find any difficulty in following my prescription, which, in fact, is merely a milk diet: not, however, of the description now used—no, my fair patients must be restricted to the milk of those animals who possess the qualities they are desirous of acquiring: as, for example, if a husband finds his wife sullen, obstinate, or violent, he has only to obtain her consent to live for a certain time on sheep's, hind's, or spaniel's milk, and he will find those faults, if not quite eradicated, at least so much softened as to be very little perceptible.

On the other hand, a husband, whose helpmate happens to be deficient in shrewdness, need not be at the trouble to regulate her conduct, or conceal the blunders which she may occasionally make. If she will only confine herself to fox's milk for a certain period, her natural stupidity will disappear; and if she does not become wise, she will at least possess what is often mistaken for wisdom—cunning.

I have no doubt, Mr. Adviser, that you will see at a glance the essential benefit which mankind must receive from the general adoption of my system, and I hope that the philanthropy which you profess, will induce you to recommend it warmly to your fair readers. I must observe, however, that it is absolutely necessary for such as mean to give it a trial, to consult me before they begin, as every thing depends upon the patient being in a proper state to receive the remedy. In order to prepare for it, I have invented certain pills and powders of sovereign efficacy, after taking which I shall be able

to decide on the quantity of milk necessary for my patient to swallow, as well as the length of time she must persevere in taking it. *Entre nous*, Mr. Adviser, my finances are at present rather deranged; and although my principal object is the public good, yet I see no reason why I should not follow the example of other great projectors, in taking a little care of my own private interest.

Should my plan be honoured with your approbation, I shall be truly happy to exercise my skill gratis upon any of your female relations who may stand in need of my remedy. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

DAVID DRENCHWELL.

As I have all the old-fashioned prejudices against innovation, I must own that the fanciful system of my correspondent does not meet with my approbation. I shall not, however, trouble him with any advice against introducing it, as I conceive that his utmost efforts will not be able to gain for it a fair trial, since its general adoption must depend upon the ladies; and as his patients are to consist only of those who are willing to admit that their natural disposition requires to be changed, or at least modified, I fancy my readers will agree with me, that their number is likely to prove very inconsiderable.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Continued from p. 83.)

1760.

June 3. THE Reverend Dean and Chapter of Westminster held a jubilee in commemoration of Queen Elizabeth, who founded Westminster School. They marched in grand procession from the hall to the cathedral, where Purcell's grand *Te Deum* was performed, and a sermon preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Zachary Pearse, Bishop of Rochester, and dean of that cathedral. The figure of that queen in wax was also set up in the abbey.

August 25. The materials of the three following city gates have been sold, before the committee of lands, to Mr. Blagdon, a carpenter in Coleman-street: Aldgate for 157*l.* 10*s.* Cripplegate 91*l.* Ludgate 148*l.* The purchaser is to begin to pull down the two first on the 1st of September, and Ludgate on the 4th, and is to clear away all the rubbish, &c. in two months from those days.

1761.

April 30. A corn-meter's place of this city was sold for 251*0l.*

December 21. The Earl of Bute has presented Winchester College with a bronze statue of their founder, William of Wykeham, supposed to have been done in the fourteenth century.

1762.

June 2. At an auction at Sir Henry Parker's at Talton in Worcestershire, the Seasons by Titian sold for 220*l.*: for this painting 500*l.* had been some time since refused. [*Query*, Who has it now?]

August 13. Died, George Chippendale, in Newgate: he was res-

pited in order to have his leg cut off to try the effect of a new-invented styptic, but as it was not tried, he was pardoned on condition of being transported for life.

1766.

March 26. The coins of Joseph Tilson Lockyer, Esq. sold at Mr. Langford's, at Covent-Garden, at very high prices. A coin of Edward the Black Prince for 25*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* the commonwealth half-crown for 12*l.* and Oliver Cromwell's farthing for 6*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

1767.

June 27. Signior Tenducci renounced the errors of Popery, and embraced the Protestant religion, in Dublin.

1769.

January 2. This day the Royal Academy of Arts was opened, and a general assembly of the academicians was held, when several bye laws and regulations were agreed to for the government of the society; after which the whole assembly adjourned to St. Alban's tavern, where an elegant entertainment was provided, at which were present many of the principal nobility, patrons of the polite arts. An ode suitable to the occasion was performed by the best masters.

April 26. The exhibition of the Royal Academy in Pall-Mall was opened for the first time, and was crowded with people of the first fashion. The encouragement given to this infant institution by royal patronage, is already visible in the works of genius there exhibited.

May 30. Died, Miss Elliot, a favourite dramatic performer. She has left 800*l.* among her poor relations. [Probably this was the sister of the original Maria in *The Citizen*, as the friend of Murphy is reported to have died in great distress in Middlesex Hospital, warning her sister to reform by her ill end: or is this statement to be considered as a total contradiction of that report? I know of but one Miss Elliot a *dramatic* performer.]

30*th.* It is reported that the lady of Mr. Sterne, the ingenious author of *Tristram Shandy*, who was buried at Mary-bone, has been taken up and anatomized by a surgeon at Oxford. That gentleman, though happy in a fertile genius, does not seem to have been happy through life. He lived during the first period of his life in obscurity and poverty, and in the latter part in a state of separation from his wife, who chose rather to retire into a convent in France, with her amiable daughter, than live in England under the daily provocations of an unkind husband; for though the Rev. Mr. Sterne was a great wit, it cannot be said he was a desirable companion for a woman of delicacy. [If she retired to a convent in France, how came she in Mary-bone churchyard?]

June 5. The royal academicians gave an entertainment at their house in Pall-Mall in honour of his majesty's birthday, and in the evening the whole front of the Royal Academy was illuminated with transparent paintings and lamps of various colours. In the centre compartment appeared a graceful female seated, representing Painting surrounded with genii, some of which guided her pencil, whilst others dictated subjects

to her. At her feet were various youths employed in the study of the art; and over her head hovered a celestial form representing Royal Munificence, attended by several other figures, supporting a cornucopia filled with honours and rewards. The whole piece was executed by Mr. Cipriani, R. A. On the left side of the painting, in another compartment, was represented by a female figure, Sculpture, standing upon a rock of marble, holding in one hand an antiquated bust, and in the other a chisel and mallet: this compartment was executed by Mr. West, R. A. On the right side of the painting, in a third compartment, was represented by another female figure, Architecture, in a contemplative attitude, holding in her hand a compass, being surrounded with buildings, and having at her feet the basket and acanthus root, which gave rise to the Corinthian order: this subject was executed by Mr. Dance, R. A. Immediately beyond the centre compartment was a tablet with this inscription: "Royal Academy of Arts instituted 1768;" and upon the tablet was placed a medallion, in which were represented portraits of their Majesties, by Mr. Penny, R. A. The medallion was surrounded with festoons of laurel, roses, and myrtle, interwoven with trophies of arms and attributes of Venus and the Graces, painted by Mr. Richards and Mr. Wale, R. A. and others were enriched with stars and various figures in lamps of different colours. The top of the building was terminated by a large imperial crown, and various pyramids, &c. in lamps of different colours.

(To be continued.)

THE REVENGE.

SHORTLY before the French revolution broke out in 1789, the Marquis de Moncey, a nobleman of illustrious birth but contracted fortune, had an opportunity of making a very advantageous purchase of some property, but wanting ready money to complete it, he applied to Monsieur Restaud for the loan of a considerable sum.

Restaud was a man of low origin, who had, by a course of honest and persevering industry, acquired an immense fortune; to inherit which he had only one child, a son, at that period about eighten, who was a fine promising young man, and Restaud, who was extremely fond of him, had spared no expense on his education.

The marquis, after opening his business, began to talk of the length of time it would be before he could repay the money, and the security which he proposed giving. "Monsieur marquis," said Restaud interrupting him, "I have a plan to propose, which will, if you chuse to accede to it, entirely obviate all the inconveniencies you must be put to, to repay this sum. But my plan may perhaps bear a little hard upon your pride: if so, monsieur marquis, speak freely; I shall not be less ready to lend you the money."—"What is your plan, my good friend?" said De Moncey.

Restaud now, with some little circumlocution, unfolded it, and De Moncey listened with consider-

able surprise to the proposal of an alliance between his only daughter and the son of Restaud.

The deepest crimson flushed the cheek of the marquis at an offer which he was at first inclined to regard as an insult, but a few minutes' reflection changed his ideas. His property was barely adequate to the support of his rank, and he had three sons and a daughter to provide for. The eldest son would of course inherit his estate; the two others were destined for the army: in case his daughter married young Restaud, it would be easy to secure their promotion, as he knew enough of Restaud's general character, to be certain that he would not be sparing of his gold among his noble relatives. All these considerations enabled him to smooth his ruffled brow, and reply to the honest *bourgeois* with all the address of a courtier.

After professing himself delighted with all he had heard of François, he said, that as he could venture to answer for the consent of the *marquise*, the business might be looked upon as settled; but from the extreme youth of his daughter, he would wish the marriage might be deferred a few months. In the mean time he made no objection to comply with the desire of Restaud, that Mademoiselle de Moncey should be taken from her convent, and introduced to François as her future husband.

It required, however, all his rhetoric to bring his wife over to his opinion, and it was with much difficulty that he gained her consent to an alliance which she looked upon as a disgrace to her family.

As soon, however, as her consent was obtained, Mademoiselle de Moncey was brought home, and the regrets which François had felt at what he considered as a very arbitrary measure, vanished at the first sight of his intended bride. Pauline de Moncey was then just fifteen, and her exquisite beauty might have turned an older head than that of François: but she had stronger attractions than those of mere beauty; her heart was excellent, her temper uncommonly amiable, and with all the simplicity of her age, her talents were of the first order. It is not wonderful that Pauline, brought up as she was in habits of perfect obedience, should look with a favourable eye on her youthful intended, who was in fact as amiable as herself. A short time sufficed to render them deeply enamoured of each other, but, as our immortal bard observes,

"The course of true love never does run smooth."

Almost on the eve of their marriage, the marquis's eldest son was seized with a dangerous illness: their nuptials were of course deferred till he should recover, but week succeeded week and no alteration for the better took place. Meanwhile the troubles which had for some time agitated France, took a very serious turn; the republican faction grew every day stronger, and De Moncey, who was from principle a strict royalist, was shocked and surprised to find, that Restaud openly espoused the opposite party. This difference of opinion soon created a decided animosity between them, and although François kept himself entirely aloof from politics, De Moncey thought his moderation was only a blind to conceal his real

sentiments, and felt assured that he was at heart a republican.

Unfortunately, at this period the young De Moncey died, and this circumstance protracted the union of our lovers for a considerable time. François still continued to visit at the marquis's as the intended husband of Pauline; but he was received by all but herself with a coldness which filled his mind with the most mournful presages.

Unfortunately, they were too soon realized. Mons. St. Amand, a gentleman of distinguished family and affluent fortune, saw and admired Pauline. Her engagement to young Restaud was generally known; but St. Amand was a man of the world; he saw that it would be easy to bring matters to an open rupture between Restaud and the Marquis. He effected this with very little trouble, and immediately made the marquise the most splendid proposals for Pauline.

Madame de Moncey had never been cordially inclined to the match with François, and all her intended son-in-law's good qualities had not conquered the disgust with which his obscure birth inspired her. She gladly seized a trifling pretext to forbid him her house, and to declare, that, in consequence of the behaviour of his father, the projected union between the families was at an end.

Young Restaud did not acquiesce quietly in these new arrangements; he wrote letter after letter, which madame la marquise returned unopened, and he besieged the hotel of De Moncey, who continued deaf to his prayers and supplications, till old Restaud, who was now as averse to the match as De Moncey himself, alarmed at his perseverance, contrived to send him to a considerable distance from Paris on business. His departure was eagerly seized by the marquise, who had procured her husband's consent to the marriage of St. Amand with Pauline, and in spite of the hapless girl's tears and reluctance, she was compelled to give him her hand. A rumour of the intended marriage reached François, and with the speed of lightning he hastened to Paris. The ceremony had been performed the evening before his return, and was not yet generally known. François was aware that he should not gain admission in his own character; he disguised himself in the habit of a peasant, and declaring himself charged with a letter from the steward of De Moncey, which he was ordered to deliver into the marquis's own hand, he was admitted. He flung himself at the feet of the marquis, and with a voice almost choked with emotion, demanded his betrothed bride.

Thus called upon, De Moncey revealed, as gently as he could, the marriage of his daughter; but he more than half repented his having enforced it, when he saw the effect which his intelligence produced upon François.

For some moments the power of speech was denied the unhappy youth, but the livid paleness which stole over his features, and the strong convulsion which shook his frame, proved the conflict within. De Moncey, with an air of commiseration, held out his hand; but François scornfully repulsed it.—"You have then, unnatural father," cried he with vehemence, "de-

stroyed the happiness of your child; you have immolated us both at the shrine of prejudice; but tremble to think, that the hour of retribution may not be far distant! Tremble to think, that the man whose heart you have thus cruelly stabbed, may one day be avenged!"

As he spoke he rushed out of the room, leaving on the mind of the marquis a vague sensation of terror, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off.

St. Amand, who was extremely sanguine, had persuaded De Moncey, that the revolutionary faction would be speedily crushed; but on the contrary, every day augmented its power. Indignant at the insults offered to the king, the two young De Monceys used some unguarded expressions, for which they were arrested and thrown into prison; the unfortunate marquis had a private intimation given him, that their deaths were resolved on, and that flight was the only means to preserve himself and the rest of his family from a similar fate.

After encountering many dangers, the marquis and marquise, with St. Amand and Pauline, landed in England. In the hurry of his escape, he had secured but a small sum: this circumstance, however, did not make him very unhappy, for he still cherished the hope, that his royal master's authority would soon be re-established, and that in a short time he should be able to return to Paris.

St. Amand was less confident; he feared, and justly, that the step they had taken in leaving the country, though one of absolute necessity, would be used to their destruction. His fears were too soon realized; the property of both was seized in the name of the nation. That of St. Amand was purchased by a near relation of his own, who had taken part with the republican faction from the beginning; and the estates of De Moncey were bought by François Restaud, who was now, by the death of his father, become one of the richest men in France.

This news was literally a death-blow to St. Amand, he never held up his head afterwards. Passionately attached to his wife, his conscience reproached him with having been the means of plunging her into poverty and sorrow. De Moncey could not refrain from expressing his grief and indignation at the infamous conduct of François; and St. Amand's knowledge, that he was himself the cause of young Restaud's becoming the possessor of De Moncey's property, was a constant thorn to his heart.

A few months after his arrival in England, St. Amand breathed his last, and his death was soon followed by that of the marquise, who had drooped from the moment she quitted France.

Bitter were the tears shed by De Moncey and his unhappy Pauline over the grave of the unfortunate marquise; but Madame St. Amand had little time for the indulgence of sorrow. The money which her father had brought with him was now exhausted, and but for her incessant efforts to obtain a livelihood with her needle, they must have wanted bread.

The unhappiness of De Moncey was increased by learning, that Restaud had tried every means to discover where he was, and as the threat of vengeance which François had uttered was never forgotten by De Moncey, he conceived that Res-

taud had laid some plan for his destruction; and he changed his lodging for one still more obscure, and assumed another name.

The unhappy marquis seemed destined to drain the cup of sorrow to the very dregs. Nearly five years had passed, and hope, the last comfort of the wretched, was almost extinct in his breast. One day while Pauline was out on business, he heard a voice which he thought he recollected, inquire for Monsieur de Vaux (the name he had assumed); in a few moments his door opened, and François stood before him. Though much altered, De Moncey recollected him instantly. François glanced his eyes round the apartment, and his lips quivered as he surveyed the wretched dwelling of his still beloved Pauline.

"For what purpose, monsieur," said De Moncey haughtily, "do you thus presume to intrude upon me?"

"For a purpose, marquis, which I avowed at our last meeting—the gratification of my revenge."

He closed the door as he spoke, and advanced towards De Moncey, who retreated a few steps. "Is then my ruin insufficient to content you?" cried he: "not satisfied with revelling in my fortune, would you also take my life?"

A deep glow of indignation suffused the wan cheek of François. "Prejudiced and misjudging man," cried he with a disdainful smile, "would that be revenge? Already have you bereft me of happiness; think you that I will add to the misery you have inflicted, by entailing on myself the pangs of endless remorse?"

"Why then," cried De Moncey, "are you here?"

"To shew you I have not forgotten my word; that I have never lost sight of my cherished revenge. I bought your property."

De Moncey replied only by a stifled groan.

"I purchased it for less than a tenth of its value, and by the care I have bestowed upon it, it is now worth considerably more than when I bought it. From the moment I purchased it, I have sought you out, that I might shew you of what the despised and insulted François was capable. The time that has elapsed before I could trace you, has enabled me to do more than I at first hoped to accomplish. There," laying a packet on the table, "is permission from the government for you to return to France, and a deed by which I restore to you that property I purchased only to preserve it for you."

Tears, which De Moncey could no longer repress, burst from his eyes, and as François turned to leave the room, he caught him in his arms.

"Noble, generous Restaud!" cried he, "how have I been mistaken in you! But your gift will be incomplete unless you add to it your forgiveness. I know, I feel I treated you and Pauline cruelly; yet several years of suffering may have atoned my fault!"

François struggled to disengage himself: "Unhand me, marquis; I must begone."

"Not till you have forgiven me—not till you have seen Pauline. You will listen to her thanks, though I dare not offer you mine."

"Pauline! I would not behold her for worlds."

It now first occurred to De Moncey, that it was possible François did not know Madame St. Amand was a widow.

"Restaud," cried he, "if you are free, there is no obstacle to your seeing Pauline. The hand of Heaven has broken those vows that my poor girl was forced to pledge, and Pauline may yet pay her father's debt of gratitude."

I have no words to describe the transports of the faithful François, who a few minutes afterwards pressed his still adored mistress to his heart.

De Moncey was all eagerness to have their nuptials solemnized, and as soon as the ceremony was performed, he insisted upon returning the deed of gift which his son-in-law had given him. It was in vain François declared that he was already rich enough, De Moncey protested he should believe he had not forgiven his former conduct unless he accepted it.

"But, dearest father," cried Pauline, "you must not be dependant upon us."

"And why should I not, my child?" said the happy old man. "Will the rich Madame Restaud be less attentive to her father's comforts than the poor Pauline, who supported him by the labour of her hands? or will François, who unconditionally restored my whole property to me, deny me an asylum under his roof? You must indulge your father, my children; it is the last time he will insist on being obeyed."

The wish of De Moncey was cheerfully complied with by his son and daughter. They soon afterwards returned to France. De Moncey lived many years to witness the happiness of his children, who had a numerous and lovely family; nor had he ever the smallest reason to regret the confidence he had placed in his son and daughter, whose filial love and reverence continued unabated to the last moment of his existence.

THE PLAY AT VENICE.

Some years since, a German prince making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer; the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits that in their climate rise and fall with the coming and the departure of this finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to researches among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Brenta or the sea. As the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed; but as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that wound up those stately festivities. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and

the German, some slight aspersion on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of Southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humour. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous. At length the prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italian, and above all of the Venetian, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon a country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But, my lords," said he rising, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suite of a Venetian villa, to the hall, which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre produced first surprise, and next an universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured interior of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians, who have been seldom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrower view, some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story, they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, of course German. The street was solitary. At length a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came heavily pacing along. He knocked at several of the doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down upon a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized. — "Well, here have I come, and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care, campaigning has hardened effeminacy among us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads, are not very formidable after what we have had to work through from father to son Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labour or read. Read, that's true— come out, Zimmerman." He drew a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to a decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. He had till now been the only object. An-

other soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned they were lifted up to Heaven with the strongest expression of wonder. The German was weary, his head soon drooped over his study, and he closed the book. —"What," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "is there no one stirring in this comfortless place? Is it not near day?" He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly; the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze, but when it struck, delight was mingled with the wonder that had till then filled his pale intelligent countenance. "Four o'clock," said the German. "In my country, half the world would be thinking of going to the day's work by this time. In another hour it will be sunrise. Well then, I'll do you a service, you nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form, still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol, but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry, that made the traveller turn—"Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder.—"I will not hurt you," was the answer.—"Who cares about that?" was the German's retort, and he pulled out the other pistol.—"My friend," said the figure, "even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now. But if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers."—"Well then," said the German in a gentler tone, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information; it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who will love or learn."--The former sighed deeply, and murmured, "And yet you are a Teuton! But you were just reading a little case of strange and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?"—"No, it was a printed book!"

"Printed, what is printing? I never heard but of writing."

"It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness, and beauty; one by which books are made universal and literature eternal."

"Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer; "who was its illustrious inventor?"

"A German!"

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures; it sparkled with diamonds, but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day."

"That was a repeater!"

"How, when I had the luxuries

of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sun-dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about, from its suitableness to all hours, from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! whose was it? he must be more than man."

"He was a German!"

"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those Northern warriors, but we looked on them only as gallant savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand with a small truncheon in it; in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upward in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale grey in the east that touched its visage with a chill light; the moon resting broadly on the horizon, was setting behind; the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendour of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of his miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man for either good or ill," said the form. "How much it must change the nature of war! how much it must influence the fates of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the people of the earth?"

"A German!"

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge, its feebleness of voice was gone, its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it now stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the Genius of Eloquence. "Stranger," said it, pointing to the Appennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed away since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. Eighteen hundred years

have passed into the great flood of eternity since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honoured as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you; we were all children to the discoverers of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first; has she not kept her superiority? Shew me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back: "Who, what are you?"—"I am a spirit. I was Cicero. Shew me, by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind."

The German looked embarrassed; but in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel-organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdygurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. Cicero uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry--"Raree-show, fine raree-show against de wall! Fine Madame Catarina dance upon de ground! Who come for de gallantee show?" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven: "These the men of my country—these the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind! What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them?" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; the first sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood, a purple mist rose round him, and he was gone!

* * * * * *

The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats, and rushed out of the hall. The prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. Another night in Venice, and they would have been on their way to the other world.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXI.

The Graces next did carefully provide
Breeding, and air, and wit, and decent pride;
And what could any woman want beside?——SWIFT.

I HAVE somewhere read, if my memory does not fail me, that the true art of being agreeable in society (though I think it should not be considered as an *art*), is, to appear well pleased with those in whose company you happen to find yourself, and rather to appear to receive entertainment from others than to be endeavouring to entertain them yourself. A person thus disposed may not, indeed, be what is called a good companion; but though he essentially deserves that character, and in his conversation and behaviour manifests such an appearance of friendly disposition, he does more, I think, to create attention and conciliate regard, than is to be obtained by the flashes

of wit, or the never-failing flow of colloquial vivacity. The feebleness of age, in a person of this turn, has something in it which should be treated with respect even in a character which is not, in other respects, entitled to particular veneration. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not insolence, has a claim to indulgence. But to be perfectly agreeable in social life, the appearance to be adopted is, to receive the law from, and not to give it to, the circles into which you are admitted.

Civility and good-breeding are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, though this is by no means the right acceptation of those terms. Good-breeding necessarily implies civility, which is an essential part of it; but the latter may certainly be exercised, as it is frequently to be found, without the former. Civility must be allowed to have its intrinsic weight and value, but good-breeding is essential to its decoration, and never fails to give it a very augmented value.

To make the sacrifice of our own self-love to that of other people, is a brief, but, I believe, a correct definition of what is understood by civility; but to do it with ease, grace, and propriety, fulfils the notion of good-breeding. The one is the result of unadorned good-nature; the other proceeds from good sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention. A person in an inferior condition of life may be civil if he possesses good-nature; while one who has been educated in a court, though without good-nature, if he be but possessed of good sense, a quality which, as far as relates to their own views and interests, courtiers seldom fail to attain, will be a well-bred man.

Flattery is the disgrace of good-breeding, though it is too often taken for it, as a coarse, blunt behaviour degrades truth and sincerity. Good-breeding seems to occupy a middle space between these odious extremes. Needless ceremony has been well said to be the superstition of good-breeding, as well as of religion; but, nevertheless, being an outwork to both, should not be altogether demolished: nay, on the contrary, it requires a certain degree of compliance, and never fails to be practised by those who live in the superior ranks, however varied, of social life.

This quality is, indeed, only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and associating with those whose habits and manners have received the polish of superior education. It is not a mere object of speculation, and is not capable of precise definition, as it consists of a fitness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the ever-varying combinations of persons, places, and things. It must be considered, if I may venture to be so philosophical in my expressions, as a *mode*, and not as a *substance*; for what is universally acknowledged to be good-breeding at St. James's, would be considered as foppery in the mansion-house of a little squire in the country, whose plain homespun civility would be considered almost as rudeness at court.

The comparison is by no means overstrained, when good-breeding

is said, like charity, to cover a multitude of faults: at least, without fear of contradiction, it may be represented as supplying the want of certain virtues. In the common intercourse of life it assumes the appearance of good-nature, and often performs a task which the latter is never disposed to undertake: it keeps flippant wits and forward fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter have not learned duly to appreciate.

Courts are unquestionably the places where this quality is invariably, and indeed necessarily found, for without it they would be haunted with violence and disorder. There the passions are in the highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy. There good-breeding alone restrains the excesses which would proceed from the unrestrained impulses of envy, jealousy, and the rivalry of ambition. There smiles are often assumed to conceal tears. There mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are meditated; and there the guile of the serpent too often clothes itself in the meekness of the dove. Sincerity, indeed, may be sacrificed by this exterior demeanour, but social harmony and good order are preserved by it.

But I would not, nay, I trust I cannot, be so far misunderstood, as to have it imagined that I profess to applaud good-breeding thus profaned and prostituted; but my inference is, and I wish strongly to enforce it, in how great a degree this accomplishment must adorn and strengthen virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

It were to be wished that good-breeding were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies that take up a great deal of time to very little purpose; or, at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours that are so idly and unprofitably employed in amusements which are not suited to the character of persons, whose situation and rank in life qualify them to become examples to others.

It is with concern I observe, that it is the fashion of our young men to brand genuine good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality, and to run into the contrary extreme of offensive freedom and careless inattention. Let any one with this idea walk up and down Bond-street any day between two and four, and he will see too many examples among the gay and idle loungers in that fashionable promenade. Nor can there be a greater proof of the evil of which I complain, and a great evil I consider the habitual breach of good manners, than the inattention to women, which is so generally felt by them, and has absolutely made a change in the exterior conduct of female life, by a familiarity with the other sex, and an unguarded tone of conversation, which our grandmothers would have considered as inadmissible in reputable society.

Love and friendship necessarily

produce, and justly authorize, familiarity; but then good-breeding must determine its bounds. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" for I have known many a passion and many a friendship brought into a state of degradation, and not only weakened, but, if I may use the expression, at length wholly flattered away by unguarded and unreflecting familiarity. Nor is this quality less the ornament and cement of social life in all its various degrees, where it may be required. It connects, it endears; and at the same time that it indulges a proper and becoming liberty of conduct, restrains that inconsiderate and, I had almost said, licentious conversation, which tends to alienate regard, and may, on certain occasions, provoke resentment.—Great talents give celebrity, superior merit creates respect, and uncommon learning begets reverence; but those amiable manners, which it has been the object of this paper, however imperfectly, to describe, encourage, and applaud, can alone ensure estimation and affectionate regards.

I most warmly and urgently recommend it to the consideration and cultivation of my own sex, as the most attractive ornament to such of them as possess beauty, and the most certain protection for those who have it not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquest of beauty, and never fails to atone for the want of it. It elevates, in the highest possible degree, a fine woman, and procures a warm and respectful esteem at least to those on whom nature has not bestowed those charms which command admiration.

Upon the whole, though good-breeding cannot be altogether considered as a superior feature of the human character, it may certainly be admitted to a high rank among the minor virtues. Indeed, it is productive of so many pleasing effects, that I am not afraid to venture the opinion of its being treated with injustice, if it should be considered as a mere personal accomplishment.

F—— T——.

A few thoughts upon a subject, in some degree connected with that which this paper has just offered to my readers, will not, I trust, be considered as an inappropriate conclusion of it. They were sent me by a lady of my acquaintance, who, I believe, from mere modesty, represents them as proceeding from the pen of her husband, a learned divine and most amiable man; though I believe, for several reasons which it is not necessary for me to communicate, that they proceeded from her own.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Millennium-Hall.

Madam,

There does not appear to be any word in our language to answer the expression which the French understand by *les mœurs*. *Manners* falls short of it, and *morals* seems to go beyond it. Perhaps I may venture upon the following definition: "A general exterior decency, fitness, and propriety of conduct in the common intercourse of life." The word *decorum* will probably answer my purpose, as a proper and intelligible title to the few observations which I am about to make.

I have somewhere met with a calculation as to the value of this quality, and the strict attention to the observance of it. My memory may not be perfectly correct as to the numbers, and I certainly cannot enter upon the progress of the calculator's numerical arrangements; but the impression remains upon my mind, that he considered *decorum* as equal to a profit of fourteen or fifteen per cent. in the general transactions of life; and that by the strict adoption of it, the man of pleasure or of business, the politician or the courtier, the master of a family or even his servants, might not only increase the value of their good qualities, or throw a veil over their bad ones, to the amount already mentioned.

This decorum extends to every circumstance of life, even to the most trifling offices of it: such as appearing to take a tender and affectionate part in the health and fortune of your acquaintance, and demonstrating a readiness and alacrity to serve them in things of little consequence to them, and of little or none to you. Such attentions bring in good interest: the weak and the ignorant mistake them for the real sentiments of your heart, and procure you their esteem and friendship in return, which is a profitable barter for mere exterior attention. The more knowing part of mankind may perhaps pay you in your own coin, or by an interchange of commodities of no more than equal value, upon which, however, there is no loss; so that, upon the whole, this commerce, if well managed, must possess a lucrative character.

I could very much enlarge upon this subject, as applying to every situation and rank in life. Human nature in its various forms, and occupations in their extensive objects, suggest to me the advantages which cannot fail to arise from an attentive practice of decorum; but knowing how small a space you can allow to such correspondents as myself, I looked no further to your indulgence than to be allowed to furnish a few hints, which you, or some of your more experienced friends, might enlarge, by their impressive recommendation of a mode of conduct, which seems to be daily sinking in the public estimation.

I beg leave more particularly to represent to young unmarried ladies, that *decorum* will make a difference of at least twenty-five per cent. in their fortunes. The fine young men who have more generally the honour of attending them, are not frequently of the marrying kind of gentry; they know them too little, or not enough, to think of marrying them. On the contrary, the husbandlike sort of men, who have good estates, and not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay some stress upon the marriageable qualities and domestic characters of any lady they might feel a disposition to lead to the altar of Hymen: these are alone to be caught (and, after all, they are the only ones worth catching), by that appearance of which I have endeavoured, and I hope not without success, to give a clear and intelligible description. On these occasions the naked hook will not do it; it must be baited with decorum.

These hints may be applied to

other, and indeed almost all the circumstances of life; and I recommend them to the consideration of that sex, to which you principally, honourably, and I trust successfully, devote your labours. I am, with great regard, my dear madam, your obliged humble servant,

ELIZABETH OUTSIDE.

HINTS TO THE ENGLISH WHO INTEND TO TRAVEL ON THE CONTINENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING just returned from a tour through France, Switzerland, and Germany, I have with grief observed, that my countrymen, who formerly bore the character of liberal and generous men, and commanded the first attention at inns, are now unwelcome guests, and frequently require the interference of a magistrate to settle their account, which they resist on the ground of a supposed imposition. Indeed, I am sorry to say, that in some of the inns in Germany papers are stuck up, printed in large characters--NO ACCOMMODATION HERE FOR ENGLISHMEN. On investigating the cause of all this, I find the result as follows: Previous to the French revolution, when our English nobility and gentry travelled the Continent, every thing was then very cheap in comparison with England, less perhaps than one-half; but since the conclusion of a long revolutionary war, and several years' bad harvest, and the total failure of wine for three or four years, the price of provisions, and every thing else, has risen to such a pitch, that you can now live in many parts of England cheaper than is done on the Continent: posting, and shoes and boots, are the only articles that are cheap. The high price of oats and hay has, however, made travelling very disagreeable; on that account the postmasters are half ruined, their horses miserable, and you can frequently travel only three miles an hour, and often cannot get horses at all. I have several times been obliged to hire horses, and pay exorbitant prices for them, as they are not regulated by government; but between the two evils I chose this, rather than to wait, Heaven knows how long, for post-horses. All this induces the English to believe that they are tricked and imposed upon; but on a strict inquiry, I found that the natives themselves are subject to all this supposed imposition. I have obtained the sight of many bills and accounts of other travellers, not English, and found their charges just the same as ours in most inns. In that part of Germany I have travelled, which lay from Basle to Cologne, a large book is brought, with the items of your account entered therein, and receipted as you pay; and here you have the best opportunity of referring to other travellers' accounts.

There is, however, one great blunder that my countrymen commit. The *table d'hôtes* are served with excellent dinners, and comparatively cheap, on account of the great number that sit down; its cheap price also serves as an invi-

tation to the inn; and I should suppose at this moment many innkeepers lose money by this entertainment: but because the hour for the *table d'hôte* is generally at one o'clock, Englishmen will not partake of it on account of its early hour, and sit down to a separate dinner provided on purpose, which is not half as good, and requires a double charge.

I heard of an English family on the Rhine, consisting of ten persons, servants included, kicking up a riot for paying two *Louis d'ors* for a breakfast *à la fourchette*, and which was only complied with by order of the magistrate: but when I heard that the best old hock had been called for at 7s. or 8s. per bottle, I exclaimed, "How cheap!" You will perhaps say wine at 7s. or 8s. per bottle in a wine-country must be an imposition: in answer to this, my fellow-traveller, who is an amateur of good old hock, has ordered a cask to be sent him to England at that price; and as the price arises principally from its particular vintage, locality, and age, it is no uncommon thing to hear persons call out after dinner for a bottle of Johannisberger at one ducat, about 10s.

I have troubled you with this epistle for the information and benefit of English travellers; advising, at the same time, those who intend going on the Continent for economy, to stay at home, and enjoy the true comfort of old England, of which not even the word or sense is to be found after you have passed the straits of Calais. I have met and fallen in with several English families that had exiled themselves abroad at a great expense, and left all their friends and society behind, on account of economy; but, to their sorrow, they found out the mistake too late, and are watching the first opportunity to get rid of their establishments, and return to their happy native country, from which they never mean to stray again.

AN IMPARTIAL TRAVELLER.

TEMPLE, August 2, 1817.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three grand Marches for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, composed by F. Ries. Book II. Pr. 5s.

THE first of these marches, which is the most considerable and elaborate, is in the key of E b major, the second in C minor, and the third in B b major. They are all distinguished by originality of melody, an amplitude of rich harmony, and a nervous energetic style; characteristic features of most of Mr. Ries's compositions, and particularly of his marches, a fine specimen of which we noticed in No. 63. of the First Series of this Miscellany; viz. Mr. Ries's grand Triumphal March, to the style of which the marches before us bear a strong similitude. Their execution will upon the whole not be found difficult, although great attention to time, and to nervous and determined expression, is obviously required.

Trio for three Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Misses Henrietta, Fanny, and Mary-Ann Mather, by Cip. Potter. Pr. 4s.

As *three* performers on one pianoforte may be deemed rather an un-

usual exhibition, we think it right to state, that in this trio the player on the left wing employs both his hands; the same is the case with the centre; and, on the right, one hand only is admitted, if withal there be room; for a trial on our part turned out rather unsuccessful, from want of sufficient elbow-room; and engendered divers arguments on space, which much interfered with the satisfactory execution of the pentachiric manœuvres required by Mr. Potter's labour. We consoled ourselves with the idea, that the piece was not written for matured corpulency, and fancied the delightful spectacle of beholding three delicate youthful forms, three Graces, devoting their diminutive snowy hands to the task in vain attempted by grosser means. From what we could, however, achieve, even in our mutual state of bodily confinement, and from a subsequent examination of this trio, we feel warranted in asserting, that, if properly executed, this composition will repay any exertion which may be made in its performance. The march is spirited and satisfactory throughout; and the rondo possesses, besides an agreeable theme, various interesting passages of digression, which, to use a common phrase, tell well, without being difficult.

Second Divertimento for the Harp, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad libitum), composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Somerset, by Ph. Meyer, jun. Pr. 4s.

This divertimento, like most of Mr. Meyer's compositions, maintains the happy and difficult mean between affected bombast and triviality. The siciliana which begins the divertimento is a chaste, plaintive movement in C minor, interrupted by a major part, the melodious strains of which operate in pleasing contrast. The arpeggio passages, *p.* 2, are tastefully devised, and the same praise is due to the variation of the minor, *p.* 3.—The second movement is completely in the style of Haydn's minuets, and does the highest credit to the author, as well as to the classic model upon which it is formed; without, however, being liable to the slightest imputation of plagiarism, or servile imitation.—The minuet is Mr. Meyer's own, from beginning to end, and must raise him in the estimation of every lover of the art. Care ought to be taken not to play it too slowly; and on this account we regret, not to see the time marked by Maelzel's metronome.

"*The Arab Youth*," *a favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Salmon, composed* by Thos. Attwood; *the words by R. Hamilton, Esq.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this little air in B b is chaste, and the harmony neatly constructed. The expression at "Soon a nobler foe he dares," &c. is highly appropriate; and we approve of the manner in which the strain is made to close in D major. The accompaniment of the second line, *p.* 3, has also our unqualified applause. We have observed two typographical errors: The first quaver in the bass of *bar* 2, *l.* 2, *p.* 2, should be B b, instead of A; and the second quaver in the vocal part of *bar* 2, *l.* 3, *p.* 3, should be C, instead of B b.—An awkward harmony occurs

bar 5, *l.* 3, *p.* 2, where the chord of G 3 ♭ is followed by F 3.

No. I. *Easy Duet for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced a Swedish popular Dance, composed, and dedicated to Miss Bloxam*, by C. L. Lithander. Op. 7. Pr. 2s.

A most elegant little duet in C major; so void of all practical difficulty, that it may without fear be placed on the desk of any pupil who has made his way through the first rudiments. It consists of a brief but very neat allegro, and a Swedish dance, the peculiarity of whose melody and rhythm proclaims its originality, and renders it particularly attractive. Two pretty little variations upon the dance theme further enhance the interest; and the running bass of the second is cleverly contrived, with the exception of the beginning of the second strain, where some harshness has crept into the harmony, the progression being through the chords C; A, ♯ G 7, A; ♮ G 7.

The thirty-first Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed by Ferd. Ries. Op. 45. Pr. 3s. 6d.

An allegro in A minor, and a rondo in the same major key, are the only movements in this sonata, which, although replete with interesting and in some instances excellent ideas, affords proof that the author's style and manner have acquired no inconsiderable improvement since the composition of this work. The theme of the allegro may justly claim the merit of decided originality, especially where it is allotted to the bass, under some bold harmonic combinations. The dolce in both the strains, with the application of crossed hands, presents a beautiful singing melody; and in the beginning of the second strain we observe a string of profound, if not ventured, modulations. The rondo allegretto also sets out with a subject, the singularity of which, however simple, is obviously striking. Among its meritorious features, we reckon the neat manner in which the subject is reintroduced *p.* 8, *l.* 4, and *p.* 9, *l.* 3.

Second Fantasia for the Piano-Forte, the Themes by Mozart, from the Opera "Le Nozze di Figaro," composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Harvey, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 77. No. II. Pr. 4s.

This fantasia differs in plan from the fantasia noticed in our last number. Both are deduced from the opera of *Figaro*; but in No. 1. a variety of detached subjects are skilfully linked and interwoven: whereas in the book before us, the air "Se vuol' ballare, Signor Contino," forms the basis of the whole work; viz. an introductory allegro, in which that theme is ably moulded into $\frac{4}{4}$, from the original $\frac{3}{4}$ time; and the theme itself with a number of successive variations. The allegro is an excellent movement, and several of the variations are of the most select cast; such as No. 2. rendered interesting by the peculiarity of style and its full harmony. No. 4. is equally beautiful; it combines originality of invention with scientific treatment, especially as to bass accompaniment. Var. 7. is a charming slow movement, and exhibits some fine chromatic touches; we particularly applaud the latter part. The march, *p.* 9, is also ingeniously constructed.

No. XXI. *Theme with Variations for the Piano-Forte and Harp, with Accompaniments for a Flute and Violoncello, composed, and inscribed to Miss Milton,* by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.

The theme chosen for this number of Mr. Mazzinghi's Series of Variations for the Piano-Forte and Harp, occurs in the opera of "John of Paris," and, if we are not mistaken, is a dance of foreign origin, of the Monfrina kind. The variations are alternately assigned to the piano-forte and harp, but may be executed by the piano-forte alone, in consequence of *leger* staves added to the score. They shew throughout, the facility of invention and the consummate experience of the author, to whose indefatigable and tasteful pen the musical public of this country owes so many of the most interesting stock-pieces in the various departments of the art.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-Forte, composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. No. I. Pr. 3s.

The flute part of this publication is stated to be the production of Mr. Nicholson, and that of the piano-forte is by Mr. Burrowes. This species of compositorial copartnership is somewhat unusual, and has its advantages and disadvantages. On the one hand, as is the case here, it admits the united experience and skill of writers for different instruments; but, on the other, it stands in the way of proper unity of plan in the conduct of the harmony: it is like a landscape, in which the cottages and buildings are by one hand, and the trees by another, if not worse. Both composers cannot write simultaneously; a reciprocal adaptation and imitation of each other's ideas are the result of this, and we lose that most essential requisite of good music, which demands that melody and harmony should be twin-sisters, engendered simultaneously in the mind of the composer, who ought not to be able to think of a phrase without hearing, as it were, its whole harmony vibrate within him. In giving this general opinion, we are in justice bound to own, that the manner in which Messrs. N. and B. have executed their difficult task, has caused to us an agreeable surprise; their duet scarcely offers a trace of its bipartite origin, and almost acts in refutation of our general remark. The two instruments, whether simultaneously employed in direct or counter motion, or acting in imitative responses, are ever found in that intimate and reciprocal combination which tends to produce the effect of unity. The theme chosen is Mr. Braham's air, "Is there a heart that never loved;" and the variations built upon it (in which both instruments are *obbligati*) are devised in the best taste. It would be difficult to assign the preference to any one. The adagio, however, var. 4. deserves distinct notice; it is of the most delicate and pathetic expression.

"*That roguish Boy of Venus fair,*" *written by G. W.; composed, and dedicated to Miss Miller,* by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A graceful flow of melody, free from triviality, together with the peculiar time ($\frac{12}{8}$) in which it is

expressed, renders this a fascinating little ballad; which is further enhanced by the few bars of concluding symphony, conceived in a sprightly and rather unusual style. The poetry is somewhat homely, and the word "awakened" has fallen under an awkward musical accentuation.

"*The Invitation*," *written, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Rose Dupont*, by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Another erotic effusion by the above author; the simple and unaffected melody of which is agreeable and appropriate, although not conspicuous for originality. Mr. G. has exhibited it here both as a single song and as a duet, in which latter form the tune appears to considerable advantage.

"*On the Brow of yonder Valley*," *a favourite Romance, written and composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, and with permission most respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Salmon*, by W. Grosse. Pr. 2s.

There is considerable elegance and pathetic expression in this air, all of which, however, cannot be considered as the invention of Mr. G. for we remember to have heard several of the ideas in a German song of Himmel's, called, we believe, "Hebe, sieh in sanfter Feyer." Their appearance here, may be the effect of involuntary reminiscence; but even the unintentional or unconscious transfer of literary property, cannot operate as a justification before the tribunal of the critic or the public.

Le Jour de Fête, Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss M. A. Cumberlege, by W. H. Steil. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In this rondo, the subject of which strongly reminds us of a similar movement of Steibelt's, we perceive nothing but what fairly claims our approbation. The different ideas follow each other in proper succession and connection; the passages, numerous and accelerated as they are, offer no intricacy of execution; and the harmony is satisfactory. For these reasons we deem Mr. S.'s present labour a very apt practice for pupils of moderate attainments.

A Voluntary for the Organ, in a familiar Style, suited to Church-Service, composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault. No. V. Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The two slow movements, and the fugue between them, deserve the attention of the lovers of sacred music: the former are solemn and interesting in point of harmony, especially as far as regards the running bass in the first; and the fugue, although confined to two parts, is constructed in a regular and proper manner, and satisfactory throughout. We consider this one of the best numbers of Mr. R.'s collection, and only regret that he has not informed us what portion of it is his own composition, and what selection.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF THE HON. COLONEL PONSONBY.

(From MUDFORD's "*Historical Account of the Battle of Waterloo.*")

AMONG the examples of intense suffering and miraculous escape which the eventful history of this day disclosed, there is not one more calculated to excite our sympathy than the case of the Hon. Colonel Ponsonby of the 12th dragoons. I have been favoured with an account drawn up by a friend of that gallant officer, to satisfy the painful curiosity of his family, taken almost literally from his own words; an account equally remarkable for its affecting simplicity and moral reflection. If the reader peruse it with the same emotions I have experienced, he will be thankful for its introduction, and rejoice with me, that, notwithstanding his many perils, Colonel Ponsonby still survives for his country and his friends.

Dear Lady BESBOROUGH,

You have often wished for some written account of the adventures and sufferings of your son, Colonel Ponsonby, in the field of Waterloo: the modesty of his nature is, however, no small obstacle in the way. Will the following imperfect sketch supply its place until it comes? The battle was alluded to one morning in the library at A——, and his answers to many of the questions which were put to him, are here thrown together, as nearly as I could remember, in his own words.

"The weather cleared up at noon, and the sun shone out a little just as the battle began. The armies were within eight hundred yards of each other, the vedettes, before they were withdrawn, being so near as to be able to converse. At one moment I imagined that I saw Bonaparte, a considerable staff moving rapidly along the front of our line.

"I was stationed with my regiment (about 300 strong) at the extreme of the left wing, and directed to act discretionally: each of the armies was drawn up on a gentle declivity, a small valley lying between them.

"At one o'clock, observing, as I thought, unsteadiness in a column of French infantry (50 by 20—1000—or thereabouts), which were advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending in a gallop, we received from our own troops on the right a fire much more destructive than theirs, they having begun long before it could take effect, and slackening as we drew nearer: when we were within fifty paces of them, they turned, and much execution was done among them, as we were followed by some Belgians, who had remarked our success.

"But we had no sooner passed

through them, than we were attacked in our turn, before we could form, by about 300 Polish lancers, who had come down to their relief. The French artillery poured in among us a heavy fire of grape-shot, which, however, for one of our men killed three of their own: in the *mêlée* I was disabled almost instantly in both of my arms, and followed by a few of my men, who were presently cut down (no quarter being asked or given), I was carried on by my horse, till receiving a blow on my head from a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round (being, I believe, at that time in a condition to get up and run away), when a lancer passing by, exclaimed, 'Tu n'es pas mort, coquin!' and struck his lance through my back; my head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over.

"Not long afterwards (it was then impossible to measure time, but I must have fallen in less than ten minutes after the charge,) a tirailleur came up to plunder me, threatening to take my life. I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side-pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had; he unloosed my stock and tore open my waistcoat, then leaving me in a very uneasy posture; and was no sooner gone, than another came up for the same purpose, but assuring him that I had been plundered already, he left me; when an officer, bringing on some troops (to which probably the tirailleurs belonged), and halting where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying, he feared I was badly wounded. I replied that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed into the rear: he said it was against the order to remove even their own men, but that if they gained the day, as they probably would (for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six of our battalions had surrendered), every attention in his power should be shewn me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of his men to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head: he then passed on into the action, and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I conceive, for my life—of what rank he was I cannot say, he wore a blue great-coat. By and by another tirailleur came, and knelt and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety all the while; at last he ran off, saying, 'Vous serez bien aise d'entendre que nous allons nous retirer; bon jour, mon ami.'

"While the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men and dead bodies near me were hit with the balls which came very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came, the continued roar of the cannon along their's and the British line, growing louder and louder as they drew near, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk, when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly: the clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions it

excited, may be easily conceived; had a gun come that way it would have done for me. The battle was then nearly over, or removed to a distance; the cries and groans of the wounded all around me became every instant more and more audible, succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, outcries of 'Vive l'empereur!' the discharges of musquetry and cannon; now and then intervals of perfect silence, which were worse than the noise — I thought the night would never end. Much about this time, I found a soldier of the Royals lying across my legs, who had probably crawled thither in his agony; his weight, convulsive motions, his noises, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly, the latter circumstance most of all, as the case was my own. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder (and the scene in Ferdinand Count Fathom came into my mind, though no women, I believe, were there); several of them came and looked at me, and passed on; at length one stopped to examine me. I told him as well as I could (for I could say but little in German), that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already: he did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly before he left me. About an hour before midnight, I saw a soldier in an English uniform coming towards me; he was, I suspect, on the same errand. He came and looked in my face; I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said that he belonged to the 40th regiment, but had missed it. He released me from the dying man: being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards. At eight o'clock in the morning some English were seen at a distance; he ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Hervey. A cart came for me. I was placed in it, and carried to a farm-house, about a mile and a half distant, and laid in the bed from which poor Gordon (as I understood afterwards) had been just carried out: the jolting of the cart, and the difficulty of breathing, were very painful. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleeding, 120 ounces in two days, besides the great loss of blood on the field.

"The lances, from their length and weight, would have struck down my sword long before I lost it, if it had not been bound to my hand. What became of my horse I know not; it was the best I ever had.

"The man from the Royals was still breathing when I was removed in the morning, and was soon after taken to the hospital.

"Sir Dennis Packe said, the greatest risk he ran the whole day was in stopping his men, who were firing on me and my regiment when we began to charge. The French make a great clamour in action, the English only shout.

"Much confusion arose, and many mistakes, from similarity of dress. The Belgians, in particular, suffered greatly from their resemblance to the French, being still in the very same clothes they had served in under Bonaparte."

Such, probably, is the story of many a brave man, yet to me it was

new. The historian, describing military achievements, passes silently over those who go into the heat of the battle, though there, as we have seen, every character displays itself. The gay are still gay, the noble-minded are still generous; nor has the commander, in his proudest triumph, a better claim to our admiration, than the meanest of his soldiers, when relieving a fallen enemy in the midst of danger and death.

THE BURNING BUSH.

(From Beaufort's "*Karamania.*")

We had seen from the ship, a small but steady light among the hills: on mentioning the circumstance to the inhabitants, we learned that it was a *yanar*, or volcanic flame; and they offered to supply us with horses and guides to examine it.

We rode about two miles, through a fertile plain, partly cultivated; and then winding up a rocky and thickly wooded glen, we arrived at the place. In the inner corner of a ruined building the wall is undermined, so as to leave an aperture of about three feet diameter, and shaped like the mouth of an oven: from thence the flame issues, giving out an intense heat, yet producing no smoke on the wall; and, though from the neck of the opening we detached some small lumps of caked soot, the walls were hardly discoloured. Trees, brushwood, and weeds, grow close round this little crater; a small stream trickles down the hill hard by, and the ground does not appear to feel the effect of its heat at more than a few feet distance. The hill is composed of crumbly serpentine, with occasional loose blocks of limestone, and we perceived no volcanic productions whatever in the neighbourhood.

At a short distance, lower down the side of the hill, there is another hole, which has apparently been at some time the vent of a similar flame; but our guide asserted, that, in the memory of man, there had been but the one, and that it had never changed its present size or appearance. It was never accompanied, he said, by earthquakes or noises; and it ejected no stones, smoke, nor any noxious vapours—nothing but a brilliant and perpetual flame, which no quantity of water could quench. The shepherds, he added, frequently cooked their victuals there; and he affirmed, with equal composure, that it was notorious that the yanar would not roast meat which had been stolen.

This phenomenon appears to have existed here for many ages; as unquestionably this is the place to which Pliny alludes in the following passage:—"Mount Chimæra, near Phaselis, emits an unceasing flame, that burns day and night." We did not, however, perceive that the adjacent mountains of Hephæstia were quite so inflammable as he describes them. The late Colonel Rooke, who lived for many years among the islands of the Archipelago, informed me, that, high up on the western mountain of Samos, he had seen a flame of the

same kind, but that it was intermittent.

Among several ruined buildings about the yanar, we found the remains of a Christian church. It is low, and rudely built; the inside had formerly been stuccoed, and painted in compartments of red, white, and green, but had afterwards received a coarse coat of plaster, which having dropped off in many places, discovers several painted inscriptions curiously ornamented, but of which we could make out little more than "Theodulus, the servant of God." There are many mutilated inscriptions on detached stones in the neighbourhood: in one we again read the name Olympus; another, which is on a broken pedestal, that now forms a part of the wall through which the flame emerges, records the virtues of some person to whom a statue had been erected at the public expense; but in none of them is there the smallest allusion to the flame.

Five miles north-east from Deliktash there are some small uninhabited islands, called by Turks and Greeks, the Three Islands. They are unnoticed by Strabo and Ptolemy, but are probably the three barren Cypriæ of Pliny.

Opposite to these islands, and about five miles in-shore, is the great mountain of Takhtalu. The base, which is composed of the crumbly rock before mentioned, is irregularly broken into deep ravines, and covered with small trees: the middle zone appears to be limestone, with scattered evergreen bushes; and its bald summit rises in an insulated peak 7800 feet above the sea. There were a few streaks of snow left on the peak in the month of August; but many of the distant mountains of the interior were completely white for nearly a fourth down their sides. It may be inferred from thence, that the elevation of this part of Mount Taurus is not less than 10,000 feet, which is equal to that of Mount Ætna.

It is natural that such a striking feature as this stupendous mountain, in a country inhabited by an illiterate and credulous people, should be the subject of numerous tales and traditions: accordingly we were informed by the peasants, that there is a perpetual flow of the purest water from the very apex; and that, notwithstanding the snow, which we saw still lingering in the chasms, roses blow there all the year round. The agha of Deliktash assured us, that every autumn a mighty groan is heard to issue from the summit of the mountain, louder than the report of any cannon, but unaccompanied by fire or smoke. He professed his ignorance of the cause; but, on being pressed for his opinion, he gravely replied, that he believed it was an annual summons to the elect to make the best of their way to Paradise. However amusing the agha's theory, it may possibly be true that such explosions take place. The mountain artillery described by Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their travels in North America, and similar phenomena which are said to have occurred in South America, seem to lend some probability to the account. They have also a tradition, that, when Moses fled from Egypt, he took up his abode near this mountain, which was therefore called Moossa-daghy, or the mountain of Moses. May there not be

some fanciful connection between this story and the yanar already described? That place and this mountain are not many miles asunder; and the flame issuing from the thicket there, may have led to some confused association with the burning-bush on Mount Horeb, recorded in Exodus.

From this singular spot we returned by a different road, and halted at some Turkish huts, or (more properly speaking) heaps of loose stones, which, scarcely arranged into walls, support, by way of roof, a covering of branches, leaves, and grass; neither chimney nor window was to be seen; and nothing more wretched can be conceived than these habitations. This, however, applies only to the outside; for, on our approach, the ladies had quickly retreated to their houses, and our infidel eyes were not allowed to peep into those hallowed precincts. In fine weather (and in that climate three-fourths of the year are fine) the men live under the shade of a tree. To the branches are suspended their hammocks and their little utensils; on the ground they spread carpets, upon which the day is chiefly passed in smoking; a mountain-stream, near which they always chuse this umbrageous abode, serves for their ablutions and their beverage; and the rich clusters of grapes, which hang from every branch of the tree, invite them to the ready repast.

The vines are not cultivated in this part of Asia in the same manner as in the wine-countries, where each plant is every year pruned down to the bare stalk: they are here trained up to some tall tree, frequently a plum or an apricot; the tendrils reach the loftiest as well as the lowest branches, and the tree thus seems to be loaded with a double crop of fruit. Nothing can present a more delightful appearance than the intimately blended greens and the two species of fruit, luxuriantly mingled. How alluring to the parched and weary traveller in these sun-burned regions! and in none perhaps will he meet with a more hearty welcome. In the Turkish character there is a striking contrast of good and bad qualities:—though insatiably avaricious, a Turk is always hospitable, and frequently generous; though to get, and that by any means, seems to be the first law of his nature, to give is not the last. The affluent Mussulman freely distributes his aspers; the needy traveller is sure of receiving refreshment, and sometimes even the honour of sharing his pipe. His religion binds him to supply his greatest enemy with bread and water, and, on the public roads, khans, where gratuitous lodging is given, and numerous fountains for the benefit of the thirsty passenger and his cattle, have been constructed by individual benevolence.

In this point of view, the character of the modern Greeks would ill bear a comparison with that of their oppressors. Such a comparison, however, would be unfair, for slavery necessarily entails a peculiar train of vices: but it may be hoped, that the growing energy, which must one day free them from political slavery, will also emancipate them from its moral effects.

PERSONS AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE OF JAVA.

(From Raffles' "*History of Java.*")

The inhabitants of Java and Madúra are in stature rather below the middle size, though not so short as the Búgis and many of the other islanders. They are, upon the whole, well shaped, though less remarkably so than the Maláyus, and erect in their figures. Their limbs are slender, and the wrists and ankles particularly small. In general, they allow the body to retain its natural shape. The only exceptions to this observation are, an attempt to prevent the growth or to reduce the size of the waist, by compressing it into the narrowest limits; and the practice, still more injurious to female elegance, of drawing too tightly that part of the dress which covers the bosom. Deformity is very rare among them. The forehead is high, the eyebrows well marked and distant from the eyes, which are somewhat Chinese, or rather Tartar, in the formation of the inner angle. The colour of the eye is dark; the nose small and somewhat flat, but less so than that of the islanders in general. The mouth is well formed, but the lips are large, and their beauty generally injured by the practice of filing and dying the teeth black, and by the use of tobacco, síri, &c. The check-bones are usually prominent; the beard very scanty; the hair of the head generally lank and black, but sometimes waving in curls, and partially tinged with a deep reddish-brown colour. The countenance is mild, placid, and thoughtful, and easily expresses respect, gaiety, earnestness, indifference, bashfulness, or anxiety.

In complexion, the Javans, as well as the other Eastern islanders, may be considered rather as a yellow than a copper-coloured or black race. Their standard of beauty, in this respect, is "a virgin gold colour:" except perhaps in some few districts in the mountainous parts of the country, where a ruddy tinge is occasioned by the climate, they want the degree of red requisite to give them a copperish hue. It may be observed, however, that they are generally darker than the tribes of the neighbouring islands; especially the inhabitants of the eastern districts, who may indeed be considered as having more delicate features, and bearing a more distinct impression of Indian colonization, than those of the western or Súnda districts. The Súndas exhibit many features of a mountainous race. They are shorter, stouter, hardier, and more active men, than the inhabitants of the coast and eastern districts. In some respects they resemble the Madurese, who display a more martial and independent air, and move with a bolder carriage, than the natives of Java. A considerable difference exists in person and features between the higher and lower classes; more indeed than seems attributable to difference of employment and treatment. The features and limbs of the chiefs are more delicate, and approach more nearly to those of the inhabitants of Western India; while those of the common people retain more marked traces of the stock from which the islands were originally peopled. In colour there

are many different shades in different families and different districts, some being much darker than others. Among many of the chiefs a strong mixture of the Chinese is clearly discernible: the Arab features are seldom found, except among the priests, and some few families of the highest rank.

The women, in general, are not so good-looking as the men; and to Europeans many of them, particularly when advanced in years, appear hideously ugly. But, among the lower orders, much of this deficiency of personal comeliness is doubtless to be attributed to the severe duties which they have to perform in the field, to the hardships they have to undergo in carrying oppressive burdens, and to exposure in a sultry climate. On the neighbouring island of Báli, where the condition of the women among the peasantry does not appear by any means so oppressed and degraded, they exhibit considerable personal beauty; and even on Java the higher orders of them, being kept within doors, have a very decided superiority in this respect.

In manners the Javans are easy and courteous, and respectful even to timidity; they have a great sense of propriety, and are never rude or abrupt. In their deportment they are pliant and graceful; the people of condition carrying with them a considerable air of fashion, and receiving the gaze of the curious without being at all disconcerted. In their delivery they are in general very circumspect and even slow, though not deficient in animation when necessary.

The soil is in general extremely fertile, and can be brought to yield its produce with little labour. Many of the best spots still remain uncultivated, and several districts are almost desert and neglected, which might be the seats of a crowded and happy peasantry. In many places the land does not require to be cleared, as in America, from the overgrown vegetation of primeval forests, but offers its service to the husbandman almost free from every obstruction to his immediate labours. The agricultural life in which the mass of the people are engaged, is on Java, as in every other country, the most favourable to health. It not only favours the longevity of the existing race, but conduces to its more rapid renewal, by leading to early marriages and a numerous progeny. The term of life is not much shorter than in the best climates of Europe. A very considerable number of persons of both sexes attain the advanced age of seventy or eighty, and some even live to one hundred and upwards; nearly the same proportion survive forty and fifty as in other genial climates.

While life is thus healthy and prolonged, there are no restraints upon the formation of family connections, by the scarcity of subsistence, or the labour of supporting children. Both sexes arrive at maturity very early, and the customs of the country, as well as the nature of the climate, impel them to marry young; the males at sixteen, and the females at thirteen or fourteen years of age: though frequently the women form connections at nine or ten, and (as Montesquieu expresses it) "infancy and marriage go together." The conveniences which the married cou-

ple require are few and easily procured. The impulse of nature is seldom checked by the experience of present deficiencies, or the fear of future poverty. Subsistence is procured without difficulty, and comforts are not wanting. Children, which are for a very short period a burden to their parents, become early the means of assistance and the source of wealth. To the peasant who labours his field with his own hand, and who has more land than he can bring into cultivation, they grow up into a species of valuable property, a real treasure; while, during their infancy and the season of helplessness, they take little from the fruits of his industry but bare subsistence.

Their education costs him little or nothing; scarcely any clothing is required; his hut needs very little enlargement, and no beds are used. Many of them die in infancy from the small-pox and other distempers, but never from scanty food or criminal neglect of parents. The women of all classes suckle their children, till we ascend to the wives of the regents and of the sovereign, who employ nurses.

As the Javans are a quiet domestic people, little given to adventure, disinclined to foreign enterprise, not easily roused to violence or bloodshed, and little disposed to irregularities of any kind, there are but few families left destitute in consequence of hazards incurred or crimes committed by their natural protectors. The character of bloodthirsty revenge which has been attributed to all the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago, by no means applies to the people of Java; and though, in all cases where justice is badly administered, or absolutely perverted, people may be expected to enforce their rights, or redress their grievances, rather by their own passions than by an appeal to the magistrate, comparatively few lives are lost on the island by personal affray or private feuds.

It is part of the domestic economy, that the women of the family should provide the men with the cloths necessary for their apparel; and, from the first consort of the sovereign to the wife of the lowest peasant, the same rule is observed. In every cottage there is a spinning-wheel and loom, and in all ranks a man is accustomed to pride himself on the beauty of a cloth woven either by his wife, mistress, or daughter.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 15.—BRIGHTON WALKING DRESS.

JACONOT muslin round dress over a French grey sarsnet slip. The dress is richly worked round the bottom and up the front. High body, composed of alternate strips of byas-tucked muslin and letting-in lace. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist by rouleaus of worked muslin, each rouleau edged with narrow lace. Over this dress is

worn the Blandford spencer, composed of white queen's silk. We refer our readers to our print for the form of this spencer; it is trimmed, in a very novel and tasteful style, with white satin and braiding. *Fichu* of white gauze, very full trimmed with *tulle*. Blandford bonnet, composed of Leghorn: the crown is rather high, the front of a moderate size, and square at the ears; it is lined with white satin, and trimmed with the same material and Leghorn tassels, a bunch of which is placed at the left side. A full bunch of blue fancy flowers ornaments it in front, and it is finished by white satin strings. The shape of this bonnet is peculiarly novel and becoming. Pale yellow slippers, and Limerick gloves.

PLATE 16.—THE GLENGARY HABIT

Is composed of the finest pale blue cloth, and richly ornamented with frogs and braiding to correspond. The front, which is braided on each side, fastens under the body of the habit, which slopes down on each side in a very novel style, and in such a manner as to form the shape to considerable advantage. The epaulettes and jacket are braided to correspond with the front, as is also the bottom of the sleeve, which is braided nearly half way up the arm. Habit-shirt, composed of cambric, with a high standing collar, trimmed with lace. Cravat of soft muslin, richly worked at the ends, and tied in a full bow. Narrow lace ruffles. Head-dress, the Glengary cap, composed of blue satin, and trimmed with plaited ribbon of various shades of blue, and a superb plume of feathers. Blue kid gloves, and half-boots.

We are indebted to the taste and invention of Miss M'Donald of 29, Great Russel-street, Bedford-square, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Few of the fair votaries of *ton* remain in town at present; Brighton, Cheltenham, and other places of fashionable resort for the autumnal months, are crowded, and it is from them that we must select models of taste and elegance to present to our fair readers.

The general style of dress at this moment appears to be a whimsical, but not inelegant, mixture of the French and English costume for the promenade and carriage attire. We refer our readers to our print for an elegant specimen of this style of dress. The hats and bonnets, with one exception, are entirely French: that one is a plain round hat, of the same shape as that worn by gentlemen. These hats are composed of fancy straw, chip, French willow, or Leghorn; the crown is ornamented with rouleaus of satin, and the top has a full puffing of gauze to correspond. A large bunch of corn-flowers, mingled with ears of wheat, is a favourite ornament, but straw flowers are also considered fashionable. Many ladies wear them without any ornament.

Muslin walking dresses are in high estimation for dishabille: poplin and fancy silks are, however, partially worn. One of the prettiest dresses that we have seen is composed of jaconot muslin. The bottom of the skirt is finished by four rows of oak-leaves embroidered in coloured worsteds, and pla-

ced at considerable distances from each other; each of these rows is surmounted by a narrow pointed flounce, which is overcast with coloured worsted. There are two bodies, the one high, the upper part of which is formed entirely to the shape of the bust by letting-in lace; the other is composed of eased muslin, the easings drawn by bright green ribbon. This body is cut very low all round the back; it comes down on each side of the front, but does not meet. The easings are zigzag, and their effect is novel and pretty. Plain long sleeve, finished at the bottom of the wrist by a zigzag easing across the arm, and a full double fall of lace. A rich lace *collerette*, eased with green ribbon to correspond, is an indispensable appendage to this dress.

There is nothing very novel in the make of silk or poplin dresses; they still continue very short in the waist, tight to the shape in general, or if there is any fulness, it is only at the bottom of the waist. Ribbon, though so long in fashion, is still in the highest estimation for trimmings; it is indeed disposed in such various ways as to have an appearance of novelty. For undress or half dress, ribbon only forms the most fashionable trimming. For pelisses, satin is still prevalent; it is mostly disposed in a double row of shells.

For the carriage or promenade dress, white satin spencers and hats are very general, as are also white satin pelisses. The spencers are in general trimmed with blond; the hats are ornamented with low plumes of white feathers, or bunches of flowers. White satin pelisses are also trimmed with blond lace, but it has mostly a heading of plain blond fancifully intermixed with chenille.

Morning dresses are mostly made open in front, and very full trimmed with work: the petticoat is trimmed to correspond. The body is a *chemisette;* it has no collar, but is trimmed round the neck with three falls of work, or else a *collerette*, composed of lace, is worn with it. These robes are very appropriate for morning costume, but they are too much trimmed; nothing can be more unbecoming to a short figure, or a lady inclined to what the French term *en bon point*. Tall *belles*, indeed, appear to considerable advantage in those dresses; but it is to be hoped, for the sake of the undersized, that the fashion will be transient.

Three-quarter high bodies are much in favour for dinner dress. Where the gown is of muslin, the body is always composed of either work or letting-in lace; the back is full, and the front tight to the bust. In queen's silk or sarsnet, the back is tight to the shape.

Low bodies are also much worn in dinner dress, but never without a gauze, British net, or *tulle fichu*. The form of these bodies, indeed, renders an inside covering indispensable, as they are made to slope down on each side of the neck so as to expose it very much. They are very advantageous to the appearance of the shape.

Muslin still predominates for dinner dress, but silks begin to be in favour, and even fancy poplins are partially worn. We have nothing novel to announce in trimmings.

The form of evening dress is the same as dinner, except that a white lace or satin front is worn inside the low body which we have just described, and that short sleeves are almost universal, and long ones are generally adopted in dinner dress. There is no alteration in the materials of full dress, but for social evening parties fine clear muslin, richly trimmed with lace and rouleaus of twisted satin ribbon, or else draperies of *tulle* drawn up by white silk cords and tassels, and edged with satin ribbon, are very fashionable. A short full sleeve is fastened up with bows of white satin ribbon. A cestus of white satin, edged with white silk fringe, and fastened behind in a full bow without ends, is worn with these dresses. We have seen nothing for some time in the form of evening dress that pleased us so much; it is at once simple, tasteful, and becoming.

Caps are more worn in half dress than ever. Gauze caps are in very high estimation. As to the forms of these head-dresses, they are so various that one would be puzzled to tell which was most fashionable; we mean the crowns of caps, for the lower parts are generally of the mob kind. Some few ladies, indeed, venture to wear what used to be termed cottage caps; but though they are very becoming, and exceedingly proper for half dress, they are but partially adopted.

The Blandford turban, invented by the lady who favours us with our dresses this month, is at present in high requisition among tonish *élégantes:* it is composed of a white lace scarf, disposed in folds round a small oval crown; these folds are wreathed with pearl. One end of the scarf falls loosely over the neck at the right side, and a plume of white feathers is placed at the left. This is an uncommonly elegant head-dress.

Though *toques* and turbans are in general estimation, flowers are still much in favour, particularly with youthful *belles.* White lace scarfs, either pinned carelessly at the back of the head, with the ends flowing behind, or else disposed in folds in the style of a turban, are also in favour.

Turquoise and emeralds, mixed with pearl, are in high estimation in full-dress jewellery. In that worn for half dress, plain gold continues most in favour; but white cornelian, elegantly set in gold, is still fashionable.

Half-boots, the lower part of kid, the upper of stout silk, are in general estimation both for carriage dress and for elegant promenade costume: they are worn very short.

No alteration in the fashionable colours for the month.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, August 18, 1817.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenades still continue to be filled with white-robed *belles.* Muslin is the order of the day, and cambric muslin is more fashionable for the promenade than any thing else.

Gowns are still made without gores, and so scanty as to have a very ungraceful effect. The skirts of dresses also begin to be a little

shorter. As to trimmings, flounces are universal; they are always plaited either in large or small plaits, and in general scolloped at the edge. A very favourite style of body is that which resembles a habit; I mean habits as they used to be worn ten or twelve years ago, with a falling collar, lappels, and a row of buttons on each side of the breast. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist by a long loose cuff, which falls almost over the hand, and is ornamented with three buttons. Half-sleeve, which is very full, and the fulness confined by three bands of muslin placed down the arm.

The *fichus* worn with these dresses are always finished by an enormous ruff, which shades the lower part of the face, and the *fichu* itself is plaited as small as possible.

A more novel and becoming walking dress is one composed of cambric muslin; a row of trimming, disposed in large plaits round the bust, forms a kind of pelerine, and another round the waist has the appearance of a jacket. The long sleeve is drawn up at the shoulder in one large fold, and this fold is edged also by a row of trimming. The bottom of the sleeve is finished by three rows of trimming, to correspond with the skirt.

Silk scarfs, spencers, and pelisses have entirely disappeared. Sashes, tied behind in bows and long ends, are very fashionable, as are also coloured ribbons tied round *collerettes* of muslin; these ribbons are generally plaid.

White is also most in favour for *capotes* and *chapeaux*. Crape, *gros de Naples*, and perkale, are highest in estimation: straw is at this moment very little worn. The crowns of bonnets are of a very moderate height, and the fronts are almost invariably square at the ears.

Flowers are as much worn as ever, and wheat-ears are also in considerable estimation. The favourite ornament for hats is a wreath of flowers round the top of the crown; sometimes there is a double wreath, one of flowers, the other of ripe wheat-ears. Roses, honeysuckle, daisies, geranium, and mignonette, compose these wreaths. Pinks are in high favour, but they are used in bunches, which are placed at the side.

Bouillonnes, lately so prevalent round the edges and crowns of bonnets, are now only partially worn. Loops of yellow straw are in great request, particularly on white crape hats.

Now for the *cornettes* which I mentioned to you in my last. The first of them is composed of spotted muslin, and lined with pink sarsnet; the lower part a mob, with very broad ears; a round crown is plaited in, and this crown is adorned with full puffings of muslin; a pink ribbon round the front, a rich lace border, and pink strings, finish it. This is a pretty breakfast cap. Another is composed of *tulle*; the lower part a mob, trimmed with plaited *tulle*. This *cornette* has a dome crown, which is ornamented at top with three rows of rich lace, each row surmounted by a *bouillonne* of white satin; the lower part of the crown is very full, and the fulness is divided into compartments by rouleaus of white satin: it is ornamented with a rich bunch of Provence roses and white satin strings.

The last, and in my opinion the

prettiest, is composed of letting-in lace and ribbon; the lower part is a mob, and the ears are cut very far back, and are narrow: it is sloped up on the forehead so as to display nearly all the front hair. The crown is oval, of a moderate size, and quite byas; a small white lace handkerchief, the ends of which hang down, is tastefully disposed round the top of the crown, and the lower part is ornamented with a wreath of honeysuckle. *Cornettes* are rarely lined with silk, and never but for complete dishabille.

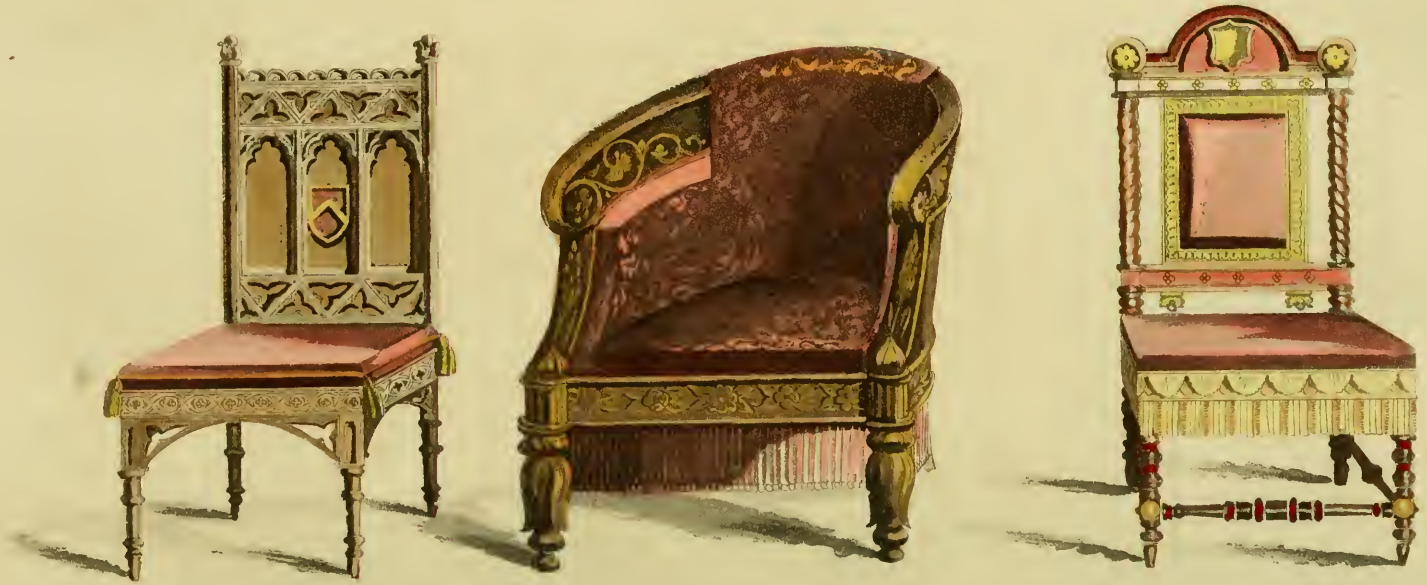
I have nothing novel to announce to you either in the form or materials of dinner dress. I recollect at this moment, that in speaking of the promenade costume, I forgot to mention the revival of a very ancient, and in truth a very unbecoming, fashion: I mean a large muslin handkerchief, the ends of which are tied behind. This is worn as an out-door covering, without either *collerette* or ruff, and has, as you would say in England, a very dowdy appearance.

White crape is partially worn in full dress, but *tulle* is much more general. The ball dress which I promised to describe is composed of it, and is worn over a white soft silk slip; round the bottom of the slip is a wreath of red honeysuckle, which is partially seen through the draperies of the dress. These draperies, about a quarter deep, are composed also of *tulle*, and edged with blond; they are fastened by silver cords and tassels of a light and elegant pattern, and very small. The body has nothing particular in its form, but the trimming gives it an appearance of novelty: it is a broad blond lace, which is draperied to correspond with the bottom of the skirt, and each drapery is fastened with a pearl ornament. The sleeves are blond lace, fastened up with pearl ornaments to correspond with the bosom, and the bottom of each of the under sleeves is embroidered, but in a smaller pattern, to correspond with the bottom of the slip. This ball dress is in high estimation, and certainly no fair votary of Terpsichore can wish for a more elegant or becoming garb.

There is no alteration in head-dresses since I wrote last. The newspapers have apprised you of the death of the little princess, an event which is in every sense an unfortunate one for her charming mother. The Duke de Berri evinced a degree of feeling at the time which people in general had supposed him too volatile to possess. The duchess's sufferings were very severe, but she had all the consolation which friendship and universal sympathy could bestow.

I have just seen your old friend, Miss D——, who has charged me to say a thousand pretty things in her name to you. She delivered these florid *nothings* in a manner, which would have tempted me to believe that there was something in the air of France that inclined people to be complimentary, did not my own experience prove the contrary, for I still retain all that English bluntness on which you, my Sophia, used so often to rally your ever affectionate EUDOCIA.

I forgot to mention, that one sees occasionally a few *chapeaux*, or *capotes*, of red or green crape, or *gros de Naples;* but the generality of head-dresses are like the gowns —white.



FASHIONABLE CHAIRS

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 14.—FASHIONABLE CHAIRS.

THE annexed plate represents chairs from the repository of Mr. G. Bullock, and they are designed for apartments of three different modes of building: the centre chair is intended for a Grecian library, that to the right of it for a suite of rooms in the Gothic style, and that on the left for a book-room in a mansion built in the seventeenth century. Although the forms are good, and well adapted to the purpose for which they are designed, yet the materials with which they are composed, and the excellence of their workmanship, give an importance and value to them, that is not to be exhibited by a graphical representation.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the course of next month will appear a new *Catalogue of Mr. Ackermann's Repository of Arts*, consisting of between 3 and 4000 copperplate engravings.

On the 1st Sept. will be published the fifth and last part of *Albert Durer's Prayer-Book;* with introductory matter, a portrait of the artist, and an index explanatory of the designs. This work, printed from stone, is the first effort of Mr. Ackermann's lithographic press.

On the 1st of October will appear, also from Ackermann's lithographic press, a folio work, in forty pages, containing *Ornaments from the Antique*, for the use of architects, sculptors, painters, and ornamental workers.

In a few days will be published, *An Essay on Public Credit*, by David Hume, first printed in 1752; with a Letter to the people of Great Britain and Ireland on the prophetic character of its principles. The appendix will contain an analysis of Mr. Bentham's work on Reform, and a review of several other publications on the same important subject.

Soon will appear a new edition of the Abridgment of Ainsworth's *Latin Dictionary*, revised by J. Carey, LL.D.

Mr. Moir, an indefatigable compiler of several useful publications, announces another under the title of *Curious and Interesting Subjects of History, Antiquity, and Science;* containing the earliest information of the most remarkable cities of ancient and modern times, their customs, architecture, &c. &c.

In the course of next month Mr. Henry Smith, organist of Aldgate, will publish, by subscription, *Six Canzonettas for the Voice and Piano-Forte*, dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The words are selected from Shakspeare, Pope, Bloomfield, and Sheridan.

Dr. Uwins, physician to the City and Caledonian Dispensaries, will commence a course of Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Medicine, at his house, No. 1, Thavies' Inn, Holborn, on Friday, the 3d of October, at seven o'clock in the evening precisely: and in spring, Dr. Uwins will commence a course

of Lectures on Materia Medica and Pharmacy.

The original manuscripts of the celebrated Mozart, consisting of the scores of his operas, such as *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Idomeneo*, *Cosi fan tutti*, &c. are in the hands of Mr. T. André, music-seller of Offenbach, by whom they were purchased of the widow of that eminent composer.

To the admirers of the rare productions of nature in general and the visitors to Matlock Bath in particular, we would recommend, as an object well worthy of attention, the Rutland Cavern, situated on the heights of Abraham. These heights afford, beyond comparison, the finest walks about Matlock, which are kept in constant repair by the proprietor. They are about a mile in extent, running zigzag up the face of a mountain, and commanding in various places the most pleasing views. The scenery in the interior of the cave is singularly striking, grand, sublime, and extensive, and superior to any in this country. It is alone an instructive lesson to the lovers of mineralogy, as every variety of vein, and the different modes of obtaining the ore, may be seen. To those who are fond of this branch of natural history, Matlock Bath will prove highly interesting; and at the Museum there every kind of the mineral productions may be purchased on moderate terms.

Poetry.

ODE

On the 18th June, 1817, being the Anniversary of the memorable Battle of Waterloo.

By JOHN CARNEGIE.

PEACE, peace to the shades of those heroes who bled
For the freedom of Europe, by glory's aim led;
Peace, peace to their shades, though now low their dust lies,
Never die shall their fame till immortal they rise;
Peace, peace to the shades of those warriors true,
Who fell at the battle of famed Waterloo!
While time shall last, while seas shall beat,
While fair Europa life retains,
At Waterloo, the Gauls' defeat
The Muse shall sing in grateful strains.

Let the loud-sounding trumpet the triumphs proclaim,
Of great Wellington, Hope, Hill, Dalhousie, and Græme;
Let the nations to Britain, with banners unfurl'd,
Give the palm—*she* gave freedom to half of the world.
Raise the trophy to Britain, emblazon her name
In the temple of Glory and annals of Fame!
Now the mighty contest's o'er,
Joy shall fill the world again;
War shall cease from shore to shore,
Peace shall bless and freedom reign.

Glasgow.

THE EARTHENWARE-SHOP.

A FABLE.

In an earthenware shop, 'mongst the vessels of clay,
There arose, at one time, a most terrible fray:
A great ill-looking jar first began to complain,
How much he endured from contempt and disdain!

While vessels inferior in strength and in size,
In their gaudy appearance, attracted all eyes,
No customer shew'd him the smallest respect;
And he was resolv'd not to bear such neglect.

His speech was applauded. But who can describe
The effect which soon follow'd throughout the clay tribe?
This spirit fermented in ev'ry direction;
Pots, pitchers, and pans, quickly caught the infection:
"Down, down with those vases (they instantly cry)
"Which so splendid appear, and are set up so high!
"Though, enamel'd and gilt, they look fine on the shelves,
"They're nothing but vessels of clay, like ourselves;
"And, to speak the plain truth, that same ill-looking jar
"In strength and in substance excels them by far."

A few, better taught and more wise than the rest,
Would have fain, by sound reas'ning, their clamour suppress'd;
And have shewn that the maker, in forming his plan,
To its own use adapted each pitcher and pan;
That, though not made the table or sideboard to grace,
Each might be esteem'd in its own proper place:
For vessels there are, as we all of us know,
Which we cannot dispense with, though not meant for show:
Thus, banishing envy, contention, and strife,
We should each live a useful and peaceable life.

But in vain was calm reas'ning: the noise was renew'd,
And mischief and misery quickly ensued.
"Down, down with those vases (again was the cry)
"Which so splendid appear, and are set up so high!"
But, ah! they ne'er thought, when they tore down the shelves,
The ruin they surely would bring on themselves:
For those wretched fanatics had not sense to know,
That the vases in falling would crush them below.

SONGS.

From MOORE'S "*Lalla Rookh.*"

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgotten again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if loved for years!

Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee;
Fresh as the fountain under-ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found*.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,

* The Hudbud, or lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water underground.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Inamorator's *Epistle has been submitted to Mr. Sagephiz, who is of opinion that, as love is proverbially ingenious, if his correspondent's passion is not capable of suggesting the means of surmounting the difficulty in question, his case is beyond the reach of advice.*

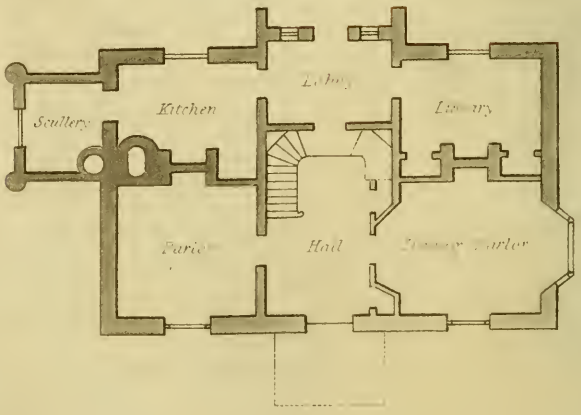
The reference to a Plate at the head of Sentimental Travels to the South of France, *p.* 193, *is a mistake, as there will be no engraving to the Letter in our present Number.*

Some Illustrations of the Gleanings *which have been given in our late Numbers, shall appear in our next.*

The papers of A Traveller—Desmond—Constantia—*and* LL. D. *are not adapted to our Miscellany.*

We should be thankful to S. L. *for a sight of the* Narrative of a Tour *to which he alludes.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



A GOTHIC COTTAGE.

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER 1, 1817. N°. XXII.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 18.—A GOTHIC COTTAGE.

THIS building is suited to a small family, and would make a very convenient parsonage-house to a living of moderate income: it consists of a parlour, dining-room, and library; a kitchen, scullery, larder, &c. on the ground floor; and of four chambers and a dressing-room on the bed-room floor. The design is picturesque in its effect; and if executed with a judicious attention to the forms of the doors, windows, ceilings, &c. it would become a very simple and neat example of domestic Gothic architecture. It is intended that the roof should be covered with tiles, but great care should be taken that they are from some other building, and have lost the offensive glare that red tiles always possess when new, for such a colour would be fatal to the pleasing effect of the building.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

IMPROVEMENT OF CIDER AND PERRY.

IT is asserted, that owing to the prevalence of rain, and the low temperature of the atmosphere during the summer months, the apples and pears will be so deficient in saccharine matter, that the expressed juice, instead of forming a vinous liquor, as that of cider and perry, will run to vinegar. In order to supply this deficiency, it is recommended to the makers of cider and perry to employ the beet-root or the parsnip, in the proportion of eight pounds of either of these roots to eight bushels of apples or pears, or to grind either with an infusion of malt. In this manner cider or perry may be made equal to any foreign wine, and very superior to the wine received from

the Cape of Good Hope. Of the beet-root there are two sorts in general use, viz. the red and white. Those who may wish to give their liquers a high colour may employ the former, but the latter certainly abounds most with saccharine matter.

REMEDY FOR ULCERATED SORE-THROAT.

Drop some good brandy on a piece of refined lump-sugar, till it has absorbed as much as it will contain, which suffer to remain in the mouth till it be gradually dissolved. Repeat the same four or five times a day, and in the course of a few days the ulcers will wholly disappear.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

A medical writer in one of the Bath papers, in speaking of the best remedies for burns and scalds, which are to be procured instantly in most houses, states, that oil of turpentine is an excellent application; but this is not always at hand. Next to this in effect are the strongest spirits that can be procured, as æther, spirits of wine, brandy, rum, gin, &c. or, in the absence of these, vinegar. These should be applied by means of folded linen cloths to every kind of burn, and to scalds before the skin begins to rise. Soap dissolved in water is likewise a good application. In proof of the efficacy of spirits, the following case is given:—At a respectable inn in the neighbourhood of Bath, a female servant, in taking a ham from the boiler, fell down, and was scalded in a dreadful manner, her neck and body being literally scarified: applications of cloths well soaked in brandy were immediately resorted to, and proved almost miraculously efficacious, so much so, that when a surgeon, who had been sent for, arrived in about an hour after the accident happened, he said nothing could improve the appearances; he declined ordering any thing but a continuance in the same process, and in a few days the poor girl was quite recovered, and soon after scarcely a vestige, or even appearance, of the accident remained.

Pulverised chalk, mixed with whites of eggs to the consistence of cream, frequently applied to prevent its congealing, is also declared to be an excellent remedy for burns or scalds.

REMEDY FOR THE STONE.

Take a quarter of a pint of the expressed juice of horsemint, and a quarter of a pint of red onion juice, evening and morning, till the cure is perfected. White onions will not have the same effect as red. To get the juice of them, they may be cut in thin slices, and well salted, and bruised between two pewter plates. It is, however, the juice of the horsemint which possesses the most virtue in this disorder, and a strong decoction of this will generally, in time, effect a cure. If used in this way, the dose, of course, should be considerably larger.

WORMING DOGS.

It is asserted, that the fatal effects of hydrophobia in the human species might be prevented by a law to enforce the worming, or the extracting of a ligament like a worm under the tongue, of all dogs; as

dogs, which have been wormed, never bite under the influence of the disorder, but die quiet and harmless. A writer on this subject advises an appeal to the celebrated Dr. Jenner, by any one desirous of ascertaining the correctness of this assertion. We should be happy to receive a confirmation of it from that enlightened philanthropist.

CHEAP ROOFING FOR OUTHOUSES.

A cheap and durable method of roofing is formed by dipping sheets of coarse paper in boiling tar, and nailing them on boards or laths in the same manner as slates. The whole is then painted over with a mixture of pitch and powdered coal, chalk, or brick-dust. This forms a texture which completely resists all kinds of weather for a great length of time, without requiring repair. As the roof is made to rise not more than two inches in a foot, the quantity of timber required is much smaller than for any other mode.

METHOD OF MAKING INK.

A correspondent of *The Gentleman's Magazine* has communicated the following method of making ink that will never become mouldy, without using any other than the common ingredients:—It occurred to me, says he, that the mould could proceed from the vegetable ones only. I therefore put an ounce of clean gum arabic into a jug, with a quart, Winchester measure, of a clear infusion of galls, made with rain-water and three ounces of galls well pounded, and placed the jug in a cellar, and covered it loosely with paper. I stirred the liquor two or three times a day for several days, that the gum might be perfectly dissolved. The mould began to form upon the surface in twenty-four days; ten days afterwards I removed it. Several more portions of mould formed, which I took off occasionally during three months, when the liquor became perfectly purified. I then added an ounce of pounded copperas. When the mould first began to form, I removed the jug into the shady part of a room, where there was no fire.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MRS. JEFFERY.

The Rev. Mr. Beloe, in his posthumous work *The Sexagenarian*, gives the following account of the late Mrs. Jeffery of Bath, who formerly shone in the most distinguished circles of the metropolis as the wife of Alderman Hayley.

She was the sister of John Wilkes, of famous memory, had a large portion of his intellectual endowments, and was very little his inferior in vivacity, humour, and wit. She was married first to an opulent merchant, who was succeeded in his business by his head clerk Mr. Hayley, whose fortunes were made by his obtaining the hand of the widow. He was afterwards Alderman Hayley, and a near relation of Hayley the poet; he was a plain,

sensible, good sort of man, wholly absorbed in commercial pursuits, and soon found it expedient, for the sake of a quiet life, to suffer his *cara sposa* to do as she liked. She was exceedingly well informed, had read a great deal, possessed a fine taste, and, with respect to literary merit, considerable judgment. She accordingly sought with much avidity the society of those who were distinguished in the world by their talents and their writings. When the expression of *those* is used, it must be understood to apply to men only; for on all occasions she was at no pains to conceal her contemptuous opinion of her own sex, and it was no uncommon thing to see her at table surrounded with ten or twelve eminent men, without a single female. She had great conversational talents; and unfortunately, like her brother, she seldom permitted any ideas of religion, or even of delicacy, to impose a restraint upon her observations.

Her disregard of propriety was also conspicuously manifested on other occasions. She invariably attended the more remarkable trials at the Old Bailey, where she regularly had a certain place reserved for her. When the discussion on the trial was of such a nature that decorum, and indeed the judges themselves desired women to withdraw, she never stirred from her place, but persisted in remaining to hear the whole, with the most unmoved and unblushing earnestness of attention. She every summer made an excursion to such parts of the kingdom as she had not before visited, and was always accompanied by a single male friend, who for a great number of years was an American gentleman connected with the house of Hayley by the ties of mercantile interests. Upon one occasion she visited the Highlands with this gentleman, and though accustomed to a very luxurious style of living, she submitted to the greatest privations and hardships in the indulgence of her curiosity. This, indeed, was unbounded; it extended to the manufactories, manners, high and low, and worse than low, in whatever place she visited. Her professed object was to see every thing and every body, which deserved or excited attention. The season in which she visited the Highlands proved moreover to be very wet and tempestuous, and the character of her mind cannot perhaps be more accurately delineated than by an extract of a letter which she wrote to her brother John Wilkes from Scotland: it began—

"*Dear Brother,*

"The rain has been, and still is, so incessant, that I have serious intentions of constructing another ark; into which, however, I shall be exceedingly scrupulous whom I admit. As I know your particular taste, I shall have a cabin for your use fitted up, and adorned with Scripture and other prints. But I will on no consideration whatever suffer any unclean animals to enter; for example, nothing shall prevail upon me to admit either Scotchmen or Scotchwomen," &c. &c.

The whole of the epistle was of the same strain and character, full of wit, humour, and ingenious (however unjust) raillery.

She had a house after her husband's death, and perhaps before, at Bromley; the measured distance of which, from her town residence in Great Alie-street, Goodman's-fields, was precisely ten miles. She had four beautiful black horses, and on entering her carriage, she never failed to take her watch in her hand, and her coachman was sure to have a sorry bout of it, if he exceeded the space of an hour, either going or coming.

She had also a strong predilection for the drama, had a box at both the theatres, and generally went from one house to another. She was most particularly fond of Shakspeare, and never failed to be present when any of his plays were represented. She allowed her coachman but half an hour to drive from Goodman's-fields to either theatre. Her remarks on the performances and performers were ingenious, lively, pertinent, and just.

She was particularly nice in her carriage, which was always built in the highest and most expensive style of fashion, and kept with particular neatness. She had one day a rich citizen with her, in one of these excursions to or from Bromley, who did not perceive that the glass near which he sat was drawn up, and he was so thoughtless as to spit upon it. She indulged in much laughter, and remarked that her coachman could not possibly have had a greater compliment paid to his care of the glasses.

She had a daughter, who did not appear to be exempted from the general, indeed universal dislike, or rather contempt, which she avowed for all her sex. They were on the very worst terms possible, and so reluctant was she on her daughter's marriage to perform the stipulations required by old H.'s will, that the most harsh and rigorous proceedings were found unavoidably necessary; and she was arrested on a Saturday night, on coming from the play, when she had thousands at her command; and detained, with her male friend, who always accompanied her, in a spunging-house, till the Monday morning.

In the end she served this same gentleman a most slippery trick. He was a native of Nantucket, and as Mr. H.'s commercial connections were principally in America, he was one of his most intimate and valuable correspondents. On coming to England, he took up his residence in H.'s house, and on his death, undertook the conduct of the great and extensive concern for the widow. He was her most intimate counsellor, confidant, and friend, embarked his fortunes with her's, attended her every where and on every occasion, and was in all respects the master of her house, and the director of her family. At the conclusion of the American war, it was found expedient that some confidential person should go over to America, to see after the property still remaining in that country, and which was not much less than one hundred thousand pounds. Mr. R** offered himself for the purpose. The lady's attachment to him was so strong, that she determined not to part with him, and resolved to accompany him. Before they embarked, it was determined, on consultation, that they should be married, and the archbishop's licence was accordingly obtained. From some

cause or other, the solemnization was deferred, and they mutually covenanted that it should take place on their arrival in America. They accordingly set sail very lovingly together. When they got to America, they were much noticed and feasted, and were hospitably received, even by General Washington himself, and the most considerable persons of the country. Still the marriage was not solemnized. Almost the first letters which came out from England, brought the unwelcome information, that the presence of Mrs. H. or her agent and representative, was indispensably necessary, to secure the property which was left behind, no less considerable than that after which they went in search. The gentleman of whom we are speaking voluntarily undertook this mission also; and leaving his friend and mistress, with the promise, and indeed the determination, to return immediately and perform his contract, he appointed a young mercantile man to transact his business in his absence, and departed for England.

But mark the waywardness and inconsistency of some females: he had hardly set foot on British land, when a packet arrived from a correspondent in America, with the information, that the lady had found solitude in that distant part of the world so irksome, and indeed so intolerable, that in one short week after his departure, she had united herself in indissoluble bonds with the young man whom he had left as his mercantile representative. There were no writings, settlements, or contracts; but one simple deed, stating, that the longest liver should have all the property.

Before the narrative of Mrs. H. is resumed, the sequel of the fortunes of this disappointed gentleman shall be added. His grief was probably neither very acute, nor very permanent; indeed, he was already beginning to feel his situation a sort of unmanly thraldom; and there can be very little doubt, that had he been either pressing or unfortunate, he might, *mutatis mutandis*, have been the happy bridegroom in America, rather than the forsaken lover in England. But he was a man with a great spirit of enterprize, had seen much of the world, and was anxious to see more. He had also some very lofty schemes of mercantile aggrandisement, particularly with respect to the South Sea whale fishery. He was an exceedingly ingenious mechanic, and had invented a machine for the more certain destruction of whales, which had the approbation of some of our most accomplished mechanics. With this view, not meeting in this country, or from our government, the encouragement he wanted, and the assistance which he asked, he removed to France. Whether he yet survives, or if he does, in what situation he remains, was unknown when this was written.

Now to return to Mrs. Hayley. The hours of rapture, even with younger subjects (votaries at the hymeneal shrine), do not always extend beyond the honey-moon. When a female, approaching to seventy, leads to the altar a bridegroom who has not seen thirty, these hours of Elysium seldom continue quite so long. In a very short interval, a separation was mutually thought expedient. The lady, as before observed, had con-

fided every thing to the generosity of her husband, and, with such an allowance as he thought proper to make her, she took a very early opportunity of re-crossing the Atlantic; and after a short residence in London, fixed herself at Bath, where she passed

"An old age of cards."

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 19.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER X.

Already had I reclined my tingling head upon my pillow, already did I perceive the approach of tranquil sleep, when chance, which seemed to-day to have chosen me for its ball, thought fit to subject me to a trial equally unexpected and severe. The compassionate girl had, with John's assistance, fetched from the loft some dried herbs to foment my wound. She did not think of them till she was just stepping into bed; but this did not prevent her from going, barefoot and without light, in quest of them. John was obliged to make a fire to warm the wine in which the herbs were to be steeped, and all at once the dear creature came softly to my bedside, and put the smoking mass into her neck-handkerchief, which she took off for the purpose of binding it round my forehead.

"Child!" said I, "what are you about? You are giving yourself unnecessary trouble."

"I should think not," replied she; "or do you fancy that you look the better for that black spot on your forehead?" At the same time she stooped over my bed, applied the handkerchief, and, as she was tying it behind, it so happened that, owing to the manner in which my head was drawn towards her, my eyes rested upon an object, fair as the imagination of man can conceive.

What an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances! Little could I have imagined at the unpleasant moment of the accident, that my morning reverie would produce such a reality for the peaceful evening.

"O Margot!" whispered I, unable to resist the temptation of throwing my arms round the graceful form of this lovely girl, "how much more effectually mightst thou dispel my pangs, and change them into raptures!"

"Only tell me how, then!" replied she, without taking from me a single degree of that kindly warmth which my happy situation procured me.

"O thou!" continued I, after a pause of the deepest emotion, in the tenderest tone of which I was capable—"what shall I call thee?—child of unsophisticated Nature? O Margot, didst thou but know the whole secret of this wound, the proudest trophy that I ever won from Cupid, surely thou wouldst reward me for the morning's conflict! Yes, I already behold my victor's crown entwined with the

fairest wreaths that ever Pity presented to Love!"

This was not the first time, Edward, that the delusion which all symbolical language carries along with it had played me a scurvy trick; but on no occasion did so many circumstances concur to render that language dangerous as at this critical moment. Innocence and pity strengthened its hidden signification. To us Cupid was not the ideal inhabitant of an ideal world, any more than the contusion which he placed upon my forehead, when I pressed his godship in too human a manner, was imaginary. At Athens this evidence of the conflict would certainly have obtained me both reputation and alms.

On Margot's bosom itself, however, I had the firmness to translate my figurative wishes and sublime tropes into the plain vulgar tongue, which gave them, to my own astonishment, a meaning that frightened me.

As a culprit who advances to the bar, pacified by the conviction that the devil alone is to blame for his misdeeds, and quits it in despair after the judge has divested the deceitful adage of its symbolical disguise—so I shuddered at myself, and virtue proved victorious.

"I thank you, Margot," said I, in a firm tone, releasing her from my embrace, "for your pity and your poultice. It does me good, but sleep will do me still more. Go to bed now. To-morrow I will return your handkerchief."

Just at this moment the moon threw her soft rays over my bed. By this light Margot retired with all her glorious innocence, and I—let the whole court of Berlin laugh at me, if it will—I fancied myself greater than Scipio, and slept soundly all night.

December 29.

Heaven be praised! the blotch is removed from my forehead. I quitted my bed in a cheerful mood, sat down immediately to my writing-table, and consigned the history of yesterday, without a blush, to my journal.

As soon as I had finished, I left my closet, sought the good-natured girl, and with the open look of conscious integrity, and before the face of her relations, I returned to her the handkerchief which she had lent me for the night. But I know not how it is, the looks of them all to-day betray a certain embarrassment. Can any thing unpleasant have befallen them? I should be sincerely grieved if that were the case. They even seem desirous of avoiding me; they go out of the house and whisper together, which I never observed them to do before. But what most puzzles me is, that little Margot's bosom too heaves, and she says nothing to me concerning the cause of her agitation. At such moments we can do nothing better than to get out of our friends' way—but perhaps the girl will accompany me this morning.

I had purposely made a noise in fetching my hat and stick out of the closet, brushed the one, and looked as intently at the other as if I had never seen an oak sapling before—but all was of no use. Margot shewed no inclination to go along with me, but continued seated immoveably in a corner. In passing I reached her my hand,

which she pressed with a fervour that penetrated my heart. "What can be the matter with these good folks?" thought I, and left them quite disconcerted. John followed my example, and in so doing afforded me a fresh opportunity of admiring his delicate *tact*. I beckoned him to attend me, and thus, each wrapped up in his own thoughts, we ascended the well-known hill.

On reaching the top, I sat down and gave full liberty to my eyes. John, who stood near me, seemed absorbed like myself in admiration of the glorious prospect. He at length broke silence. "Sir," said he, "your sight is very good. Can you discern yonder in the distance among the trees a very small-pointed spire?"

I looked, but could not discover it.

"Then," continued he, "my eyes must be still better than yours. You must know, that this is the church of the village from which Margot comes."

"Indeed!" answered I, and looked once more towards it.

After a short pause, he resumed: "It is said to be a place where a living is easily obtained."

I turned round to him, and there he stood with folded hands, like a criminal trembling before his judge.

"What is the matter with you, John?" said I hastily. And now something was brought to light which so strongly reminded me of what befel a professor of natural philosophy at Würzburg while I was a young man, that I cannot resist the inclination to relate the circumstance to you, as an appropriate transition to what follows, and as a proof that even the most enlightened of men may occasionally be led into errors.

The scholar whom I have mentioned, and whose name was Beringer, collected subjects in natural history, and had the extraordinary good fortune to discover a sand-pit which was incredibly rich in the rarest petrifactions. Figure to yourself his transport on returning from every secret visit with bags full of new treasures for his cabinet. His collection soon increased to such a degree as to eclipse every other in this department, and he conceived the very natural idea of making known his fortunate discoveries to the world, and, by means of illustrative engravings, enabling the public to appreciate the true value of these rarities, certain that he should thereby excite the astonishment of all the connoisseurs. In this work he says very modestly, "that he has received all these curiosities, these birds, and frogs, and lizards, and bats, and members of human bodies, so evidently converted into sand-stone, immediately from the hand of Nature; that he dug them up himself in the happiest hours of his life; and that he bestowed the most scrupulous care upon the drawings from which the engravings were executed."

It does one good to see the learned gentleman thus swelling with self-satisfaction, and it is certain that nothing could detract from the deserved honour of his laborious discoveries, but a trifling circumstance which came to his knowledge when the very last sheet of his profound work was in the press. It was this:—That it was not plas-

tic Nature, but one of her friends, who was the author of all the curiosities described in the book. One of his colleagues, not anticipating the consequences, had, in a waggish humour, caused all those articles to be manufactured by a common stone-cutter, and to be buried over-night at the spot where he knew beforehand that the professor would seek and find them on the morrow.

When his first fury—the vehemence of which I leave you to figure to yourself—at such an unseasonable joke had somewhat subsided, and he had sufficiently fretted and fumed, and made himself ashamed of his credulity, he formed the best resolution that was left him to render his dear folios, now that they were printed, in some measure useful for libraries, and, on the other hand, not to throw himself into a gall-fever by swallowing his vexation in silence. He, therefore, seated himself, with all the composure he was master of, at his writing-table, and in a supplement frankly related his misadventure in very good Latin, and not a little surprised the courteous reader, who had so far bestowed due attention upon his work, with the unexpected information that there was not one word of truth in all that he had been reading. He kindly admonishes all to take warning by his example, and not to let themselves be blinded by their passion for any particular pursuit. He acknowledges, that now he dispassionately examines the originals, he cannot conceive where his eyes must have been; he hopes that his future works will be gainers by his experience, and offers the present, by way of punishing his credulity, at half the selling price.

Who can read this passage without feelings of renewed regard for the professor on account of his extraordinary frankness? and what rational man is there but would assign a place in his library to his folio, perhaps somewhere near Lavater's *Physiognomy?*

Imagine not, dear Edward, that this story is misplaced here; and now listen with more attention than you have possibly yet paid, to the continuation of mine.

Every word that John uttered stabbed me to the heart, and propelled the blood into my face. Never in all my life, I protest to you, did I appear more ridiculous to myself than while the fellow, in broken sentences, stammered forth his ardent love for Margot, and the fervour with which she returned it; and I recollected all my fine declamations on the inequality of conditions, on the genuine jewel that I had discovered, and all the nonsense which for some days had been passing through my head, and flowing from my pen. My state at length was exactly like that stupidity into which the most eminent scholars only in general fall, when they meet with something in common life—in their kitchens, or in their cellars perhaps—which does not at the first blush coincide with their systems. My eyes were fixed on vacancy, and I lost at least half of what John was saying to me.

"Yes, sir," he proceeded, just at the moment when I began to collect my scattered thoughts, "now you are acquainted with the whole matter. Margot and I al-

ways had it upon our tongues, but neither of us had the courage to inform you of it, and each was desirous of throwing the task upon the other. The day before yesterday, when we toyed away the whole morning together—it was the same day that you sent me to the town—"

"And how did you toy it away then?" cried I with impatient curiosity.

"Why, it is not worth mentioning," replied John. "The girl only shewed me something of the management of silk-worms, and the profit of keeping them. She told me that the loves of these little insects diffuse blessings over a whole country, and that whoever promotes their pleasures is richly rewarded for it as for a good action. And so we were led quite naturally to our own love and our future housekeeping. One word brought on another; one kiss followed another, and then——what was I going to say?—yes, then Margot took courage, and gave me her hand, that she would speak to you about it that very day.—'I will come as far as the gate to meet you,' said she, 'and bring your master along with me—by the way I will tell him how dearly I love you—I will beg you of him; and that you may know at once how matters stand, I will give you a sign. Look you, if I come running alone to meet you, all will be well; but if I have hold of your master's arm, why then you may be sure that our secret has gone no farther.' Well, as I came out of the town-gate with a beating heart, I observed you both sitting on the stone seat. I saw Margot jump up all at once; but, ah! what a twitch it gave me when a moment afterwards I saw her holding you by the arm with her pretty little hands!"

"O Montagne! Montagne!" exclaimed I, grinding my teeth, "how just is thy remark, that the cats often play with us when we imagine that we are playing with them!"

John understood so much French as to suppose that I had been saying something about the *mountain*, and his answer was of course as inapposite as could be wished. At this moment, however, the grossest of misconceptions could not have discomposed a muscle of my face.

"Yes, so it was," replied I—"but proceed."—"What more can I have to say, my dear master?" answered John. "God knows how much it pains me to think of leaving you; but it will be easy to supply my place. The girl who is so fond of me is such a good creature, that I really think no greater happiness could befal any of us in this world."

"Any of us?" murmured I, biting my nails with vexation.

"In this country," he continued, "it is easy to gain a livelihood and to maintain a wife, especially an industrious and careful one, such as Margot will be, if it were only out of love to me. It was but yesterday morning, when we were seeking you here upon this mountain, and were sitting together on this very spot, that she promised me with a thousand kisses—aye at least a thousand—to be any thing that I would have her."

"A thousand kisses!" thought I—"how provoking!" and at the moment I would have given a good

deal to have had that single one back again during which the tragedy-writer had surprised me. I inwardly cursed the little traitress, who could stammer and blush so eloquently for any other, and who could give such ardent kisses to any other man than myself. I now considered it as certain that she had poisoned my Mops, that she might deprive me of all my companions. I could not reflect without mortification on the yesterday's pages of my journal, and you have nobody to thank but the professor of Würzburg, that I have not torn these humiliating pages, with some of the preceding, into ten thousand pieces, and thus deprived you of the useful moral which you may draw from them.

Painful as it was to me to lose a faithful attendant in such an insidious manner, still I had no solid objection to urge against the match. In this dilemma, I said to him, "This is all very well, John—but the difference of religion?"

"That," he eagerly replied, "is of no consequence here, as Margot assures me."

"Has she so?" rejoined I, shaking my head.

"Yes indeed, my worthy master," continued he. "The great St. Christopher alone is held in some veneration, and so he may be for what I care.—But, sir, make up your mind about it; for without your consent, the girl will not have me upon any account. This is the only condition that she and her relations insist upon;—and as for me—I declare to God I would rather pine to death for love of Margot, than do any thing that you disapproved."

"John," said I seriously, "the principal difficulty is, that I cannot tell where I shall find another good servant in a hurry; and you know that you have engaged not to leave me during my travels."

For this case too the good folks had taken care to provide. "Indeed," replied John hastily, "that I know but too well, and I told the girl so, and this is the weight that presses most heavily upon our hearts. But, sir, Margot has a brother, who is said to be a handsome, well-behaved lad, and who can attend you so early as to-morrow, if you please—she rejoices at the idea of seeing him in your livery. Though the idea is so natural, yet it never occurred to her till late last night."

"About what time?" asked I.

"As I tell you," replied John, "it was quite late. Every body in the house was already in bed, when she came creeping like a ghost up stairs to me in the loft, to acquaint me with the excellent thought that had just struck her."

"I should think," cried I, interrupting him in the most peevish tone, "it would have been time enough for that next morning."

"So it would," said John, "but she cannot keep any thing from me even for a single night. But to proceed with my story—it was fortunate that she did come up into the loft, for there she found a bag of dried thyme and sage which had been lost, and this put her upon making the poultice which has done you so much good. Never was there such a handy, industrious girl. 'Give me the things,' said she, when they were ready; 'I will tie them round your master's head my-

self. Perhaps I shall yet find an opportunity of speaking to him about our business. Ah! how soundly I should sleep after it!' But this morning she was quite down-hearted again—and though I am not less so, what can I do? The period of your departure approaches nearer and nearer, and it is now high time that I should know what I am to expect."

I was plunged into a profound reverie. "She would speak to me about the business?" I repeated over and over again. "It was lucky she did not. Last night too?—in the state in which I then was?—What a shock of contending emotions would it have produced! If the current of all those ardent feelings had been so suddenly and so keenly frozen, would it have been any wonder if an apoplexy had instantaneously carried me off?"

During this soliloquy I quite forgot poor John. When I looked round for him again, his features were so disfigured with the tortures of suspense, that I could not help pitying him. I rubbed my forehead, fixed my eyes upon the azure sky—and my resolution was taken.

"You have now been ten years with me, John," said I with emotion—"you have served me faithfully, and I am accustomed to you. But your choice is too good, and the love of such an angel of a girl overbalances all the objections that I could advance. I give you the permission you solicit, and give it cheerfully. Continue to be worthy of Margot, and may you both be happy!"

Scarcely had I pronounced these words when the kind-hearted fellow clasped his hands. "May God Almighty bless you!" said he, while tears trickled down his cheeks—"bless you soon with a good and charming wife, and may she reward you for all the goodness that you shew me at this moment!" His feelings prevented his proceeding; and I—to recover myself from the agitation into which the expression of his joy had thrown me—(at least I fancy that was the reason)—slowly descended the hill, and strove to inspire my heart, after so rude a shock, with courage, that I might appear with unclouded brow before the good people of the house.

They were waiting for me in evident uneasiness before the door of their cottage. Concluding, however, from the satisfaction apparent in the looks of my John, how matters stood, they conducted me without farther ceremony into the room where their niece had passed the intermediate time with a beating heart.

"Well, Margot," said I as I entered, with as kind a look as it was possible for me to give, "now I know what carried you into the dusty road the day before yesterday, and why you were lost in such profound thought on the stone seat. Your broken slumbers, your concerted signs, your night-walking, all your secrets, not excepting the bag of herbs, are betrayed. If John were not so talkative, you should certainly not have him. As it is, he belongs to you by right. Such a mysterious girl ought to be punished with a chatter-box."

You should have seen what life these words infused into the little innocent creature. With glowing cheeks, heaving breast, and I know

not how many more charms, she threw herself, before I was aware of it, about my neck, and forced upon me the *droit de seigneur*—if you choose to call it so--before the face of her bridegroom. I received her first kiss—for truth compels me to acknowledge, that of the kisses mentioned in the preceding pages, not one was given by her to me. The second and succeeding ones were destined for the happy John.

As soon as dinner was over, host and hostess, Margot and John, repaired, as it had been agreed upon during our repast, to the post. One helped the other upon ass-back, and away they trotted to the village where the family contract was to be concluded, and where the exchange of my John for Margot's brother was to be effected.

Meanwhile I employed myself for the benefit of my travelling friends, as also for my own satisfaction, and divided a considerable portion of the produce of my bill into three parts, one of which I destined for my hosts, one for my John, and the third for the little treacherous Margot. After this settlement of accounts, the first that was not irksome to me, I seated myself in my closet, committed to paper what you have read, and awaited with extraordinary composure the return of my friends.

Their various negociations could not have met with the slightest obstacle, for they came back earlier than I expected them, judging from the importance of the business which they had to transact. They were not pleased to find me at home, and to hear that I had debarred myself of my walk, that their house and my own little property in it might not be left unprotected. They declared this precaution a reflection upon their honest neighbours. " Or were you perhaps afraid," cried Margot, " that the robber who haunts the hill should find his way to your writing-table, throw your papers into confusion, or even run away with them?"

" The principal reason why I staid at home," said I, in order to do away the impression which my fear had made on them, " was, that I might finish my journal."

" And what is a journal?" asked Margot. When I told her that it was an account of receipts and expenses—of the employment of time —of our feelings and our errors— that under this last head there was a description of her pretty little self, and that I should send this account to a man who had almost every day reports of not much greater importance to lay before his sovereign—I thought she would have died with laughing; nay, I verily believe she would not have given credit to what I said, had not John assured her that it was literally true.

I like Bastian, my new valet, extremely well. He is a smart, clever lad, about twenty, who I dare say would as easily have made up his mind to circumnavigate the globe with Cook, as to go with me the day after to-morrow to Avignon. I should not mind adding a crown per month to his wages, on account of his resemblance to his sister.

I passed the evening in hearing the narrative of their journey, and all the negociations and transactions with the mother of the bride. I found it impossible to listen with

attention. I pored over all the riddles with which this girl of thirteen had puzzled me since the commencement of our acquaintance, and with which she still continued to puzzle me, and endeavoured to solve the latter more successfully than, to the eternal disgrace of my experience, I had done the former. I hope I shall be able to appease this commotion of my thoughts, otherwise I am seriously apprehensive that I shall have a sleepless night.

IRISH PRIDE.

About the beginning of the year 1780, a young Irishman of the name of O'Hara, well descended, but of moderate fortune, arrived in Paris, bringing with him letters of recommendation to the first families of that city. The grace, gaiety, and good-nature of the young Hibernian, soon rendered him a general favourite in the first circles. He appeared extremely grateful for the kindness he received, but he attached himself more warmly to the family of the Count St. Marcel than to any of the others who vied in attention to him.

Monsieur and Madame St. Marcel were indeed extremely amiable, but there was a stronger attraction at their hotel than the captivating manners or splendid hospitality of its possessors. The young Therese St. Marcel, the count's only child, was at that period about eighteen. Madame St. Marcel, who was dotingly fond of her daughter, never could be prevailed on to part with her; and Therese received her education under the paternal roof, instead of being, as was then the custom, sent to a convent in her infancy.

Mademoiselle St. Marcel would, by a jury of spinsters on the wrong side of thirty, have been pronounced perfectly plain; and, in truth, a critic would not have been able to point out a single feature which could separately be considered as beautiful. The effect of the whole was, however, fascinating in the highest degree. Her form, though small, was exquisitely proportioned; and the grace which attended her every motion, would of itself have been sufficient to render an ordinary figure charming.

At once fond and proud of his daughter, the count was not displeased at the visible effect which her charms produced upon O'Hara, because it never entered his head, that any sentiment warmer than admiration could be the consequence of allowing the young people an unrestrained intercourse. Madame St. Marcel was of a different opinion; but her wise remonstrances were interrupted with an incredulous "Pshaw! I grant," said he, "that this young man's birth is in his own country more than respectable, but it is impossible that he could have the folly to hope for an alliance with a daughter of the house of St. Marcel."

The peremptory air with which he pronounced these words did not alter the opinion of his lady, but it taught her the necessity of concealing it, and of watching the young folks narrowly. She had soon reason to triumph in her penetration. O'Hara found that eve-

ry day increased his passion for Therese; and as he read in her soft eyes, when she ventured to raise them for a moment to his, that the sentiment was reciprocal, he summoned courage to declare his attachment to the count.

O'Hara saw but one obstacle to his wishes, and that was, the superiority of fortune on the lady's side; this he thought might be obviated by his settling all her property on herself. As to his birth, he was perfectly easy on that score, accustomed from his childish days to trace the records of his house till they were lost amidst the darkest shades of antiquity, and to hang with exultation and delight on the recital of the chivalrous feats of his ancestors, several of whom had exercised regal dominion in the Emerald Isle: he forgot that that land, which was celebrated ages ago as the seat of arts and arms, was then an obscure spot, its former fame almost unknown, and its very existence considered nearly unimportant by the rest of Europe.

The count's astonishment at the avowal of O'Hara's passion could only be equalled by his rage at what he considered the insolence of such a declaration. "Are you aware, sir," said he with the greatest haughtiness of tone and manner, "whose blood flows in the veins of Therese St. Marcel?"—"Yes!" replied O'Hara in no very placid tone, "I am aware, count, that your family is one of the first in France; but give me leave to tell you, that the blood of Bourbon itself would not be degraded by an alliance with that of O'Hara." At this speech the count started back, and fixed his eyes upon our Milesian with a look of mingled astonishment and contempt, which he accompanied with a very significant shrug.

This was enough to irritate O'Hara, who burst into an account of his ancestry, which the count regarded as a mere gasconade; and his cool sarcastic replies inflamed the spirit of the indignant Hibernian to such a degree, that he was obliged to terminate the interview abruptly, for fear of forgetting the claims which the father of Therese had on his forbearance.

From that moment the gates of the hotel St. Marcel were shut against O'Hara, and the wan cheek and dejected air of Therese too plainly proved her mother was right in supposing, that pride had not enabled her to ward off the arrows of Cupid.

Had O'Hara been so inclined, he might soon have consoled himself for the Count St. Marcel's haughty rejection of his alliance. A widow of rank and fortune, equal, if not superior, to Mademoiselle St. Marcel, and still young and handsome enough to inspire *la belle passion*, intimated to him pretty plainly, that he possessed the power to prevail upon her to present herself a second time before the altar of Hymen. The spirit of O'Hara was too disinterested to listen to this overture, even if his heart had been disengaged; but his whole soul was so absorbed in his passion for Therese, that the most perfect loveliness could not have shaken his constancy to her.

For some time he supported his spirits with the hope, that it might be possible for him to prevail upon her to consent to a clandestine

union; but though passionately attached to him, and firmly determined never to wed another, Therese shrunk with horror at the idea of becoming a fugitive from her paternal roof, and solemnly declared, that from that moment their intercourse was at an end. Not all the anguish which this declaration gave to O'Hara could induce his mistress to recant it, and our poor Milesian gave himself up to despair.

Months passed away without producing any change in his feelings; at first he brooded in silence over his sorrows, but finding that this only increased their poignancy, he unfortunately had recourse to play as a means to banish thought. The consequence may easily be imagined: destitute of coolness and caution, he suffered himself to be drawn deeper and deeper into the vortex of play, till he was nearly ruined. The loss of fortune afflicted him but little, because he was fully convinced, that even if he had retained it, Therese would never have been his. He determined to go to Germany, where he had no doubt of procuring a commission in the emperor's service; and he fervently hoped, that he should soon have an opportunity of losing honourably a life, which his unfortunate passion had so cruelly embittered.

A few days after he had taken this resolution, his servant informed him, that a man, meanly habited, and far advanced in life, was very importunate to see him, and refused to communicate his business to any one but himself.

O'Hara, who supposed that it was somebody in distress, desired the servant to shew him in, and, with the careless generosity which is frequently found among his countrymen, determined to relieve him out of the little he still possessed. He took out his purse, and advanced to meet the stranger; but he involuntarily drew back with a feeling almost of awe when he entered.

Few figures, indeed, were more calculated to command respect than that of the stranger: he was tall, finely formed, and although a slight bend indicated the approach of extreme age, it had not impaired the grandeur of his air, which, in spite of his miserable apparel, was noble and dignified. His features yet retained their symmetry, and his eyes their fire: he fixed them for a moment upon O'Hara, and then said, "Does your memory retain no trace of me?"

O'Hara sprang forward and caught his hand. "Surely," said he, "you must be my uncle Collins, whom we have so long believed dead!"

His conjecture was just; and as he felt himself pressed to the bosom of his aged relative, he experienced a feeling of pleasure for the first time during many months. But the narrative of his uncle soon changed his sensation to the bitter one of self-reproach. He found, that after fifteen years spent in India, his uncle was returning to his native land a beggar; a train of untoward circumstances having deprived him in a few months of a considerable property, which he had realized during the first years of his residence in India.

It cost O'Hara a bitter pang to reveal to him his own poverty, and the cause of it. "But do not

think," cried he, "my dear uncle, that your old age shall want the moderate comforts of life. I have still a little left, and ere that is expended my sword shall carve out a subsistence for both of us, for from this hour we part no more."

The old man did not thank him; he only said, as he squeezed his hand, "You are my sister's son!" These words, and the look that accompanied them, thrilled to the heart of O'Hara, who determined to make immediate arrangements for quitting Paris.

The night before he expected to begin his journey he went to the opera, where he knew M. St. Marcel and his family would be, that he might have the gratification of gazing for the last time on his beloved mistress. It was that memorable night on which the opera-house was burned to the ground. When the alarm of fire was given, the general confusion and distress were so great, that St. Marcel, who with difficulty brought out his wife, imagined that his daughter had escaped with the rest of their party; but what was his horror when, upon placing Madame St. Marcel in safety, he found that Therese had not been seen!

Never had the count experienced such agony as at that moment. He had sprained his ancle, so that he could not walk; and as, with a look of hopeless despair, he cast his eyes upon the opera-house, he beheld the flames bursting from every side.

"Oh, my child! my Therese!" cried the agonized father, "will no one venture to thy assistance? Ten thousand crowns, twenty thousand crowns, half my fortune to him who saves my child!" He called in vain; death appeared to be the inevitable consequence of any attempt to enter the house, and no voice spoke of aid to the distracted father, who loudly offered all that he possessed to any one who would even try to save his child. At that dreadful moment, when hope was extinct, and St. Marcel wildly invoked Heaven for that death which he believed his darling was then suffering, a man, dreadfully scorched, rushed through the crowd, and laid Therese at his feet.

A single glance sufficed to convince St. Marcel that the deliverer of his daughter was O'Hara, but before he could utter the rapturous thanks which sprang to his lips, O'Hara had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Those only who are themselves parents can conceive the joy with which Monsieur and Madame St. Marcel folded their recovered treasure to their bosoms. She had fainted, but she soon regained her senses, and they then learned, that being separated by the crowd from a gentleman who was assisting her to get out, she had fainted through terror, and recollected nothing more till she found herself in their arms.

The fine hair of Therese and her beautiful arms had suffered severely by the fire, but her face was uninjured. She was very anxious to know who her deliverer was, for she had seen O'Hara in the house, and she felt a hope that it might be he; but her father's silence upon the subject checked it almost as soon as it rose.

St. Marcel was silent, only that he might give his Therese a delightful surprise. He was all im-

patience for the next day; that he might see O'Hara, on whom he determined, notwithstanding his want of noble French blood, to bestow Therese. But on going to his lodgings the next day, he was told that Mr. O'Hara was ill, and could see no one. It was to no purpose he told the servant he must see his master, though only for a moment, master and man were alike inexorable; even gold, that universal master-key, could not procure him admission to the chamber of the invalid.

"This is very strange!" murmured he to himself; "has he then forgotten Therese?" The partiality of the fond father led him to reject this idea, and he determined on making a second trial. A second and a third were not, however, more successful. At last by stratagem he gained admission to the chamber of O'Hara, the sight of whom had such an effect upon his feelings, that instead of beginning the speech which he intended to address to him, he burst into tears.

O'Hara was evidently moved, but he strove to conceal his feelings: he saluted the count coldly, and inquired to what cause he was indebted for the honour of his visit.

"Can you ask me that?" cried St. Marcel, "knowing as you do how deeply I and mine are indebted to you."

"You owe me nothing, count," replied O'Hara; "what I did was from a selfish motive, and I neither deserve nor will accept of thanks."

"Nay, sir," said St. Marcel, whose spirit began to be roused, "you have a claim to more than thanks. I publicly offered my whole fortune to the saviour of my daughter: all I possess is therefore in justice yours."

"No," replied O'Hara indignantly, "I was not to be bribed into an act of humanity: I would not for ten thousand times your wealth have rushed upon what I believed certain destruction, for I threw myself into the flames not to save Therese, which I thought impossible, but to perish with her."

"My son! my dear son!" cried the softened father, "you will live with her, I trust in God, for many, many happy years! You have deserved her, and she shall be yours."

"No, count," replied O'Hara, attempting to conceal his visible emotion by a forced calmness; "I am now poor and destitute, and I never will eat the bread of another, though that other should be the woman whom I love even as my own soul."

"O'Hara! my dear O'Hara! this pride is unworthy of you," cried the count. He was proceeding when the door of an antechamber opened, and Mr. Collins appeared. "Spare your arguments, count," cried he; "believe me, there are none necessary: in a few minutes O'Hara will solicit the hand of your daughter on his knees."

"What, uncle," cried the astonished O'Hara, "do you believe it possible I could so debase myself? No, I swear by Heaven!——"

"Hold," exclaimed his uncle, "rash boy! would you renounce the happiness which is at this moment within your grasp? I have imposed upon you: shocked to find that you had dissipated your small paternal fortune, I presented myself in the garb of poverty before you, to try whether you had been the victim

of imprudence or of habitual depravity. The result of our meeting was, my instantly bequeathing to you wealth enough to satisfy avarice itself. I would have waited immediately upon the Count St. Marcel, but I knew money could not propitiate him; accident, or rather let me say Providence, has rendered him favourable to your wishes: and now," continued he with a smile, as he perceived O'Hara clasp the count in his arms, " will you refuse the hand of Mademoiselle St. Marcel?"

" I have half a mind," said St. Marcel, when his emotion had subsided, " to deny it to him now, as a punishment for his pride."

" No, my dear count," said Collins, " that punishment would be too severe. His faults are those of the head only; a few years' experience, with your lovely daughter for his monitress and guide, will, I trust, subdue that impetuosity which is his greatest failing, and render him worthy even of your alliance."

The emphasis which Mr. Collins laid upon the last words flattered the darling foible of the count, who took his leave, to announce the joyful intelligence to his wife and daughter.

Need we tell our readers, that Therese heard with delight, that her love and her duty were at last happily united? The sweetest tears she had ever shed flowed from her eyes while her father detailed, with all the enthusiasm of his nation, the scene he had just witnessed. St. Marcel kissed them off, as she leaned upon his shoulder, and straining her to his breast, exclaimed, " Yes, my daughter, he is worthy of you!"

The count was not mistaken; O'Hara was an exemplary husband, and during many years that St. Marcel witnessed the happiness enjoyed by him and his Therese, he never regretted the moment that he grafted the scion of a Milesian stock upon the genealogical tree of St. Marcel.

INQUIRY CONCERNING THE AUTHOR OF AN ENIGMA INSERTED IN THE REPOSITORY, N°. XVIII.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I EARNESTLY entreat your earliest leisure moments to decide, and that in your very next *Repository*, an important dispute. My cousin Eleonora from the North, and our mutual friend Aspasia from the South, have laid a bet—it is a pine-apple against the most elegant trimmed Parisian bonnet that can be selected by the winner—on the real author of the enigma, which I verily believe was first published in your *Repository* for the 1st of June, signed BYRON, or given as written by the noble lord of that name. Eleonora insists upon it, though I know not from what source, that it was not composed by his lordship: Aspasia can by no means assent to such an assertion, unless date and other circumstances be adduced to support that opinion. Various reasons were assigned by Eleonora: such as, that it would not be read without a great name; that the secret author did not choose to be known; that the writer of it was very intimate with our ingenious lord, &c. &c. &c.: but

all this in the eye of Aspasia did not avail, and as to the ear it was a strain that had no more effect upon it, than the buzz of a bee or a beetle, or so many vibrations or flutterings of a Zephyr's wing.

My brother, moreover, has determined to sport a beautiful blood mare on the side of Aspasia, against an elegant set of chessmen, with richly embroidered satin check to play thereon, the property of Eleonora's brother: my request, therefore, I flatter myself will not seem such a *bagatelle* as can be passed over unnoticed. Your speedy answer may enable the pig to get out of his poke, and the cat out of the bag; in other words, such as have the vanity to claim the production, and pretend to be too modest to discover the name, would appear to act in this instance with no small degree of duplicity. Yours with regard, SOPHONISBA.

27th August, 1817.

*** We are sorry that it is not in our power to answer the inquiry of our fair correspondent. We can only assure her, that the Enigma in question was forwarded to us with the name of Lord BYRON affixed. If the contributor who favoured us with it, or any other of our readers, can furnish information decisive of a point to which so much importance seems to be attached, we entreat them to lose no time in relieving the suspense of SOPHONISBA and her fair friends.—EDITOR.

THE HISTORY OF MARCUS.

THE family of Marcus, though noble, is not affluent, and he was, from prudential motives, destined for the church at a very early age; but his passion for a military life was so strong, that, finding he could not prevail upon his father to purchase him a commission, he eloped for the purpose of enlisting as a common soldier. This step convinced his father, that it would be in vain to try to divert him from the profession of arms; he accordingly purchased him a commission, and the young soldier, happy in the attainment of his wish, eagerly seized every opportunity to distinguish himself.

The love of glory rendered the heart of Marcus invulnerable to the arrows of Cupid; but though not susceptible of the tender passion, few men were more alive to the ties of consanguinity: a dutiful and affectionate son, he never, but in the elopement which procured him the commission he was so anxious to obtain, gave his parents reason to complain of him; his conduct as a brother was also exemplary, but the object of his fondest attachment was his only sister, a beautiful girl seven years younger than himself.

This charming girl, whose name was Celia, was indeed the darling of her whole family. While she was yet a child, Marcus would frequently indulge himself in anticipating the rank to which her surpassing loveliness would one day raise her; and when his rapid rise in his profession put him in possession of a handsome income, he devoted all that he could spare from his own expenditure to the purpose of adorning his darling sister.

Celia's *entrée* into fashionable life was attended with an *éclât* which promised to realize the most

sanguine hopes of her family. Her beauty was the theme of universal panegyric, and the most splendid proposals awaited her acceptance.

Her parents were anxious that she should make her election; but she shewed so much disinclination to marry, that, as she was still very young, they desisted from importuning her. The cheek of the young soldier was flushed with higher pleasure at the recital of the conquests achieved by his sister's brilliant eyes, than at the applause bestowed upon his own exploits. He had been some time absent from his family, and he eagerly seized an opportunity of returning, to pass a few months with relations so tenderly beloved.

He found, upon his arrival at home, that Celia was paying a visit in the neighbourhood to a distant relation of his mother, who was married to a nobleman of high rank. He received a pressing invitation to pass a short time at the house of this nobleman, whose name was Cassander, and he consented, on condition that Celia should return with him at the end of a week.

Marcus set out for the seat of Cassander in high spirits; he took with him a very elegant sword as a present for Cassander, whose lady had always been exceedingly fond of Celia. He anticipated all the way the pleasure he should feel in folding his sister to his bosom after so long an absence; but his happiness was considerably damped by perceiving, that she seemed thin and pale, and there was something of restraint in her manner towards himself which wounded his feelings very much.

He took the first opportunity of a private conference, to interrogate Celia on the state of her heart. She answered with forced gaiety, and appeared anxious to get rid of the subject; but he saw, with alarm and surprise, that the frankness which used to be the most prominent trait in her character, had vanished; it was evident that there was something upon her mind, although she steadily denied it, and he began to fear that she was entangled in an imprudent passion, when a circumstance occurred which inspired him with suspicions of the most dreadful nature.

As he was crossing a gallery he saw Cassander and Celia in earnest conversation; they spoke so low that he could not distinguish what they said, but it was evident that Celia was greatly agitated, and that Cassander listened to her with an air of tender solicitude. He held one of her hands in his, and even for some moments he supported her in his arms.

Marcus stood for some time after they had quitted the gallery almost transfixed with surprise. It was not that he admitted for a moment the idea of any thing criminal in the conduct of his sister, but he feared that her heart was the prey of a guilty passion. He recollected, that before his marriage Cassander was very free with regard to women, and he now regarded him as a villain, whose insidious arts had blighted the happiness of his darling Celia.

He was restrained from coming to an explanation with Cassander, partly by fear that such a step might injure the reputation of his sister, and partly from respect to

the feelings of Cassander's amiable wife. He considered it, however, absolutely necessary to conduct Celia home immediately, and he proceeded directly to her apartment to announce to her his determination.

The sternness with which he did so threw her into a fit of tears; they were the first that Marcus had ever seen her shed unmoved, but far from soothing, they inflamed all his angry passions, and in a voice of thunder he told her, that she had been Cassander's inmate too long.

Grieved and terrified at a violence which she knew not how to account for, Celia fainted. As Marcus rose to summon assistance, he perceived a letter under her chair, and thinking it might explain how far the vile Cassander had practised upon her heart, he secured it; and as soon as he saw her senses return, he hastened to his chamber to peruse it.

So great was his astonishment and horror, that as he read he almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The writer complained of her cruelty in refusing him admission to her chamber the night before, and declared that he would visit her that night after twelve, as he was certain they had no reason to dread a surprise. The letter was signed with the initial C. and Marcus was positive that it was the writing of Cassander.

No event that could have happened to himself would have inflicted upon the heart of Marcus a tithe of the agony which he felt on perusing this terrible proof of his sister's infamy. At this moment, when his feelings were worked up almost to frenzy, Cassander entered his apartment to urge his stay. Unable to restrain his indignation, Marcus hastily locked the door of his chamber, and telling him, if his cowardice did not equal his villany, to defend himself; he presented him with the sword which had been intended as a gift, and drawing his own, attacked him with the utmost fury.

Cassander begged to be heard in vain; the request only served to irritate Marcus, whose skill was far superior to his antagonist's. The clashing of swords soon alarmed the family, but before they reached the apartment Cassander had received what appeared to be a mortal wound.

"I know not what madness has possessed you," cried he to Marcus as he fell, "but I call Heaven to witness, I have never intentionally injured or offended you."

"Dare you deny that you have dishonoured my sister?"

"Gracious Heaven! how could this mistake arise? She is my brother's wife!"

Marcus heard no more; every faculty was lost in horror and astonishment, and for some moments he was insensible to the misery he had caused.

Cassander was placed in bed, and a surgeon, who was instantly summoned, pronounced it possible that he might recover: but a succession of hysteric fits seized Celia, and for some days it was doubtful whether her reason or her life would not fall a sacrifice to their violence.

The circumstances which led to this dreadful mistake were explained by the wife of Cassander to the wretched Marcus. Celia, soon after she appeared in the great world,

became acquainted with Crito, who was an illegitimate son of Cassander's father. The fine person and amiable manners of this young man soon made a sensible impression on the heart of Celia, and perhaps this impression was not a little heightened by the ardent passion which she saw clearly she had inspired him with.

The death of his father had left Crito entirely dependent upon Cassander, who had generously secured him a handsome competency: yet it seemed madness to hope that the beautiful Celia, who might aspire to any rank short of royalty, would overlook his disgraceful birth. Impressed with the absolute necessity of conquering his passion, he tried to shun her society, but chance brought them together at a moment so favourable to the disclosure of his passion, that he had not resolution to refrain from declaring it. Celia, young, romantic, and impassioned, forgot her duty so far as to own a mutual flame; and in a short time, through the connivance of her woman, they were privately married.

No sooner were they indissolubly united, than Crito revealed to his brother the step he had taken. Cassander was grieved and offended, for he feared that the parents of Celia would never sanction so imprudent an alliance; but he loved his brother too tenderly not soon to grant his own forgiveness, and his lady invited Celia to her house, that they might concert together the best way of breaking it to her friends.

Unhappily at that juncture Marcus returned home, and it directly occurred to Cassander, that he might be brought over to their party; but fearful of his continuing inexorable, Crito thought it most prudent to quit his brother's house for a few days, and go on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood, till Cassander had ascertained the sentiments of Marcus.

Unfortunately, Marcus was ignorant even of the existence of Crito, who had never appeared in the world till after his professional engagements called him from home; and his writing bore so strong a resemblance to his brother's, that, together with what Marcus considered the suspicious circumstances he had before witnessed, it left no doubt upon his mind, that Cassander was the seducer of his sister.

Cassander's wound soon assumed a more favourable appearance, and Marcus endeavoured to hope, that the rude shock which his sister's health had received would not be attended with any fatal consequence. He tried every means to tranquillize her mind and sooth her spirits; he acquiesced in her choice with seeming pleasure, and assured Crito that he would use every means to reconcile his parents to the marriage. Celia begged that its disclosure might be a little longer deferred. Alas! she had an internal monitor, which told her she must soon prepare to appear before a higher tribunal.

She was not mistaken; three weeks after her brother's rencontre with Cassander she breathed her last; nor could the wretched Marcus doubt even for a moment, that her life was the forfeit of his rashness. The grief of her parents, the distraction of her husband, excited the commiseration of all who knew

them; but what were their feelings compared to those of the miserable brother, who internally execrated himself as her murderer!

This event happened many years ago, but its remembrance still plants daggers in the heart of Marcus; even the laudable satisfaction which he feels in the blessings with which his grateful country loads her champion, is embittered by the corroding thought, that but for him Celia would still live to bless the family of which she was the brightest ornament.

"Poor Marcus!" cried Fortunio, "how falsely have I estimated thy apparent felicity! Thine is indeed a sorrow past hope, past cure!" For the first time since his adventure with Felicia, Fortunio's eyes began to open to the folly which had led him to think himself the most wretched of mortals; a sense of it suffused his cheek with crimson, and he was lost in reflections, which, though humiliating to his pride, were salutary to his repose, when Civilis was announced.

Fortunio hastened to receive him. He had often admired those brilliant talents for conversation which rendered the society of Civilis so much courted; though far advanced in life, his wit was as lively, and his judgment as clear, as they had been in his meridian, and few men of any age possessed such a fund of humour and natural gaiety. Fortunio would have passed with him an hour of unmixed enjoyment, had not a doubt, whether his mirth sprang from the heart, poisoned the pleasure he received from his conversation. At length he took his leave, and Fortunio was no sooner alone than he hastened to seek in his magic volume an account of the real situation of Civilis.

RESIGNATION: A FRAGMENT.

By Mrs. M'MULLAN.

THE book recommended was Murray's *Power of Religion on the Mind*, containing a folded manuscript as follows:

I trust, my dear Emma, you will never again wander into any of the various avenues of affliction. I am desirous of shewing you, whence the only balm can be extracted for those wounds you have received in the thorny path of life, by disclosing some incidents of my youthful years. So faithful is my heart to its first impressions, both of joy and sorrow, and at the same time so imperfect is the degree of self-government I have attained, that I prefer this mode of communication to a verbal one.

Almost forty years ago, the days of mourning for my father's death were consoled by the hope of my brother's arrival in England, from a classical tour on the Continent. He embarked—but was torn from us by the greedy wave: an event which threatened the final crush of my mother, and which bent my ardent expectations to the brink of chill despair.

Every sweet arrangement the youthful fancy forms, before affection has ever learned to stray beyond the dear circle of its homely

joys, were thus suddenly destroyed. The grave could not give up my father, nor the tranquillized wave restore what its tempestuous fury had devoured. Soon as the wretched survivors could form any resolution, it was that of immediate removal from the scenes once so productive of every felicity; but now only calculated to torture, by conjuring up the "ghosts of our departed joys."

In the shades of retirement we were blessed with submission to the decrees of Heaven, which amusements of a lively nature have not the power of imparting, though they may occasionally veil the sorrows of recollection.

A year elapsed, and my mother's health improved; for she had acquired the power of sustaining her grief, from the hand that had imposed the burden. She had led me, also, to the supreme source of comfort, and I learned to smile once more. A friend of my deceased brother found our residence, and became a frequent guest. Nature had done much for his person; education and science every thing for his mind. He loved me with all the ardour of sincerity, and with the frankness of truth, we exchanged the promises of inviolable fidelity. My mother blest with her sanction a union which was soon to be solemnized, and fondly declared all past afflictions would be compensated by my happiness. We returned to town, and the day was noted in the calendar of happy expectations, that was to make me a bride. But a cloud of more than Egyptian darkness intervened. The animated presence of him in whom my soul delighted, was transformed to a lifeless tenant of the tomb, by obedience to the legislation of those regulators of honour, who make deliberate murder the decision of dispute. Too well can "busy-meddling memory" retrace the horrors of my situation, when I thus drained the cup of human misery. Death hovered—but withheld his cold embrace. With

> "The last sob of life's decay,
> When breath was all but flown,"

I invited madness to the empire of my brain, that I might still indulge in illusory dreams of bliss: but in vain. Despair kept stern possession of my faculties, and guarded every avenue against composure. Consciousness was perfectly mine; and feeling, more acute to misery than ever it had been susceptible of joy, tortured both soul and body beyond the power of endurance. I sank on the couch of excruciating agony; while my mother's tears gave that refreshment to my fevered cheek, which the sources of my own denied. Weeks, months lingered on, and my life hung in dubious suspense. I saw my last surviving parent drooping over the misery she deemed incurable. I implored her to take me from every scene of my former felicity; to find some distant spot; to conduct me to the altar, and consecrate me to the service of the Deity, who alone could fit me for eternal peace. We passed several months in continual change of residence. Nature every where assumed the dark hues my hopeless view continued to present. After traversing England, we rested some time in Wales, where Lord Greenlow (to whom my father was well known) has a seat. To the kindness of his lordship and the excel-

lent countess, I am inexpressibly indebted. They principally consoled my mother, by restoring me to the capacity of assuring her, that I felt the Almighty had accepted my voluntary consecration to his service; and though the wounds I had sustained could never be entirely healed, yet time would cicatrize them. Only by those who have been overwhelmed by the dark feelings of despair, can it be imagined of what a burden I was lightened, when Nature appeared once more to my vision, in those reviving tints with which the bounty of Omnipotence has so richly adorned her. Then, for the first time since my "peace was slain," tears found their way; and though joy bloomed no longer for me—though I was convinced that my heart could never again throb with rapture, nor my ear welcome the notes of gladness, yet I returned to the exercise of filial duty; and when the slow but certain mandate of mortality approached in the form of wasting atrophy, and threatened to terminate my mother's earthly existence, I hastened with her to the mild climate of Cornwall. I watched—I wept—I prayed. Her life was continued for a period longer than I had dared to hope; and her counsels, as my age advanced, confirmed the habits of reflection.

I deposited the last attachment to kindred my solitary heart possessed, in the grave that received this dear, affectionate mother.

Lady Greenlow offered me a residence on this "sea beat shore;" and I concluded a treaty for the possession of this cottage during my life. Sixteen years have now rolled on, without my heart acknowledging one peculiar attachment, though

"I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;
I feel, to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial,
Which the remunerating angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls that enter heaven."

When the Creator's voice summons my immortal spirit from the frail tenement which it now inhabits,

"Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,
And with my parted spirit ling'ring near—
Oh! wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe?"

I humbly trust that we shall again meet in those regions, where alone dwells the perpetuity of bliss. Be silent, dear Emma, on the subject of this communication, for I have acquired no more than woman's weak philosophy; and those feelings which our conversation must inevitably excite, would be followed by an interval of sadness, very inconsistent with the cheerfulness I daily inculcate.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXII.

Virtue alone is happiness below.——POPE.

As happiness is the universal object of mankind, as, in the words of our renowned poet, it is "our being's end and aim," the wisest men of all ages have employed themselves in attempts to discover

what it is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer of ancient times reckons upon no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, of equal celebrity, after having given a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of them all, without establishing any opinion of his own.

The cause of so much error in this inquiry appears to be, the resolution which they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point, when it cannot be obtained, as experience daily demonstrates, but by the concurrence of several particular qualities and varieties of circumstance.

I do not hesitate—and who would give any other preference, but from an ignorance of our state and nature?—I say, I do not hesitate to allow the first place to Virtue, as she is known to be the parent of Contentment. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make us happy. It must be accompanied, at least, with a moderate provision of all the necessaries of life, and not ruffled or disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sufficient to make a Stoic exclaim, that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he laid down as a philosophic principle, founded in truth, that pain is no evil.

But this is not all; virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess in some particulars, joined to a soft and delicate disposition, may often give us the deepest wounds, and contribute to produce a painful state of mind. Striking instances of such effects might be produced in considering the character and frequent consequences of yielding too great an indulgence to pity, love, and friendship. In the two last passions, it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human being, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

He, therefore, who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a strength of mind, as to confine his happiness, in a great measure, within himself, and take care not to be too dependent on others. A man of this character will perform all those good-natured offices that could be expected from the most tender pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much the more meritorious, as they flow from a pure principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty: whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may, in some measure, be said to be affording relief to himself.

A man endowed with this strength of mind, though he leaves it to his friend, or the woman whom he prefers, to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From the foregoing observations it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak, than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since we thus make it independent of ourselves. People of this temper, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject

to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that mental strength and independent state of happiness which I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind, sufficiently furnished with ideas to support what I shall denominate a social solitude, and, together with the agreeable conversation of others, can maintain a pleasing and satisfactory conversation with itself. Learning is a great assistant in producing such a qualification, as it consigns a large store of various knowledge to the memory, ready to be produced with the desired effect on any fit occasion that may present itself. The mind often takes the same pleasure in examining its treasures, in augmenting their number, and disposing them in regular order, as a military commander may be supposed to do in the review of his army.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune; nay, it has been sometimes known to controul fortune itself: and hence also, it is, among other things, a grand source of happiness. It was such a spirit as this, that, when his army mutinied, inspired Alexander the Great to tell his soldiers to return to Macedon, and inform their countrymen, that they had left their king conquering the world; since he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this virtue that powerfully exerts itself under oppression, and enables to resist malice and injustice. It is this that makes the good man insensibly set a value upon himself, and gives a colour to his words and actions, which will command regard, and acquire for him a greater ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

This strength of mind must, therefore, be considered as a solid foundation of happiness, because it gives that stability to those principles of religion, without which all enjoyment is futile and transitory.

This is a subject well worthy of universal consideration; but to give it some degree of life and animation, I shall add a fanciful account of happiness as a game, which has been played from the beginning of time, and will be continued to the end of it. It consists of instructions how to play this game with success; and I copy it verbatim from my commonplace-book, in which I insert my own thoughts and fancies in the order they occur to me, as well as those which I am induced, for their good sense, wit, or intelligence, to select from the writings of others. They are as follows:

When you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the same mistakes.

When you have well considered the card you are about to play, play it with steadiness and composure, and particularly take care not to betray a suspicion of your own ignorance.

When you shuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent the least appearance or possibility of deceit.

If you have won a large share of the stake by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any single card in the same deal, unless you play a forced game.

Whether you play a small or a great game, exert your best skill,

and take care not to discover the bad state of your hand by peevishness or fretting.

Observe the play of others, and draw consequences from it for the improvement of your own.

If you play in the assemblies of fashion and the *ton*, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the finesses of the place.

When you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants. They very often play better than finer folks, and will greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

Avoid the general error of this game, of fancying that every body plays better than yourself.

If you agree with a lady to go halves with her, the agreement once made, you are not at liberty to find fault with her game.

When a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

Seldom play from your own hand; you win most by playing into the hands of others.

Teach your children to play the game early; and be sure to put money in their card-purses; for if they wait till your death, it may be too late to learn the game.

Good humour is more necessary at this game than even good sense; but where both are united, success is almost certain.

The greatest proficients in all other games are the most ignorant at this: the best players are those who practise most in their own families.

Kings and princes are very often strangers to this game, and their ministers want time to learn it.

Great dignitaries in the church and highly beneficed clergymen are frequently too indolent to play at it in public; and their curates are forced to be lookers-on, for want of a sufficient allowance to pay for their cards.

Poets and authors have sometimes struck a bold stroke in the game; but, of all men living, they are the most liable to mistakes, and it is generally observed, that the whole table is against them.

Most new-married couples are successful at the first outset; but before the whole pack is played, they too often lose all attention to the game.

It is remarkable, that young people play better than old; and it may appear still more extraordinary, that the love of money proves the bane of the game.

F. T.

I have had a letter some time, which is well worthy of attention; but as the former part is too metaphysical for general readers, I shall beg leave of the writer to give only the conclusion of it. It relates to learning as a part of female education.

* * * * * * * * * * *

If we look into the history of women, we discover many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. I need not name Portia, who was a Stoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the celebrated female Cynic. Learning and knowledge are not sexual perfections; we possess them altogether as reasonable beings, in which order of existence the female world is upon the same level with the male. At least, I trust, that every one will agree with me in the opinion, that a female philoso-

pher is not so absurd or so inconsistent a character, as a female gamester. This therefore is a strong reason for recommending the study of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss to fill up those hours profitably and agreeably, which are not occupied by the necessary and important duties of life.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to superior situations of honour and fortune. A country of Europe that ranks high in the scale of nations, has afforded a very remarkable example; but I shall conclude my subject with the history of Athenais, which offers a very distinguished instance in the support and illustration of my doctrine.

The Emperor Theodosius, on attaining the imperial crown, requested his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a female of exquisite beauty to charm his heart, and of such extraordinary qualifications as to render her worthy of sharing the splendour of his throne. It so happened that Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally presented herself to their notice. Her father, who was a distinguished philosopher of Athens, and had educated her in all the learning of that celebrated seat of the Muses, left her at his death but a slender fortune, which was rendered still less by the rapacious injustice of her two brothers. Her reduced situation determined her to take a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation, who undertook to represent her misfortunes to Pulcheria, in order to obtain redress from the justice of the emperor. Hence it was that Athenais became known to that princess, who was so renowned for her virtues and her piety. The Grecian supplicant made a very strong impression on the mind of Pulcheria, not only by her incomparable beauty, but her accomplishments; and finding also that she had been educated not only in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the most rigid and spotless course of virtue, she did not hesitate to make a suitable report to her brother the emperor. He accordingly desired to be introduced into her company at the house of his friend Paulinus, when her beauty and understanding transcended his utmost expectations. Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudocia; when the emperor espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness which might be expected from such a learned and virtuous bride. By several works of learning she established her reputation, and by her exemplary life she so endeared herself to the whole empire, that many statues were erected to her honour and to perpetuate her memory: but her name has survived those frail memorials, and will be regarded with veneration while History remains to record her virtues. Nor is it to pass unnoticed, that she is celebrated by several eminent fathers of the church, as an ornament to her sex, and an honour to the religion to which she became a convert, and which her uniform piety and christian virtues continued to adorn through the whole course of her imperial life.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Continued from p. 149.)

1762.

May 21. At a meeting of the Society of Polite Arts fifty guineas was given to Mr. Jos. Nollekins, pupil of Mr. Scheemaker, for a marble bas-relief of Timoclea conducted before Alexander. At the same time a discovery was providentially made, that the great beam which supports the society's room was broken in two, and the walls of the room and the cupola considerably damaged, occasioned, as supposed, by the foundation giving way. If the room had been full, the company would probably have been buried in the ruins.

1770.

Oct. 8. The professor of architecture at the Royal Academy read his first lecture, wherein he introduced the history of architecture, and the sciences depending on it; and concluded with general instructions, and the study and practice of it.

1772.

Jan. 2. The Sieur Tunnestrick, known for his wonderful secret of healing in an instant animals dangerously wounded in the head, made an experiment of it before the stadtholder at the Hague, and several other persons; among whom was Mr. Gaubius, professor of physic. The experiment was made on a horse, into whose head was driven a large nail, which was afterwards drawn out with pincers, and by means of a liquor which he injected through the aperture, the animal, which before seemed ready to expire, in six minutes was radically cured.

22*d.* Was opened for the first time, the much talked of Pantheon, to a crowded company of between fifteen hundred and two thousand persons. Imagination cannot well surpass the elegance and magnificence of the apartments, the boldness of the painting, or the disposition of the lights; which last are reflected from gilt vases, suspended by gilt chains. Besides the splendid ornaments that decorate the rotundo or great room, there are numbers of statues in niches below the dome, representing most of the heathen gods and goddesses supposed to be in the ancient Pantheon at Rome. To these are added three more of white porphyry; the two first representing the present King and Queen, the last Britannia. The whole building is composed of a suite of fourteen rooms, all of which are adapted to particular uses, and each affording a striking instance of the splendour and profusion of modern times. It is thought the company would have been still more numerous, but for the sudden notice of the death of the Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, which prevented many from going on account of not having been prepared with mourning, and which took off a great deal of that splendid appearance that might have been expected.

March 29. Lord Romney laid the first stone of a building for the Society of Arts at the Adelphi.

1778.

April 30. The first stone of a house intended to be built for the use of the Marine Society in Bishopsgate-street, was laid by Lord Robert Romney.

Aug. 10. The statue of his majesty erected in the centre of Berkeley-square, was opened, and made a fine appearance.

April 23. Eleven pictures sold at Sir George Colebrooke's sale for near 2000*l.*: the two capital were, the view of Nimeguen, 304*l.* 10*s.*; Cardinal Triest, 241*l.* 10*s.*

Dec. 30. Died, in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, Paul Whitehead, Esq. poet-laureate. Among other whimsical legacies, he has bequeathed his heart, with 50*l.* to Lord Le Despencer.

1775.

Feb. 16. Died, the Chevalier Descazeau, commonly called the French poet. He has left a great personage a curious sword, a valuable gold medal, and a curious picture.

May 1. Lord Petre, attended by the officers of the fraternity, laid the first stone for a new Freemasons' Hall, now building in Great Queen-street, and afterwards adjourned to Leathersellers' Hall, where an elegant entertainment was provided.

14*th.* Died, Mr. James Ashley, aged 78; the first person who retailed punch in small quantities.

1776.

Oct. 28. An elegant bust, in marble, of the present Lord Chancellor Bathurst, executed by Nollekins, was put up in the new Register-Office in Chancery-lane. The register of the Court of Chancery and the clerks took possession of the new office the next day.

1777.

April. Died, Juliana Popjoy, a singular character; for thirty or forty years she lived in a hollow tree, and never lay in a bed. She had been mistress to the famous Beau Nash.

1780.

Jan. 8. Died, Mr. Ward, inventor of the cork jackets.

1787.

Nov. 14. Died, at the Dolphin inn in Bishopsgate-street, in the most extreme agonies and distress, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, lately advertised for a forgery committed on a respectable house in the city; but better known by her having detailed the truly infamous memoirs of Mrs. Sophia Baddeley, who supported Mrs. S. during her affluence in the capacity of a convenient-woman. From the time of her absconding, she had carefully concealed herself from the officers of justice in the above house, totally unknown either to the landlord or his servants. Some papers found in her pocket led to the discovery of her name and person. She came to this inn about a fortnight before her death, in an old shabby chariot, and asked for a lodging, and was provided with a nurse: for all such accommodations she paid regularly for the first half of her time, being attended by an old man, who called himself her husband; but, on failure of payment, being apprehended and committed to the Compter, he denied any connection with her. In the mean time she died, and was buried in Bishopsgate churchyard, in a

manner little better than a common pauper.

1788.

April 6. Died, in Greville-street, near Hatton-Garden, where she had lived many years with great respectability, and enjoyed an uncommon share of good health and spirits, at the age of 74, Madame Catherine Rollar. She was a principal dancer on Covent-Garden stage fifty years ago, and followed that profession by private teaching to the last moment of her life. She had so much celebrity in her day, that having one evening sprained her ancle, no less an actor than Quin was ordered by the manager to make an apology to the audience for her not appearing in the dance. Quin, who looked upon her and all dancers as the mere garnish of the stage, at first demurred, but being threatened with a forfeiture, he growlingly came on, and in his coarse (rather say brutal) way thus addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am desired by the manager to inform you, that the dance intended for this night is obliged to be postponed on account of Mademoiselle Rollar having dislocated her ancle. I wish it had been her neck, the b——."

1789.

A portrait of Will Honeycomb hung up at his son's library, Mr. Cleland, who died in 1789. (*Query*, Where is it now?) "It indicated all the manners and *d'abord* of the fashionable town-rake at the beginning of the last century."

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF ALBERT DURER'S PRAYER-BOOK.

PLATE 19—*A SPECIMEN OF THE TEXT.*

THE publisher of the *Repository* herewith presents the readers of his Miscellany with a *fac-simile*, which he trusts will prove interesting as a specimen not only of an early, highly curious, and valuable typographic monument, but also as one of the first productions of his lithographic press. The work to which it belongs is a Catholic Prayer-Book, with illustrative designs by the celebrated German artist ALBERT DURER. The original is in the library of the King of Bavaria at Munich, and the subjoined account of it by his majesty's librarian, cannot fail to be acceptable either to the lovers of the fine arts, or to the bibliographer and bibliomaniac. His copy of this *unique* performance is just completed, and he will be happy to submit it to the inspection of any persons whose curiosity may induce them to favour him with a call.

101, Strand.

The first account of the Prayer-Book to which these designs of Albert Durer's are attached, is given by Joachim von Sandrart, in his *German Academy of the Fine Arts, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting* (Nürnberg, published by Jacob von Sandrart, 1675, fol. part II. book iii. p. 224), where he writes: —"I have, moreover, seen a Breviary with drawings upon parchment, belonging to his Electoral Highness Maximilian of Bavaria, in which Albert Durer has most in-

Oratio ad suū ꝓpriū angelū.

Deus ꝓpitius esto mihi
pctatoꝝ. Et sis mihi tu-
stos oībus diebus vite mee.
Deus Abrahā. Deus Ysaac.
Deus Jacob miserere mei. Et
mitte in adiutoriū meum pro-
priū angelū gloriosissimū:
qui defendat me hodie: et ꝓte-
gat ab oībus inimicis meis
Ste Michael archangele. De-
fende me in ꝑlio: vt non pereā
in tremendo iudicio. Archan-
gele thusti. Per gratiam quā

geniously executed with the pen, and in different colours, figures of all the saints, according to their names; and also curious ornaments, foliage, and grotesque subjects: so that it is considered as one of the greatest master-pieces of his hand." In the later edition of this work, by John Jacob Volkmann, this account is much compressed; for we are there told (vol. VII. p. 221), "At the abovementioned Elector's (Maximilian of Bavaria), Sandrart saw a whole book of drawings of saints upon parchment, together with many embellishments." In the journal entitled *Deutschland's Aufklärung im neunzehnten Jahrhundert*, No. XII. August 1805, p. 323, in the note, we find the following remarks on the designs in this Prayer-Book:—"In the Electoral Library at Munich is to be seen a Prayer-Book, containing arabesques and figures drawn by Albert Durer. Most of them are taken from his wood-cuts, according as he found them suitable to the prayers attached: hence they display the stiffness of his early efforts, as well as the purity of his later style. Few of them are new ideas. Among these designs is one (No. VI. in the copy) representing the Virgin of the Apocalypse, which affords the most striking demonstration of Durer's genius. The female form, and the harmony of its different parts, together with the inimitable grace of the attitude, render the composition one of the most beautiful that can possibly be conceived upon this subject. It would be difficult to find a female form so exquisite in all the works of Raphael; at least, we are not acquainted with any. On the other hand, St. John, writing in Patmos, is all greatness and prophetic sublimity, in the same style as Durer's Apostles in the Electoral Gallery. If we may be allowed the comparison, these two figures form just such a contrast as the beauteous Venus de Medicis and the Apollo Belvidere. They prove that, by his own powers, and without the aid of others, Durer attained the highest degree of perfection."

It is certainly astonishing, that in the original designs of Albert Durer, notwithstanding the number of them in this Prayer-Book, and the variety of objects which they embrace, not a faulty stroke is to be seen; neither can we perceive that they were previously sketched with lead-pencil, or any thing else. In the full conviction of this extraordinary talent conferred on Durer, the translator of the work which appeared with the title of *Alberti Dureri clarissimi Pictoris et Geometræ de Symetria Partium in rectis Formis humanorum Corporum, Libri in Latinum conversi, Norimbergæ*, 1532, *in ædibus Viduæ Durerianæ*, bears testimony to the facility and skill of Albert Durer in drawing off-hand, in combining the parts most accurately together, and in producing at once a harmonious whole without making any previous sketch, in the following words:—*Quid ego de manus constantia et certitudine loquar? Jurares regula normave aut circina perscripta, quæ nullo adjumento vel penicillo vel sæpe calamo aut penna deducebat, ingenti cum admiratione spectantium. Quid memorem qua dextræ cum animi conceptibus congruentia sæpe in chartas statim calamo aut penna figuras quarumcunque rerum conjecerit, sive ut*

ipsi loquuntur, collocarit? In quo hoc profectò legentibus incredibile futurum prospicio, distantissimas non solum argumenti sed et corporum partes instituisse nonnunquam, quæ conjunctæ ita inter se convenirent, ut aptius fieri nihil potuisset. Nimirum ita mens artificis singularis instructa omni cognitione et intelligentia veritatis consensusque inter se partium, ipsa moderabatur ac regebat manum, jubebatque sibi absque ullis adminiculis fidere. Similis erat promptitudo periculum tenentis, quo minutissima quæque in linteo tabellave perscribebat nulla designatione præmissa, sic ut non culpari modo posset nihil, sed laudem etiam omnia summam invenirent. Maxime admirabile fuit hoc laudatissimis pictoribus, quibus in illa re versatis plurimum, difficultas non esset ignota. This testimony is the more valid, as, according to the assurance of Wolfgang Panzer, in his *Annal. Typogr.* (vol. VII. p. 481, n. 305,) the Latin translator of Durer's work is Joachim Camerarius, who was born at Nürnberg, lived at the same time as Durer, and was intimately acquainted with him, as he says at the beginning of the same preface:—*Convenienus tamen judicavimus, cum quod illius inventa ederemus, tum quod occasio data esset mandandi literis præclari viri (Alberti Durer) nobisque amicissimi vitam ac mores prætexere quæ partim sermonibus aliorum, partim præsentes de ipso cognovissemus, habitura prædicationem aliquam dexteritatis et ingenii singularis et artificis et hominis, atque etiam allatura voluptatis non nihil legentibus.*

All these quotations refer solely to those very highly esteemed designs with which Albert Durer embellished the Prayer-Book. But the text of this Prayer-Book is as valuable as Durer's drawings themselves. Not only is no second copy of it known to exist, but it has also this peculiarity, that the letters with which it is printed are both very cleanly cut, and also adorned with flourishes, which is the more remarkable, as Theurdank's work, in 1517, has hitherto been considered as the first in which such letters occur: for as Albert Durer not only affixed his initials to all the designs contained in it, but also placed the date of the year 1515 beside them, this is a sufficient proof, that the printing of the Prayer-Book was finished in that year, if not earlier. The place where it was printed cannot be precisely determined; but there is every reason to believe, that it first saw the light at Augsburg or Nürnberg. The letters of the Prayer-Book bear a great resemblance to those of Theurdank in regard to shape and clearness, except that in the former they are much longer, but not so diversified, and the flourishes not so frequent as in Theurdank. It is not improbable that the Emperor Maximilian the First, when he resided in the year 1517 at Nürnberg, and honoured the artists of that city with his visits, saw this Prayer-Book, and caused Theurdank to be executed in the same manner by John Schönsperger, printer, of Augsburg, whom he removed to Nürnberg, solely on account of Theurdank. I have already thrown out this idea in the *Beyträge zur Geschichte und Literatur*, chiefly collected from the Royal Central Library at Munich, by Baron Von Aretin, (Munich, 1805, Part I. p. 87;) and also in my

Observations on the Edition of Theurdank of 1517, *and on the Flourishes which occur in it.*

To the possessors of Albert Durer's designs it would be an acceptable addition, if the publisher had attached to them the text of the Prayer-Book, as it would then have been much easier to comprehend their meaning, which is frequently very obscure without the text.

The publication of the text would, however, be attended with some difficulties, because it is not complete. The loss of a few leaves is evident, from the circumstance of some being numbered at the bottom, and these numbers not corresponding with the extant printed leaves. Thus, for instance, the printed leaf 6 is marked with the written number 8; 7, with 9; 11, with 13; 12, with 14; 13, with 15; 18, with 20; 21, with 27; 22, with 28; 23, with 29; 29, with 35; 31, with 40; 35, with 41; 39, with 45; 45, with 51; 46, with 52; 58, with 70; 59, with 71.

As the whole work thus consists of 62 printed leaves, it follows that the 62d must have borne the number 74, and that of course 13 leaves are wanting. To be convinced at once of this deficiency, we need only look at the back of the 56th printed leaf, which is the last of Durer's designs; for there commences the 99th Psalm: Jubilate Deo omnis terra: servite Domino in lætitia, &c.: and proceeds to the 3d verse: Scitote quoniam Dominus ipse est Deus: ipse fecit nos, et non ipsi nos. Then follow four blank leaves. With the 57th printed leaf begin the designs of Lucas Cranach*, with the text: Lætabuntur in cubilibus suis: which is the conclusion of the 5th verse of the 149th Psalm. The deficient text, therefore, extends from the 4th verse of the 99th Psalm to the end of that Psalm: then the 62d and 63d Psalms are wholly wanting; also Canticum trium puerorum :— Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino: the 148th and 149th Psalms to the 5th verse: Exaltabunt sancti in gloria.

It is evident that the original of this Prayer-Book has long been defective, from the remote period at which the five blank leaves at the beginning, and the four blank leaves following the 56th, were introduced on account of this deficiency. It is to be presumed that originally this copy had a printed title-page, which has been lost, together with the missing leaves.

J. B. BERNHART,
Keeper of the Royal Library.

Munich, June 17, 1817.

* These designs, six in number, are not given in my copy.—*R. A.*

DESIGNS

In ALBERT DURER'S *Prayer-Book.*

PORTRAIT of Albert Durer, from an original painting in the Schleissheim Gallery.

I. Arabesque: a Man playing on the Hautboy. The Rubric: Sui ipsius in Deum commendatio.

II. St. Barbara. (De S. Barbara.)

III. St. Sebastian, as the Saint who protects from Pestilence, denoted by the Dragon. (De S. Sebastiano.)

IV. St. George lifting the Dragon which he has killed. (De St. Georgio.)

V. A Sick Physician with the Urine-Glass. (Propriæ suæ fragilitas cum gratiarum actione in Deum cognitio.)

VI. Vision of John the Evangelist. (Evangelium Johannis.)

VII. A Knight drawing his Sword against Death. (Quicunque hanc orationem devote dixerit, eadem oratio in agone mortis suæ sibi in memoriam veniet et adjumentum et consolationem præstabit.)

VIII. The Beneficent Man. (Pro benefactoribus interpellatio.)

IX. Two Musicians, a Hermit, the Lion fight-

ing with an Insect. (Ps. 8. Constituisti hominem super opera manuum tuarum.)

X. King David playing on the Harp. (Psalmus de Profundis.) On the opposite side the Unicorn; a type of the Prophecies concerning the Blessed Virgin in the Psalms.

XI. Ecce Homo! (Post elevationem corporis et sanguinis D. N. Jesu Christi. Domine J. C. qui mundum universum proprio sanguine redemisti.)

XII. A Candelabrum, held by two hovering Genii. (Ps. 50.)

XIII. The Trinity. (Sanctæ Trinitatis supplex invocatio. Quia peccatores salvare venisti, miserere mihi peccatori.)

XIV. St George on Horseback. (De S. Georgio. Latin Hymn.)

XV. St. Apollonia. (De S. Appolonia.)

XVI. St. Matthias. (De S. Mathia.)

XVII. St. Andrew. (De S. Andrea.)

XVIII. St. Maximilian. (De S. Maximiliano.)

XIX. The Pride of the Devil humbled: below, the Procession of one of the Mighty of the Earth; above, Christ in tranquil greatness, as the true Emblem of Power. The Child with the Hobby-horse, as first Leader of the Royal Car, seems not to have been placed there by chance. (Contra Potentes.)

XX. A Group of Fighting Men: on the side of the weaker party (compare Nos. 21 and 40), an Angel praying. (Quando bellum adeundum est, duo psalmi dicendi.)

XXI. A similar group; an Angel with a Censer. (Psalmus Davidis. Expugna impugnantes me.)

XXII. and XXIII. The Annunciation of Mary. (Here begin the Horæ intemeratæ Virginis Mariæ secundum usum Romanæ Curiæ. The anger of the Devil is excited by Christ's becoming man.)

XXIV. The Taking of Christ. (Quomodo Judæi perterriti ceciderunt in terram.)

XXV. An armed Man: underneath, a Fox enticing Fowls. (Pater noster. Probably in reference to the "Memento comprehensionis et temptationis tuæ," or to the "Ne nos inducas in tentationem.")

XXVI. A Warrior on Horseback pursued by Death. (Hymnus: Quem terra, pontus, æthera.)

XXVII. The Souls in Purgatory. (Preces pro animabus fidelium parentum meorum defunctorum, &c.)

XXVIII. Fight of Hercules with the Harpies. (Psalmus, Cœli enarrant.)

XXIX. An Indian Warrior. (Psalmus 23. "Domini est terra et universi qui habitant in ea.")

XXX. An Arab with a Camel. (Psalmus 44. Perhaps allusive to the passage, "Et filiæ Tyri in muneribus; vultum tuum deprecabuntur omnes divites.)

XXXI. A Man Sleeping. (Psalmus 86; of quite martial import, perhaps referring to "Propterea non timebimus dum turbabitur terra.)

XXXII. An Arabesque. (Psalmus 95.)

XXXIII. Hercules killing the Lion: underneath, a drunken Man. Iste Psalmus (196), et alii duo dicuntur diebus Mercurii et Sabati.

XXXIV. An armed Man: below, a Woman asleep. (Psalmus 69.)

XXXV. An Orchestra. (Psalmus 97. Cantate Domino canticum novum. "Psallite Domino in cythara et voce psalmi, in tubis ductilibus et voce tubæ corneæ.")

XXXVI. Mary at Prayer, crowned by an Angel. (Benedictio. Precibus et meritis beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ.)

XXXVII. The Housewife returning from Market:—perhaps Durer's own brawling wife.

XXXVIII. An Angel praying: below, Bacchus or Silenus. (Lectio secunda. "Et in plenitudine sanctorum detentio mea.") The lower part forms a fine contrast with the angel and the rising eagle.

XXXIX. An Arabesque, without reference.

XL. St. Augustin, or St. Ambrose: below, the Infant Jesus. (Hymnus Sanctorum Ambrosii et Augustini.)

XLI. An Angel praying: underneath, two Men fighting. (Ad laudes: "Deus in adjutorium meum intende.")

XLII. Perhaps an Apotheosis of the Artist. The Napkin of Veronica, as a symbol of picturesque representation. (Psalm. 92.)

XLIII. A Group of Four Dancers. (Psalmus 99. "Jubilate Deo omnis terra; servite Domino in lætitia.")

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Les Suivantes, No. I.—Sonate pour le Forte-Piano, composé, et dedié à Mons. le Baron Nicolas de Kruft, par J. B. Cramer. Op. 57. Pr. 5s.

In this age of rondos, divertimentos, variations, "recreations," and other knick-knacks of light digestion, it does one's heart good to

behold, now and then, some more substantial fare; and the feast is exquisite when we obtain it at the hands of such a master as Mr. Cramer. His sonata before us, and the pledge of a succession of others, demand the thanks of the select few that know how to appreciate good music. It is an elaborate, a finished performance, which ranks with his best works; and consists of an allegro in C, an andantino in F, and a rondo in C. The innumerable excellencies of these movements must be heard to be appreciated; to describe them by letter-press would require the powers of a better pen than ours, and after all, perhaps, convey but a meagre idea of the original. How, for instance, could the most expert musical critic render his readers sensible of, and do justice to, the incomparable texture of the 7th page of the allegro; or depict the charming subject of the andantino, its admirable treatment and keeping? What an abyss of distance between such a production, and hundreds of cotemporary daubs, that meet our eye to receive the sentence of suppression; and whose authors, on seeing such a sonata, ought not only to make a solemn vow not to write another demisemiquaver, but to ask pardon of the Delian god for having ever committed to pewter a monument of their dulness and ignorance. We ought to add, that it requires a high progress in the art to perform this sonata well.

No. II. *Easy Duet for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Gisborn*, by C. L. Lithander. Op. 7. Pr. 3s.

A very agreeable allegro in G, a sweet andante (pastorale) in C, and an allegretto in G. This duet, like its predecessor noticed last month, deserves high commendation in every respect. We seldom, if ever, saw music that combined in so great a degree *extreme facility of execution* with attractive melodiousness and selectness of style.

Air Russe, arranged with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Miss Susannah Cuthbert, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 73. No. I. Pr. 3s.

To travel *sans gêne* from minor to major and vice versâ, to begin in one key and end in another, &c. are the rude characteristics of Russian songs: with such a melody the Cossack will win the favour of his Tetiana as surely as the more softened and regular strains of the Italian lover, with the concordant arpeggios of the guitar, make their way to the heart of *mio bene*. Mr. Ries's thema is of the former grotesque kind, and bears indisputable intrinsic evidence of its authenticity. The same singularity of style naturally prevails in the eleven variations reared upon this subject, and this adherence to the theme has, in our opinion, not been maintained without surmounting occasional difficulties. Whatever consummate ingenuity and skill were capable of performing, Mr. R. has successfully achieved. The nature of the subject, and its predominating minor key, at the same time, seem to have coloured the variations with a tinge of melancholy, which their number renders so particularly striking that we feel quite pleased when the relative major comes to put us in better spirits. The effective accompaniment in

the 1st variation, the fine syncopations in the second, the capital bass evolutions in the 5th, the polacca var. 11. and many other features of interest, will be found worthy of Mr. Ries's name.

Beethoven's grand Symphony in D, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to his friend C. Neate, by W. Watts. Pr. 8s.

Without enlarging on the excellency of this gigantic production of the great Beethoven, we feel bound to thank Mr. Watts for the judgment, labour, and infinite care which he has employed in giving it the form of a duo for the piano-forte. A glance at both parts of the larghetto may serve to vouch our assertion in the most forcible manner, although by quoting this movement, we would not wish to be thought depreciating the arrangement of the others. To compress a full score of Beethoven's is of itself an arduous undertaking. Mr. W. has discharged this difficult task in a manner which must convince the connoisseur, that he understood and felt the spirit and depth of his original.

"*Les Plaisirs de la Chasse*," *a Divertisement for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend John Harper, Esq.* by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s.

Three movements in E♭: a short adagio, an allegretto-pastorale, and a piece founded upon the popular air, "Hark, the hollow woods resounding," in allegretto time, we presume from the words "*non troppo*" prefixed to it; a direction somewhat obscure without the addition of one of the epithets referring to time. This publication has given us much satisfaction: it maintains throughout the character proclaimed by the title, combines with this unity of design a fanciful variety, proceeds in a chaste style, without affectation, and yet without the slightest tinge of triviality; evinces a correct taste, sound and cultivated principles of harmony, and does not vex the performer with awkward passages. It is precisely what we would wish such a composition to be, and we dismiss it with our best recommendations as a pleasing and useful piece for practice.

"*Filles du Hameau*," *the favourite French Air sung by the Misses De Lihu, arranged for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Miss Hennings*, by F. Kalkbrenner. Pr. 4s.

Two movements: an introduction (allegro) in G, and an allegretto in the same key, setting out with the theme abovementioned, and in substance founded upon it. This French air, and the fine low notes of one of the Misses Lihu, who sang the second, are perfectly in our recollection. Mr. K. has treated this subject with a degree of taste and fanciful ease which, in our opinion, gives to the arrangement greater interest, than the theme itself conveys. Some very select ideas present themselves in the latter part of *p.* 6. We equally applaud the manner in which the air is resumed *p.* 8, and made to merge into the key of B♭ in the ninth page; which latter we deem altogether the most clever and attractive in this publication. The introduction we had almost lost sight of: it is conceived in a very good style, and among other features of interest, exhibits a very

pleasing dolce in A b, from which the author, with the best effect, drops into four sharps, and thence into the original key of G. This composition lies kindly to both hands.

Fragments, containing six original Pieces for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Charles James Stephenson, Esq. by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 5s.

The detached pieces contained in this book consist of three minuets with trios, a short allegro, a siciliana, and an andante cantabile. All of these rank above mediocrity, and some possess superior merit. The first minuet is excellent; it presents a geniality of melody and keeping which reminds us of Beethoven's manner. The allegro, No. 2. is formed upon a charming subject, and well conducted altogether. The siciliana, No. 4. we also deem very interesting, especially its last two strains, which are variations of the theme, expressed in smoothly connected quick notes. In *p.* 6, *l.* 2, the last bar but one wants the bass cleff; and in *p.* 10, *b.* 2, the 5th and 6th quavers are objectionably supported by octaves. As these fragments are not very difficult, they appear to us well adapted for the desk of the student who can appreciate good music.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-Forte, composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 3s.

The chaste melody of "Cease your funning" serves here as the theme to five variations, in which the flute evidently acts the principal, and the piano-forte a subordinate part; although the latter is frequently so well interwoven with leading passages, that it seems to dispute the supremacy with its rival. This is conspicuously the case in var. 2. and 5. which, although cast in continued responses, might be executed by either instrument alone. Var. 4. is a tender and expressive adagio, in which the flute executes an elegant cadence. A neat and rapid performer on the latter instrument is essential.

A Collection of Chaunts, Psalm Tunes, and Hymns, set to Harmony in four Parts, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-Forte, including a few Chaunts and an Anthem, composed by W. Clarke. Pr. 7s. 6d.; without the Chaunts, 4s.

We have every reason to be satisfied with this volume of sacred music. The selection of the tunes has been judiciously made, and the harmonic arrangement is proper. In the pieces for four parts the author has entirely excluded the C cleffs, by substituting the treble or violin cleff for the alto part, and the bass cleff for the tenor part; in such manner, however, that each of these two staves exhibits the true note or sound, not its octave. His reason, we are sorry to say, is not without its force; the C cleffs become daily less used, and their knowledge, we fear, will soon be confined to professional singers. In an appendix, a second soprano part has been added, to be sung in lieu of the tenor *and* alto parts, if four voices are not to be had.

Triumphal Procession of their H. R. H. the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, with his Grace the Duke of Wellington, over the Waterloo Bridge; a descriptive Piece, in

which are introduced favourite Airs of the Operas of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Il Don Giovanni," composed, and dedicated to the Marquis of Anglesea, by W. Grosse. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The air "Non piu andrai farfallone amoroso" serves to accompany the above illustrious personages into the barges, the music next expressing the acclamations of the people, and the ascent up the steps of the bridge. A pretty minuet follows, to depict the Prince Regent's gracious acknowledgment of British loyalty; and a march of considerable effect conducts the procession along the bridge. This accomplished, the party, and the spectators at large, shape the course homeward to the tune of "Giovinette che fatte all' amore" (*Don Giov.*), and the festivity concludes with a hymn addressed to the heroes of Waterloo. As an occasional effusion, this publication is creditable to the author, whose loyal pen seems to be indefatigable in the celebration of the laurels earned by the British nation and his own at Waterloo.

Beauties of Mozart, partly taken from MSS. in his own hand-writing; arranged for the Piano-Forte by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although we will not presume to say that the three waltzes before us contain intrinsic evidence of the pen of Mozart, they appear to us of a light and agreeable texture, and quite in the character of the true waltz. The last, called the Dessauer Waltz, is the best; it combines energy of style with a considerable degree of originality

"*The Jasmine Bower,*" *a favourite Ballad, written by the Author of "O sleep, my Love!" composed* by W. H. Astor. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In the melody of this ballad, and in the accompaniment, we recognise a considerable degree of good and tasteful musical feeling, and a laudable aim at selectness: but the harmony, we are free to say, is in several instances liable to serious objection.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. XLII. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In this number of the above-named collection, Mr. Hook's well-known Gazsebo rondo has been arranged as a duet by Mr. Rimbault. As we have on a former occasion stated our opinion on this lively theme, we shall only add, that it has rather gained than lost by the present adaptation, which lies within the abilities of very moderate proficients.

Mozart's much-admired Overture to "Cosi fan tutte" adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin, Flute, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.

It has more than once been objected to Mozart, that the slow movement of this overture is far too serious and solemn for so comic an opera as *Cosi fan' tutte;* but a critic has done justice to his memory by observing, that in this movement Mozart evidently wished to propound the main feature of the fable. The four first bars express the fervent protestations of one of the lovers as to the fidelity of his mistress; the next four contain a similar boast from the other lover; and the remainder exhibits the sarcastic doubts expressed by

old Don Alfonso. Mr. R.'s arrangement, like his previous labours of this description, is satisfactory and effective, without being complicated.

Three popular French Waltzes arranged for the Piano-Forte. Pr. 1s. Published by W. Hodsoll.

Of the three waltzes before us, which are harmonized in a very plain style, the second, called *L'Eté*, is unquestionably the best; No. 1. is likewise agreeable, and well suited to the ball-room. For No. 3. *(La Trémise)* we feel no peculiar partiality.

"*Amidst the Flowers rich and gay,*" *sung by Miss O'Rielly at the Nobility's private Concerts: the Poetry by Lady Caroline Lambe; the Music composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Countess of Besborough*, by J. Nathan. Published by J. Green, music-agent, No. 28, Norfolk-street, Strand. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In the composition of this song, Mr. N. has shewn taste and judgment. It consists of two principal strains. The subject and its derivations, in A major, partake both of the waltz and polacca style, and ingratiate themselves by a playfulness of conception, tempered with softness and warmth of feeling. A more serious melody in C ♯ minor intervenes in the progress of the air, and acts as a proper relief, to correspond with the more plaintive nature of the text. Its tinge is perhaps a shade too gloomy; it borders on the solemnity of sacred chaunt, but it soon merges again into the leading motivo in the major mood. *Con animato*, there, was probably meant for *Con anima*. Mr. Green, the publisher of this song, being the appointed agent for the sale of Maelzel's *Metronomes*, we cannot help wondering that his own publications should want metronomical signatures to indicate the proper time.

"*When we two parted,*" *written by the Right Hon. Lord Byron; the Music composed, and most respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Miss Townshend*, by J. Nathan. Published as above. Pr. 2s.

The elegant simplicity of this song, its appropriate key and rhythmic arrangement, together with the pathetic expression, and the originality of some of its thoughts, impart to the whole a degree of interest not often perceptible in the lyric compositions of the present day. Mr. N.'s labour, in this instance, appears to us so eminently meritorious, that we almost regret to see it bestowed upon a subject of such trifling import as the matrimonial differences between a poet and his wife, however strenuously forced upon public notice. There is one bar, *p.* 2, at "hour foretold," in which a slight disagreement occurs between the voice and the accompaniment; it is avoided in the second verse: and in the prelude, *l.* 1, the series of 4, 6, chords appears to us rather too long continued.

L'Enjouement, Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Helen Thornhill, by J. Clarke. Pr. 1s. 6d.

L'Enjouement may be classed with those musical productions which derive their attraction less from novelty of conception, than from propriety of treatment, and an easy and agreeable connection

of the constituent parts. The passages lie well under the fingers, and shew a due degree of variety. The treble cleff is wanted in the bass staff, *p.* 5, *l.* 4, *b.* 2.

" *Oh Pescator dell' Onda*," *a Venetian Canzonet, arranged for the Harp and Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Mrs. Pearson*, by F. Latour. Pr. 4s.

A decided nationality of character, joined to the most fascinating simplicity, have justly rendered this Venetian air a darling favourite with the public; and these merits give it every advantage as a theme for variation, to which purpose Mr. L. has here employed it. He has throughout kept close to his subject, without indulging in extraneous modulations or refinements, except that one variation exhibits the melody in the shape of a march, and another treats it as a waltz (where, by the way, the harp has erroneously $\frac{2}{4}$ instead of $\frac{3}{4}$ prefixed in the signature). Both the instruments act dialogically, are *obbligati*, and will be found free from executive difficulties to those that possess a certain degree of digital activity.

" *Where roves my Love?*" *the favourite Tambourine Song sung by Miss Tunstall at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the grand Melodrama entitled The Viceroy, composed* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An agreeable little ballad, light in texture, but, in point of melody and time, well adapted to the poetry. Among the ideas which attracted more particularly our attention, is the expression at " Whither love, hither love," which we think highly suitable. The conclusion, " Ting, ting, ta ra," &c. is also appropriately playful. In the two symphonies an error occurs (typographical unquestionably): the second crotchet of the treble in *b.* 3, *l.* 2, *p.* 1, should be B instead of A.

" *Far, far away*," *sung by Miss Tipton at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the grand Melodrame called The Terrible Peak, composed* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

" Far, far away," a Negro song we suppose, is as simple and unaffected as the text demands it; and yet we find a graceful ease of expression, and a connected flow in the melody, which infuse considerable interest into this production. The words, " Far, far away," are happily set; and the passage, " Dere never brother," is quite select. In the prelude, the bass beats too many monotonous quavers.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 21.—EVENING DRESS.

WHITE British net dress over a soft white satin slip. The body is composed of white satin, disposed in folds, and rich letting-in lace. The sleeve, which is very short and full, is composed of the same materials: the lace is brought very full in front of the arm, and divided by tucks into full compartments, which are finished by small pearl tassels. For the form of the body,

EVENING DRESS.

N°22. of RACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. Oct.r 1.1817.

which is truly novel, we refer our fair readers to our print. The skirt is elegantly ornamented with two falls of broad rich blond, laid on almost plain; each fall is surmounted by a full rouleau of white satin, the fulness of which is confined by pearls twisted round it. The hair is turned up *à la Grecque* behind; it is parted in front so as to display the whole of the forehead, and disposed in light loose ringlets. Head-dress, *à la François*, a full garland of roses and fancy flowers. Necklace and earrings, topaz mixed with pearl. White satin shoes. White kid gloves, and spangled crape fan.

PLATE 22.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A high dress of jaconot muslin, richly embroidered round the bottom of the skirt. The body is composed entirely of work. Long sleeve, finished down the arm in front by *bouillons* of lace. With this dress is worn the Charlotte spencer, composed of cerulean blue satin; it is tight to the shape, the back a moderate breadth, and the waist short. The sleeve is rather wide. The trimming is extremely elegant, and it is disposed in so tasteful a manner, as to give an appearance of perfect novelty to the spencer. We are not allowed to name the materials of which it is composed. The sleeve is ornamented at the wrist, and on the shoulder to correspond. Bonnet, *à la Ninon*, composed of French willow. The crown is fancifully ornamented with the same material, cut in small squares, edged with white satin, and turned a little over at the ends. The front is very large; it displays the front hair, which is simply braided across the forehead: it is edged with puffed gauze, disposed in points, and confined by a narrow fold of white satin. A sprig of acacia ornaments it on the left side, and it is finished by white satin strings. French ruff and ruffles of rich lace. Blue or white kid shoes and gloves.

We have again to acknowledge our obligations to Miss M'Donald of 29, Great Russel-street, Bedford-square, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress begins now to assume a more heavy appearance. Silk pelisses and walking dresses are in high estimation, as are also poplin skirts with satin spencers to correspond in colour. Muslin dresses are still considered fashionable, but they are not generally worn without a spencer, scarf, or a shawl. Among the latter, those in white silk are considered most elegant; they are richly embroidered at each corner, and finished by a deep fringe.

The most tasteful autumnal pelisse which has fallen under our observation for some years, is one composed of queen's silk of the colour of the dead leaf; it is lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with satin to correspond with the pelisse. The back is plain in the middle, but very full at each side, where the fulness is disposed in folds, which are crossed with cord, and each of these crossings is finished by a small light silk tuft. The front is tight to the shape. The sleeve, which is looser than they have been worn lately, is finished at the wrist by a trimming

to correspond with that of the skirt, and ornamented at the shoulder by *mancherons* extremely full; the fulness is confined by broad bands of satin, each band finished at bottom by a tuft. Plain satin collar. The trimming, which we should observe goes all round the pelisse, is exceedingly pretty; it is a mixture of satin and light chenille trimming, disposed in the form of a pine-apple. A silk cordon, to correspond, finishes this tasteful pelisse.

Striped silk dresses, with triple flounces of gauze, each flounce scolloped at the edge, which is bound with narrow ribbon to correspond, are much in favour for the dress, promenade, or carriage costume. The bodies of these dresses are made high, but without collars. Some ladies wear with them a plain collar of rich lace, which falls over; others have a *collerette* composed of blond, British net, or white gauze edged to correspond with the flounce. This last fashion is most general.

With respect to hats and bonnets, modish invention seems to be rather at a stand. The only one remarkable for novelty and elegance which we have met with in our researches, we have given in our print, and it is well adapted for either a dress, promenade, or carriage head-dress. For plain walking bonnets, Leghorn made in the French shape, trimmed with a half-handkerchief of French silk, or else simply ornamented with ribbon, are much in request; they have a very neat and gentlewomanly appearance.

Cornettes, composed of gauze or net, are very generally adopted by youthful *belles* in carriage dress. One of the prettiest that we have seen is composed of white net; the crown is made nearly tight to the head, finished round the top by a full frill of net edged with pink satin, and ornamented by very narrow pipings of pink satin, which are placed byas. The border is of net edged with satin. Instead of flowers or ribbons, the crown is ornamented in front with a double frill of net edged with pink, which is rather broad, is laid on extremely full, and comes no farther than the ear at each side: it has small narrow ears, but they are mostly thrown back. This is a very pretty cap; it is smart without being glaring, and is more generally becoming than any *cornette* we have seen for some time.

Muslin still continues the only thing worn in dishabille. The trimmings of morning dresses are now almost always composed of work. Lace seems quite out of favour in morning costume, to which, unless it is very narrow, it certainly is not at all appropriate.

We have noticed a new invention for dinner dress, but it is one which we think will not be generally adopted, because, though it is really novel, it has an old-fashioned appearance. We allude to those silks which are wove round the bottom in such a manner as to imitate ribbon tucks; the effect is exactly the same.

We have just been favoured with the sight of a very pretty dinner dress: it is composed of Pomona green poplin, the body of satin to correspond. The skirt is trimmed with ribbon, brocaded in the colours of the rainbow; this ribbon

is twisted into a rouleau, which is disposed in waves, and each wave is finished by a rosette of the ribbon: nothing can be more beautiful than the effect of this simple trimming. The body, which is cut very low, is finished round the bust by *bouillons* of net, each *bouillon* formed by a narrow rouleau of twisted ribbon. Net long sleeves *bouilloned* at the wrist. A very full half-sleeve, the fulness confined by three rouleaus of ribbon, which terminates in a point at bottom, and is finished by a rosette. The effect of this dress is strikingly elegant.

Though silks and poplins are considered elegant for dinner dress, white is still more fashionable. The skirts, bosoms, and sleeves of dresses are profusely ornamented with lace, and the bodies are composed entirely of work.

Crape and *tulle* are in much estimation for full dress, but British net is still more in request: these light materials are always worn over white satin. Light-coloured satins, or plain white satin, are also much in favour. Blond or embroidery is most fashionable for trimmings.

In full dress, tocques and turbans continue to be worn as much as ever by matronly ladies; but youthful *belles* appear to give a preference to flowers: corn-flowers are particularly in estimation; small diadems composed of different flowers are also in request. For *grand costume*, sprigs of pearl representing a flower, the heart of which is a coloured stone, with a profusion of leaves formed of pearl, are much worn. When a sprig of this kind forms the head-dress, the necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets always correspond. The necklace is composed of four or five rows of pearl, which form a chain; the flowers are placed at regular distances of about three inches.

Though still so early in the season, coral begins to be much worn in half-dress jewellery; but gold ornaments appear to have the preference.

Fashionable colours are, rose-colour, Pomona green, lilac, dark green, and blue.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Sept. 19, 1817.

My dear SOPHIA,

I HAVE been thinking of you for some days past, and wishing that I could send you a score or two of head-dresses, for really it is almost impossible for description alone to give you an idea of the astonishing versatility of French taste in that particular.

At this moment crape and *gros de Naples* are the favourite materials for hats, and cambric and sprigged muslin for *capotes*. Crape hats still continue to be ornamented by loops of straw, and a quilling of *tulle*, which is put on as full as possible and cut byas, goes round the edge. White straw decorates yellow crape, and yellow straw white crape.

Lilac is also a colour much in request; there is a great number of *chapeaux* composed of it: but what will you say when I tell you, that these hats are lined with yellow sa-

tin, and trimmed with immense bunches of China asters of the same glaring colour? Light green and lilac, and dark blue and light green, are also favourite contrasts. The effect of this mixture of colours to a person unaccustomed to them, is truly ridiculous. There is, however, a certain something in the manner of putting those hats on, and a jauntee air in the *tout-ensemble*, which please one in spite of the evidently bad taste with which the head is decorated. The *capotes* are much prettier; they are in general composed either of *perkale* or sprigged muslin: those of *gros de Naples* are only partially worn. It occurs to me at this moment, that you do not know that what we call a hat is of the same shape as bonnets are with you, and *capotes* differ very little from them in form. The high-crowned hats with narrow brims are quite exploded, and have been for some time. As to the others, the crowns are all of a moderate height, the brims of the *chapeaux* very deep, and made in general to stand out a good deal from the face. Some of the *capotes* are precisely of the same shape, but others have a close front, something in the style of your cottage bonnets, only round at the ears, and a caul like that of a night-cap tacked in. A band of the same material, edged with ribbon, is frequently placed round the caul, and a large bunch of ribbon, or sometimes China asters or roses, put on one side.

Some *capotes* are ornamented with an Iris scarf composed of raw silk, which is pinned over the crown; the ends of the scarf are passed through spaces left between the brim and the crown, and tied under the chin in a loose bow. The *capotes* composed of muslin are invariably decorated with that material only, and they have on that account a more ladylike appearance than any of the other head-dresses. Sometimes a handkerchief *à la Marmotte*, that is to say, pinned carelessly across the crown, and the ends fastened under the chin, with a quilling of blond, of lace, or worked muslin round the front, is the only ornament of one of these bonnets. Sometimes they are decorated with full bunches of muslin formed into the shape of heads of endive, and tied under the chin by white strings.

Chapeaux are ornamented with flowers of various descriptions, but China asters, of all colours and in large bunches, are most in favour; bunches of roses also, which are frequently of four or five different colours, are in request. But enough, and perhaps you will say too much, about *la tête;* let me now speak of the few changes which have taken place in dresses since I wrote last.

There is nothing worn but muslin either for morning, dinner, or evening dress, unless when the latter is intended for *grand costume*. I have nothing striking to describe to you in dishabille; but I saw a few days ago a very pretty dinner dress, which, with a little alteration, would be considered in England as a neat morning dress. It is composed of jaconot muslin, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a double row of leaves in embroidery, and a narrow pointed lace; above this is a row of clear muslin Spanish puffs, let in at little distances from each other; these are surmounted by a row of embroidery,

A FRENCH BED.

№22. of RACKHAM'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. Oct.1 1817.

above which is a second row of puffs and a row of embroidery. The body has a very formal appearance, as the front, which is tight to the shape, is plaited as small as possible; the back is quite plain. The sleeve long, and finished at the top by a half-sleeve formed of a double row of slashes. A pink scarf, composed of raw silk, was tied round the waist in short bows and very long ends; and an immense large ruff enveloped the throat, and partially concealed the lower part of the chin.

This dress, with the omission of the scarf, and some other little alterations, would really form a very pretty morning dress, especially if it were worn with the *bonnet de paysanne*, which is a pretty simple cap of the mob kind: it is composed of clear muslin, with a very full border, which turns up in front, and is fastened back by a bow of pink ribbon. A small pink and white silk handkerchief is pinned, in a careless bow and ends, at the left side. I recommend this cap to your notice, my Sophia; it is singularly becoming to pretty animated brunettes, like yourself.

Nothing can be more simple than the form of evening dress: a few deep tucks, or a single row of Spanish puffs, surmounted perhaps by some rouleaus of satin, ornament the skirt. The body is cut down behind, and also round the bosom, in a very indelicate style: it is, open in fact behind almost to the bottom of the waist, from whence it is brought with a little fulness on each side to the shoulder. The sleeve is full, very short, and confined to the arm by a narrow band, which does not appear. Some ladies ornament the sleeves and bosom with *tulle*, but their number is few.

Coral is beginning to be in high favour; our *élégantes*, who don't trouble themselves much about consistency in the arrangement of their ornaments, frequently wear it mingled with costly gems. Small coral hearts set in gold, and suspended to a necklace of mingled coral and gold, are at present in high estimation.

Tocques are still worn in full dress; but those with fronts in the form of a diadem, are quite exploded. The most fashionable are made of crape or *tulle*, disposed in folds round the crown, and with a small full front, the fulness generally confined by strings of pearl or coral. They are sometimes ornamented with plumes of *Marabouts*, but more generally with garlands of flowers: youthful belles in general decorate their hair with flowers only. Lilac and yellow are the colours most in favour.

Adieu, dear Sophia! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 20.—A FRENCH BED.

THE annexed plate represents a superb canopy and sofa-bed: the draperies are of silk, and ornamented with the lace and fringe which are so admirable an imitation of gold; the linings are of lilac and buff. A muslin embroidered drapery is applied as a covering in

the daytime. There is an elegant simplicity united with so much richness in this design, that our readers will perceive it is adapted to chambers in the first style of decoration.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

SONG IN PRAISE OF MALVERN.

(From CHAMBERS's *History of Malvern.*)

THE following old song in praise of Malvern had not, before Dr. M. Wall published it, been circulated in Worcester, except in manuscript. There are many circumstances which seem to establish the common opinion of its antiquity. If this opinion be well founded—upon which subject perhaps popular tradition is stronger than any other argument—the song may be considered as one of the earliest records of the medicinal virtue and purity of the waters of this place. In the copy which Dr. Wall transcribed some years ago, it was said to have been written soon after the year 1600; which is probably not far from the exact date, if we may judge from the style and the allusions to the deer in the chase, the adjoining woods, &c. Mr. Barrett affirms that these lines were composed by the parish clerk about the year 1590. "It is, however, I believe," he continues, "not very generally known at what time it was first written."

1.

As I did walk alone,
  Late in an evening,
I heard the voice of one
  Most sweetly singing;
Which did delight me much,
Because the song was such,
And ended with a touch,
  O praise the Lord!

2.

The God of sea and land
  That rules above us,
Stays his avenging hand
  'Cause he doth love us;
And doth his blessings send,
Although we do offend:
Then let us all amend,
  And praise the Lord!

3.

Great Malvern, on a rock
  Thou standest surely;
Doe not thyself forget,
  Living securely:
Thou hast of blessings store,
No country town hath more;
Do not forget, therefore,
  To praise the Lord!

4.

Thou hast a famous church,
  And rarely builded;
No country town hath such—
  Most men have yielded,
For pillars stout and strong,
And windows large and long:
Remember in thy song
  To praise the Lord!

5.

There is God's service read
  With rev'rence duely;
There is his word preached
  Learned and truely;
And ev'ry Sabbath-day
Singing of psalms they say;
It's sure the only way
  To praise the Lord!

6.

The sun in glory great,
  When first it riseth,
Doth bless thy happy seat,
  And thee adviseth,

That then it's time to pray,
That God may bless thy way,
And keepe thee all the day
To praise the Lord!

7.
That thy prospect is good
None can deny thee:
Thou hast great store of wood
Growing hard by thee,
Which is a blessing great,
To roast and boil thy meat,
And thee in cold to heat:
O praise the Lord!

8.
Preserve it, I advise,
Whilst that thou hast it;
Spare not in any wise,
But doe not waste it:
Least thou repent too late,
Remember Hanley's fate*,
In time shut up thy gate,
And praise the Lord!

9.
A chase for royal deer
Round doth beset thee;
Too many doe I fear
For aught they get thee:
Yet, though they eat away
Thy corn, thy grass, and hay,
Doe not forget, I say,
To praise the Lord!

10.
That noble chase doth give
Thy beasts their feeding,
Where they in summer live
With little heeding;
Thy sheep and swine there go,
So doth thy horse also,
Till winter brings in snow:
Then praise the Lord!

11.
Turne up thine eyes on highe,
There fairly standing,
See Malverne's highest hill
All hills commanding;
They all confess at will,
Their sovereign Malverne hill—
Let it be mighty still!
O praise the Lord!

* Hanley Castle, which came by marriage to Richard the great Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, who being attainted of high treason, lost his life, and his estates were forfeited to the crown.

12.
When western winds do rock
Both town and country,
Thy hill doth break the shock,
They cannot hurt thee;
When waters great abound,
And many a country's drown'd,
Thou standest safe and sound:
O praise the Lord!

13.
Out of that famous hill
There daily springeth
A water passing still,
Which always bringeth
Great comfort to all them
That are diseased men,
And makes them well again,
To praise the Lord!

14.
Hast thou a wound to heal,
The which doth grieve thee?
Come then unto this well,
It will relieve thee;
Noli me tangeres,
And other maladies,
Have here their remedies,
Praised be the Lord!

15
To drinke thy waters, store
Lie in the bushes*,
Many with ulcers sore,
Many with bruises;
Who succour find from ill,
By money given still,
Thanks to the christian will:
O praise the Lord!

16.
A thousand bottles there
Were filled weekly,
And many costrels rare
For stomachs sickly;
Some of them into Kent,
Some were to London sent,
Others to Berwick went:
O praise the Lord!

* Though modern visitors do not now lie in *bushes*, yet so crowded was Malvern one season, that a lady of rank and fashion, with her equipage and servants, was actually obliged to be sent to the workhouse. It is now the custom during the season to let this house to visitors, and the money gained this way is applied to the funds for maintaining the poor.

FELTON THE POLITICAL ASSASSIN.

(From D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. III.)

Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, by the growing republican party, was hailed as a Brutus, rising, in the style of a patriotic bard,

Refulgent from the stroke.—Akenside.

Gibbon has thrown a shade of suspicion even over Brutus's "god-like stroke," as Pope has exalted it. In Felton, a man acting from mixed and confused motives, the political martyr is entirely lost in the contrite penitent: he was, however, considered in his own day as being almost beyond humanity. Mrs. Macauley has called him "a lunatic," because the duke had not been assassinated on the right principle. His motives appeared even inconceivable to his contemporaries; for Sir Henry Wotton, who has written a life of the Duke of Buckingham, observes, that "what may have been the immediate or greatest motive of that felonious conception (the duke's assassination), is even yet in the clouds." After ascertaining that it was not private revenge, he seems to conclude that it was Dr. Egglesheim's furious "libel," and the "remonstrance" of the parliament, which, having made the duke "one of the foulest monsters upon earth," worked on the dark imagination of Felton.

From Felton's memorable example, and some similar ones, one observation occurs worth the notice of every minister of state who dares the popular odium he has raised. Such a minister will always be in present danger of a violent termination to his career; for, however he may be convinced, that there is not political virtue enough in a whole people to afford "the god-like stroke," he will always have to dread the arm of some melancholy enthusiast, whose mind, secretly agitated by the public indignation, directs itself solely on him. It was some time after having written this reflection, that I discovered the following notice of the Duke of Buckingham in the unpublished life of Sir Symonds D'Ewes:—"Some of his friends had advised him how generally he was hated in England, and how needful it would be for his greater safety to wear some coat of mail, or some other secret defensive armour: which the duke slighting, said, 'It needs not, there are no Roman spirits left.'"

An account of the contemporary feelings which sympathised with Felton, and almost sanctioned the assassin's deed, I gather from the MS. letters of the times. The public mind, through a long state of discontent, had been prepared for, and not without an obscure expectation, of the mortal end of Buckingham. It is certain the duke received many warnings, which he despised. The assassination kindled a tumult of joy throughout the nation, and a state libel was written in strong characters in the faces of the people. The passage of Felton to London, after the assassination, seemed a triumph. Now pitied, and now blessed, mothers held up their children to behold the saviour of the country;

and an old woman exclaimed as Felton passed her, with a scriptural allusion to his short stature, and the mightiness of Buckingham, "God bless thee, little David!" Felton was nearly sainted before he reached the metropolis. His health was the reigning toast among the republicans. A character somewhat remarkable, Alexander Gill (usher under his father, Dr. Gill, master of St. Paul's school), who was the tutor of Milton, and his dear friend afterwards, and, perhaps, from whose impressions in early life Milton derived his vehement hatred of Charles, was committed by the Star-Chamber, heavily fined, and sentenced to lose his ears, on three charges, one of which arose from drinking a health to Felton. At Trinity College, Gill said that the king was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop, with an apron before him, and say, "What lack ye?" than to govern a kingdom; that the duke was gone down to hell to see King James; and, drinking a health to Felton, added, he was sorry Felton had deprived him of the honour of doing that brave act*. In the taste of that day, they contrived a political anagram of his name, to express the immoveable self-devotion he shewed after the assassination, never attempting to escape; and John Felton, for the nonce, was made to read, *Noh! flie not!*

But while Felton's name was echoing through the kingdom, our new Brutus was at that moment exhibiting a piteous spectacle of remorse: so different often is the real person himself from the ideal personage of the public. The assassination, with him, was a sort of theoretical one, depending, as we shall shew, on four propositions: so that, when the king's attorney, as the attorney-general was then called, had furnished the unhappy criminal with an unexpected argument, which appeared to him to have overturned his, he declared that he had been in a mistake; and, lamenting that he had not been aware of it before, from that instant his conscientious spirit sunk into despair. In the open court he stretched out his arm, offering it, as the offending instrument, to be first cut off; he requested the king's leave to wear sackcloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes on his head, to carry a halter about his neck, in testimony of repentance; and that he might sink to the lowest point of contrition, he insisted on asking pardon not only of the duchess, the duke's mother, but even of the duke's scullion-boy; and a man naturally brave, was seen always shedding tears, so that no one could have imagined that Felton had been "a stout soldier." These particulars were given by one of the divines who attended him, to the writer of the MS. letter*.

* The MS. letter giving this account observes, that the words concerning his majesty were not read in open court, but only those relating to the duke and Felton.

* Clarendon notices, that Felton was "of a gentleman's family in Suffolk, of good fortune and reputation." I find that, during his confinement, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, and Lord Maltravers their son, "he being of their blood," says the letter-writer, continually visited him, gave many proofs of their friendship, and brought his "wind-

The character of Felton must not, however, be conceived from this agonizing scene of contrition. Of melancholy and retired habits, and one of those thousand officers who had incurred disappointments, both in promotion and in arrears of pay, from the careless duke, he felt perhaps, although he denied it, a degree of personal animosity towards him. A solitary man who conceives himself injured, broods over his revenge. Felton once cut off a piece of his own finger, inclosing it in a challenge, to convince the person whom he addressed, that he valued not endangering his whole body, provided it afforded him an opportunity of vengeance. Yet, with all this, such was his love of truth and rigid honour, that Felton obtained the nick-name of "Honest Jack," one which, after the assassination, became extremely popular through the nation. The religious enthusiasm of the times had also deeply possessed his mind; and that enthusiasm, as is well known, was of a nature that might easily occasion its votary to be mistaken for a republican.

ing-sheet," for to the last they attempted to save him from being hung in chains: they did not succeed.

AUDLEY THE USURER.

(From D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. III.)

A person whose history will serve as a canvas to exhibit some scenes of the arts of the money-trader, was one Audley, a lawyer, and a great practical philosopher, who concentrated his vigorous faculties in the science of the relative value of money. He flourished through the reigns of James I. Charles I. and held a lucrative office in the Court of Wards, till that singular court was abolished at the time of the Restoration. In his own times he was called "the great Audley," an epithet so often abused, and here applied to the creation of enormous wealth. But there are minds of great capacity, concealed by the nature of their pursuits; and the wealth of Audley may be considered as the cloudy medium through which a bright genius shone, of which, had it been thrown into a nobler sphere of action, the "greatness" would have been less ambiguous.

This genius of thirty per cent. first had proved the decided vigour of his mind, by his enthusiastic devotion to his law studies: deprived of his leisure for study through his busy day, he stole the hours from his late nights and his early mornings; and without the means to procure a law-library, he invented a method to possess one without the cost: as fast as he learned, he taught; and, by publishing some useful tracts on temporary occasions, he was enabled to purchase a library. He appears never to have read a book without its furnishing him with some new practical design, and he probably studied too much for his own particular advantage. Such devoted studies was the way to become a lord-chancellor; but the science of the law was here subordinate to that of a money-trader.

When yet but a clerk to the clerk in the counter, frequent opportu-

nities occurred which Audley knew how to improve. He became a money-trader as he had become a law-writer, and the fear and follies of mankind were to furnish him with a trading capital. The fertility of his genius appeared in expedients and in quick contrivances. He was sure to be the friend of all men falling out. He took a deep concern in the affairs of his master's clients, and often much more than they were aware of. No man so ready at procuring bail or compounding debts. This was a considerable traffic then, as now. They hired themselves out for bail, swore what was required, and contrived to give false addresses. It seems they dressed themselves out for the occasion: a great seal-ring flamed on the finger, which, however, was pure copper gilt, and often assumed the name of some person of good credit. Savings, and small presents for gratuitous opinions, often afterwards discovered to be very fallacious ones, enabled him to purchase annuities of easy landholders, with their treble amount secured on their estates. The improvident owners, or the careless heirs, were entangled in the usurer's nets; and, after the receipt of a few years, the annuity, by some latent quibble, or some irregularity in the payments, usually ended in Audley's obtaining the treble forfeiture. He could at all times out-knave a knave. One of these incidents has been preserved. A draper of no honest reputation, being arrested by a merchant for a debt of 200*l.* Audley bought the debt at 40*l.* for which the draper immediately offered him 50*l.* But Audley would not consent, unless the draper indulged a sudden whim of his own: this was a formal contract, that the draper should pay within twenty years, upon twenty certain days, a penny doubled. A knave, in haste to sign, is no calculator; and, as the contemporary dramatist describes one of the arts of those citizens, one part of whose business was,

> "To swear and break: they all grow rich by breaking!"

the draper eagerly compounded. He afterwards "grew rich." Audley, silently watching his victim, within two years claims his doubled pennies, every month during twenty months. The pennies had now grown up to pounds. The knave perceived the trick, and preferred paying the forfeiture of his bond for 500*l.* rather than to receive the visitation of all the little generation of compound interest in the last descendant of 2000*l.* which would have closed with the draper's shop. The inventive genius of Audley might have illustrated that popular tract of his own times, Peacham's *Worth of a Penny;* a gentleman, who, having scarcely one left, consoled himself by detailing the numerous comforts of life it might procure in the days of Charles II.

This philosophical usurer never pressed hard for his debts; like the fowler he never shook his nets lest he might startle, satisfied to have them, without appearing to hold them. With great fondness he compared his "bonds to infants, which battle best by sleeping." *To battle* is to be nourished, a term still retained at the University of Oxford. His familiar companions were all subordinate actors in the

great piece he was performing; he too had his part in the scene. When not taken by surprise, on his table usually lay opened a great Bible, with Bishop Andrews' folio Sermons, which often gave him an opportunity of railing at the covetousness of the clergy; declaring their religion was "a mere preach," and that "the time would never be well till we had Queen Elizabeth's Protestants again in fashion." He was aware of all the evils arising out of a population beyond the means of subsistence, and dreaded an inundation of men, spreading like the spawn of a cod. Hence he considered marriage, with a modern political economist, as very dangerous; bitterly censuring the clergy, whose children he said never thrived, and whose widows were left destitute. An apostolical life, according to Audley, required only books, meat, and drink, to be had for fifty pounds a year! Celibacy, voluntary poverty, and all the mortifications of a primitive Christian, were the virtues practised by this Puritan among his money-bags.

Yet Audley's was that worldly wisdom which derives all its strength from the weaknesses of mankind. Every thing was to be obtained by stratagem; and it was his maxim, that, to grasp our object the faster, we must go a little round about it. His life is said to have been one of intricacies and mysteries, using indirect means in all things: but, if he walked in a labyrinth, it was to bewilder others, for the clue was still in his own hand; all he sought was, that his designs should not be discovered by his actions. His word, we are told, was his bond; his hour was punctual; and his opinions were compressed and weighty: but, if he was true to his bond-word, it was only a part of the system to give facility to the carrying on of his trade, for he was not strict to his honour; the pride of victory, as well as the passion for acquisition, combined in the character of Audley, as in more tremendous conquerors. His partners dreaded the effects of his law-library, and usually relinquished a claim rather than stand a suit against a latent quibble. When one menaced him by shewing some money-bags, which he had resolved to empty in law against him, Audley, then in office in the Court of Wards, with a sarcastic grin, asked "Whether the bags had any bottom?"—"Aye!" replied the exulting possessor, striking them. "In that case I care not," retorted the cynical officer of the Court of Wards; "for in this court I have a constant spring; and I cannot spend in other courts more than I gain in this." He had at once the meanness which would evade the law, and the spirit which could resist it.

The career of Audley's ambition closed with the extinction of the Court of Wards, by which he incurred the loss of above 100,000*l.* On that occasion he observed, that "his ordinary losses were as the shavings of his beard, which only grew the faster by them; but the loss of this place was like the cutting off a member, which was irrecoverable." The hoary usurer pined at the decline of his genius, discoursed on the vanity of the world, and hinted at retreat. A facetious friend told him a story of an old rat, who having acquainted

tlie young rats that he would at length retire to his hole, desiring none to come near him, their curiosity, after some days, led them to venture to look into the hole; and there they discovered the old rat sitting in the midst of a rich Parmesan cheese. It is probable that the loss of the last 100,000*l.* disturbed his digestion, for he did not long survive his Court of Wards.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Miss Lucy Aikin is preparing for the press, *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth;* comprising a minute view of her domestic life, and notes of the manners, amusements, arts, and literature of her reign. This work is composed upon the plan of uniting with the personal history of a celebrated female sovereign, and a connected narration of the domestic events of her reign, a large portion of biographical anecdote, private memoir, and traits illustrative of an interesting period of English history. Original letters, speeches, and occasional poems are largely interspersed.

An octavo edition of Mawe's *Travels in the Brazils* will be published shortly.

The third volume of the personal Narrative of M. de Humboldt's *Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent*, during the years 1799-1804, translated by Helen-Maria Williams, is nearly ready.

Miss Anna-Maria Porter, author of The Recluse of Norway, has in the press, *The Knight of St. John*, a romance.

Mr. R. Southey is preparing for the press, a third volume of *The History of Brazil.*

An Essay on the Chemical History and Medical Treatment of Calculous Disorders, with plates, by A. Marcet, M.D. F.R.S. is in the press, and may be expected shortly.

Miss Benger is preparing for the press, *Memoirs*, with a selection from the correspondence, and other unpublished writings, *of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton*, author of Letters on Education, Agrippina, &c. in two vols. crown 8vo.

In October will appear, *An Universal History*, translated from the German of John Müller, in three vols. 8vo. This work is not a mere compendium of Universal History, but contains a philosophical inquiry into the moral, and more especially the political, causes which have given rise to the most important revolutions in the history of the human race.

Shortly will be published, *The Dauphin Virgil*, with Dr. Carey's *Clavis Metrico-Virgiliana* prefixed.

The official account of the late *Embassy to China*, by Mr. Ellis, Secretary of Legation, will be published on the 1st of October.

Miss Lefanu, the authoress of the interesting and popular novel Strathallan, has in the press a new novel, entitled *Helen Monteagle*, in three vols. which will appear early in October.

The third part of Lackington and Co.'s *Catalogue*, containing Greek and Latin classics, and books in all foreign languages, will be publish-

ed in October; and the fourth and last part at Christmas, which will contain a very large collection of divinity, and an appendix of additions to all the classes.

In the course of the present month will be published, part I. of an edition of the *Hebrew Bible* without points, to be completed in four parts; uniform with the Hebrew Bible with points published in May last.

Mr. Wilson is engaged on a new work (which will be ready for delivery in a few days), descriptive, and also illustrative by the means of diagrams, of a new and much-admired species of dancing, entitled *The Ecossoise*. This novel mode of dancing is so simple in its construction as to be easily attained, and is not only calculated to afford much pleasure to the dancers, but also to excite a pleasing interest in the spectators.

The following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surry Institution, during the ensuing season:

1. On *Ethics*, by the Rev. W. B. Collyer, D. D. F. S. A. and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Philosophical Society of London; to commence on Tuesday, Nov. 4, at seven o'clock in the evening, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.

2. On *Chemistry*, by James Lowe Wheeler, Esq.; to commence on Friday evening, Nov. 7, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday, at the same hour.

3. On the *British Poets*, from Chaucer to Cowper, by W. Hazlitt, Esq.; to commence early in January 1818.

4. On *Music*, by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford; to commence in February 1818.

A case which lately occurred in the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, where a boy born deaf and dumb was restored to the uses of both hearing and speech, will shew the rapid improvement in the medical practice of the present day. The pathology of the ear, neglected till of late, has now attained a vast importance by the institution of a dispensary for its diseases; and the subject of deafness being now taken up by the Royal College of Surgeons, as the theme of their annual prize, will tend to throw additional light on this interesting malady.

A gentleman in the suite of Lord Amherst has succeeded in bringing home from the East Indies a specimen of the Ouran Outang, which, as it is well known, is a native of Borneo, very difficult to be taken alive, and approaches nearer to the human form than any other species of the brute creation. This animal, considered as the first of its kind ever seen in this country, is, with the liberal permission of the owner, exhibited at Exeter 'Change for the gratification of the public. He is perfectly harmless and inoffensive, suffering visitors to examine him minutely, and possessing a degree of natural intelligence superior to any other irrational animal.

Poetry.

ECHO.

Echo! while modest blushes tinge my cheek,
Let me your answers and your love be-speak!
Echo. Speak.
In any clime does varied nature shew,
Taste more refined than — vallies know?
—— No.
Where does deep Lore unbend her brow severe,
And works of lighter genius love to hear?
—— Here.
Here liberal welcome liberal cheer decrees—
What gives that welcome higher power to please?
—— Ease.
What gilds this ease, and welcomes charms divine,
And bids the social wreath with wit entwine?
—— Wine.
What want these scenes all others to surpass,
And 'cause they something want, we sigh, alas!
—— A lass.
Echo, adieu! Adieu, hill, grove, and dell,
With taste, wit, mirth, and elegance, farewell!
Echo. Farewell.

LINES

Written at Weobly, Nov. 2, 1816.

Alas! the world is fill'd with woes:
The widow's sorrow, orphan's sigh,
And many evils less than those,
From which the wretched cannot fly.

This truth no mortal dares disown—
That pain belongs to human kind;
Since from the cottage to the throne,
In ev'ry path a thorn we find.

Amid this mournful, painful scene,
Behold a form most bright and fair!
She comes with sympathetic mien,
With tender look and graceful air.

Hail, sweet Benevolence! thy balm
Will soften what it cannot cure;
Our stormy life thy pow'r will calm,
For storms of life we must endure.

Thy hand shall gently wipe the tear,
Trickling down sorrow's pallid cheek;
Thy soothing words dispel our fear,
Utter'd by thee in accent meek.

Oh! come, and in our sea-girt isle,
Fixing thy station, make a stand;
Repair our ills, make sorrow smile,
And scatter blessings round the land!

——— A. M. C.

A TRIBUTE

Of sincere Friendship to the Memory of my departed Friend, Mr. Leonard Wing, of Stowmarket, Suffolk, Solicitor; addressed to his Brother Mr. F. Wing, of Bury St. Edmund's. April 11, 1817.

By Mr. J. M. Lacey.

Dear Wing! amidst the multitude of woes
That now pervade thy bosom's inmost core,
My humble Muse would gently interpose,
And speak of Leonard—now, alas! no more!

Her strain must be all sorrow!—Joy has fled
From ev'ry breast that lov'd him while on earth;
He now lies mingled with the silent dead:
Far then be pleasure, far the thought of mirth!

To thee, my friend, his loss is deep indeed!
For thou hadst watch'd him from the morn of life:
No parent to advise thee in thy need;
A boy thyself, amid a world of strife.

The bud of youth, in Leonard, promis'd fair,
Each year unfolded virtues to thy view;
A dear reward for all thy kindred care,
A promise that his later life made true.

Thus manhood came, and there was not a stain
To darken hope, or check his first career;
It seem'd to pay thee, Wing, for ev'ry pain,
For ev'ry sacrifice, for ev'ry fear.

He enter'd on the world's too treacherous stage,
Adorn'd with ev'ry dignity of man;
With all youth's fire he mix'd the thought of age,
While noble-minded honour form'd each plan.

His heart was gen'rous as it was sincere;
Kind hospitality bedeck'd his home;
For want and mis'ry he had still a tear;
From rectitude's bright path he would not roam.

Thus form'd in mind, his early course began;
Goodness was his, and happiness he found;
Blest gratitude through all his feelings ran,
And benefits were his in ample round.

Industry shew'd prosperity's bright way;
Whilst active usefulness fill'd all his hours:—
Thus shone the morning of poor Leonard's day,
Thus were put forth his best, his manliest pow'rs.

But, ah! that morning scarcely had put forth
These blossomings, that promis'd years of peace,
When—as the rude wind of the blighting North
Oft bids the brightest hopes of spring-time cease—

Disease appear'd, with all her ling'ring train,
Seiz'd the fine form, where only health had dwelt,
Consign'd his ev'ry hour to anguish'd pain—
Pain, that his feeling friends, around him, felt.

Now came his highest honour: though before
Leonard was ever known as good and brave;
Amidst his torture he could triumph more,
By fearing not the prospect of the grave!

Religion, brightest daughter of the sky,
Shed o'er his mind her best, her holiest balm;
She check'd each murm'ring, each impatient cry,
And gave to hours of grief a peaceful calm.

Last in the train of fell disease, came death:
But no wild terrors with its pang were giv'n;
In peace with all the world, he lost his breath,
And sought eternal blessedness in heav'n!

Here let us pause, my friend!—the tender tears
That fall upon his grave, *he* needeth not:
Still must *thy* bosom feel, whose hopes and fears
So anxiously have watch'd his earthly lot.

But *he* is happy!—Let that cheering thought
Check ev'ry selfish sigh thy breast may know:
He lives in realms with endless glory fraught,
Realms quite unknown to earthly want and woe.

Look on the gentle partner of thy cares;
Look on the children of thy tend'rest love:
She ev'ry sorrow of thy bosom shares;
They will thine age's purest comfort prove.

Live then for them; support thine aching heart;
Let mild religion aid time's healing pow'r:

So shalt thou learn with earthly joys to part,
And look, with longing hope, to heav'n's bright hour!
E'en while I write, perhaps, the last fond care
That can be paid on earth to his remains,
'Tis thine to pay*:—thy hope seems buried there,
And life's sad duties seem a load of chains.
Yet live, my friend! if but to praise the life
Of him thou mournest now within the tomb—
Loved, lost, lamented Leonard! Check the strife
Of nature's feelings for his early doom.
But, oh! I wish not that thou shouldst forget
What Leonard was!—No; let his virtues dwell
For life within thy mind, till nature's debt
'Tis thine to pay, and quit this earthly cell.
Meanwhile, o'er Leonard's dark and narrow home,
Rear the plain tomb; and there record his fate,
That those who to his early grave shall come,
May read, lament, depart, and imitate.

EPITAPH.

In life he was what all should strive to be:
To vice or pride he bent no willing knee;
With plain sincerity his friends he met;
With pity's tear-drops oft his eyes were wet;
From mis'ry's wants he ne'er withheld his mite;
Whilst truth and honour led his footsteps right:
Such LEONARD was in life; and when disease
Shut out all hope, and bade life's current freeze,
He pined not, murmur'd not, at Heav'n's high will,
But with religious hope look'd forward still:
He linger'd long, but calmly kiss'd the rod;
In peace with man he died, and sought his God!

Here let us close, O Muse! our scene of woe!—
Farewell, my friend! I wish thee peace and health,
Yet to fulfil thy duties here below;
And wishing those, I wish thee life's best wealth.

* He was buried on the day this was written.

THEATRICAL PORTRAIT*

Of JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Esq.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

To close in order due our long career,
See KEMBLE march majestic and severe;
Fraught with uncommon pow'rs of form and face,
He comes the pomp of tragedy to grace.
Fertile in genius, and matur'd by art,
Not soft to steal, but stern to seize, the heart,
In mould of figure, and in frame of mind,
To him th' heroic sphere must be assign'd.
August or daring, he adorns the stage:
The gloomy subtlety, the savage rage,
The scornful menace, and the cynic ire,
The hardy valour, and the patriot fire—
These shew the vigour of a master's hand,
And o'er the feelings give him firm command;
As *Richard*, *Timon*, and *Macbeth* proclaim,
Or stern *Coriolanus*' nobler aim.
Nor fierce alone, for well his powers can shew
Calm declamation and attemper'd woe:—
The virtuous *Duke* who sway awhile declines,
Yet checks the *Deputy's* abhorr'd designs,
And, in the sov'reign or the saintly guise,
Benevolently just, and meekly wise:
The *Dane*, bewailing now a father's fate,

* This character of Mr. KEMBLE is extracted from a Poem entitled *The Stage*, published in the year 1795, when he was in the meridian of his powers.

Now deeply pond'ring man's mysterious state;
Tender and dignified, alike are seen—
The philosophic mind and princely mien.
When merely tender, he appears too cold;
Or rather fashion'd in too rough a mould:
Nor fitted love in softer form to wear,
But stung with pride, or mad'ning with despair,
As when the lost *Octavian's* murmurs flow
In full luxuriance of romantic woe.
Yet where *Orlando* cheers desponding age,
Or the sweet wiles of *Rosalind* engage,
We own, that manly graces finely blend
The tender lover and the soothing friend.
Though Nature was so prodigally kind
In the bold lineaments of form and mind,
As if to check a fond excess of pride,
The pow'rs of voice she scantily supplied:
Oft, when the hurricanes of passion rise,
For correspondent tones he vainly tries;
To aid the storm, no tow'ring note combines,
And the spent breath th' unequal task declines:
Yet, spite of nature, he compels us still
To own the potent triumph of his skill,
While, with dread pauses, deepen'd accents roll,
Whose awful energies arrest the soul.
At times, perchance, the spirit of the scene,
Th' impassion'd accent, and impressive mien,
May lose their wonted force, while, too refin'd,
He strives by niceties to strike the mind:
For action too precise inclin'd to pore,
And labour for a point unknown before;
Untimely playing thus the critic's part,
To gain the head, when he should smite the heart.
Yet still must candour, on reflection, own
Some useful comment had been shrewdly shewn:
Nor here let puny malice vent its gall,
And texts with skill restor'd *new readings* call:
KEMBLE for actors nobly led the way,
And prompted them to think as well as play.
With cultur'd sense, and with experience sage,
Patient he cons the time-disfigur'd page:
Hence oft we see him with success explore,
And clear the dross from rich poetic ore;
Trace, through the maze of diction, Passion's clew,
And open latent character to view.
Though for the Muse of Tragedy design'd,
In form, in features, passions, and in mind,
Yet would he fain the Comic Nymph embrace,
Who seldom without awe beholds his face.
Whene'er he tries the airy and the gay,
Judgment, not genius, marks the cold essay:
But in a graver province he can please
With well-bred spirit, and with manly ease.
When genuine wit, with satire's active force,
And faithful love pursues its gen'rous course,
There in his *Valentine* might Congreve view
Th' embodied portrait, vig'rous, warm, and true.
Nor let us, with unhallow'd touch, presume
To pluck one sprig of laurel from the tomb;
Yet, with due rev'rence for the mighty dead,
'Tis just the fame of living worth to spread:
And could the noblest vet'rans now appear,
KEMBLE might keep his state, devoid of fear;
Still, while observant of his proper line,
With native lustre as a rival shine.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We are under the necessity of apologizing to our readers for the omission of the Musical Review *in the present Number, owing to the indisposition of our Reviewer.*

We recommend to Speculator *to submit his Observations to the Committee at Lloyd's, if he wishes them to produce any effect.*

Placidia *is assured, that the article which seems to have ruffled her so much, contains not, as she suspects, the slightest reflection either on her gentle temper or fair fame.*

The Satire of Crito *is too coarse for our pages. The papers signed* L.—W. P.—Apollonia—Margaret—*and* Hibernicus, *are also inadmissible.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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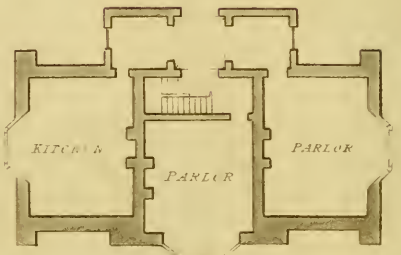

A BAILIFF'S COTTAGE

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VOL. IV. NOVEMBER 1, 1817. No. XXIII.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 24.—A COTTAGE.

THIS small and ornamental building would contain six rooms, three on the ground-floor, and three chambers above them: if needful, and the situation would admit of digging for under-ground cellars, they might be formed beneath one or more parlours, as the family to occupy it might require. The steward, bailiff, or farmer to an estate, would find this a convenient and comfortable building; and being, notwithstanding, small in its appearance, the cottage would be a pleasing and picturesque accompaniment to rural scenery.

Few embellishments of an estate are more interesting than those small buildings which compose the farm-offices and residences for the active and the superannuated domestics and other servants of the domain, particularly if they are designed in a manner conformable to the surrounding scenery, and distributed about the property with judgment. Such buildings, neat, clean, and in good repair, become testimonies of that liberality and care of his dependants that have always been a distinguishing feature in the character of a British gentleman.

The walls are designed to be of brick-work, and the roof to be covered with rag-slating; the ornamental parts being executed in the Roman cement, and the outside coloured to match it. A useful and durable paint for such purposes is manufactured from the refuse materials in the preparation of other paints, and called the Roman anti-corrosive: it is not more expensive than paints in general, and possesses several very important properties suitable to outside painting.

MISCELLANIES.

SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XI.

December 30.

THE joy in which the whole family last night retired to rest was this morning still visible in all their faces, and contributed to the fresh intoxication in which they so willingly indulged.

I took, it is true, a lively interest in their transports; and, as the author of their felicity, I might even have considered myself the happiest in the company, had I chosen to assume this pre-eminence, without first inquiring of my frigid reason whether I had a right to it. As it was, however, I felt, amidst the general rejoicing, the want of sober meditation. I therefore stole away till dinner-time from the circle of these happy mortals, and no sooner did I find myself alone in the solitary walk, which I took for the last time about the charming Caverac, than I was plunged over head and ears in a philosophic disquisition on the value, cause, connection, and composition of my incontestably joyful sensations.

Now this kind of mental pastime, as you must know from experience, is the most unprofitable on the face of the earth; and God knows why so many learned men are at such pains to habituate us from our youth to this amusement, the only result of which in general is, that we disturb by it the water in which we intended to fish—that we make a low bow to our own figure, which appears indistinctly enough in it—and return not more contented, but more grave, to the scene of pleasure which we quitted without necessity.

To confess the truth, I fared not a whit better on this occasion. Profound as my reflections on myself might be, yet a transient smile of approbation, extorted by a minute comparison of my feelings at Caverac with my whims at Berlin, and a thought on you, were the only profit of my meditations; and it is still a question with me, whether this mental rumination, which I might have deferred till it was more needful, has made me amends for the interruption of the enjoyment of that social intoxication.

It is extremely fortunate when, among the hundreds of figures that cross and jostle one another at such times in our imaginations, we unexpectedly discover that of one of our particular favourites. No sooner did the image of the good La Fontaine occur to my mind during my reverie, than, forsaking all that had preceded, I attached myself to him alone, and good-humouredly followed his steps as, unacquainted with his own greatness, and careless of food and raiment, he fabled through the world. I took him along with me just as he came from mass with the book of Baruch in his hand, and stopped every passenger that he met in the streets, to inquire if they could tell him

where the author of that book lived?—to my noontide repast, and made him recite by the way his fable of *Les Animaux malades de la Peste*. To him alone it was probably owing that I did not return quite out of temper to my company, who, on their part, had not meanwhile interrupted the current of their pleasure for a single moment by reflections on its nature and secret composition.

I now ran, I believe, into the contrary extreme; for I should be somewhat perplexed if a wise man were to ask me how I had spent my afternoon. All the answer I could give him would be—I trifled it away. Margot, as you know, is but a child, and it would have been absurd to act the philosopher in her society. I was curious to know what ideas she had formed of matrimony, and her future duties as a housewife; but such was the motley mixture of her notions, that were I in John's place, I should feel rather qualmish about it.

Towards evening, after abundance of chat on this subject, she brought the robber once more on the carpet. I referred her to her lover. "At the opera-house in Berlin," said I, "he has seen, though but from the gallery, one of these scoundrels conducted to the gallows."

"It served him right," cried Margot. "But tell me, what had he done? for I am fond of hearing stories of murders, and the like."

"Done?" rejoined I; "he had done things of which you would not be able to form any conception if I were to tell you."

This led her to an idea that at first staggered me, but afterwards pleased me so well, that I have ever since been seriously intent on its realization.

"I'll tell you what," said the little goosecap, "when I have lived a year with my John, and am fourteen, we will pay a visit to you and my brother in Berlin. You have related so many extraordinary things concerning my John's native town, that I am curious to see the wonderful place. Ah!" continued she, clasping her hands, "what joy it would give me to see, after so long an absence, our dear, good, excellent master, who was so fond of walking here with me, who leaves me a beloved husband behind, and who so kindly takes my poor rogue of a brother off my hands!" Two or three warm drops that fell at the same moment from her eyes upon my hand, electrified my whole frame.

"An excellent idea, indeed, Margot!" said I. "Yes, you shall both come to see me, and the journey shall cost you nothing. Give me your hand upon it."—And if it were only to convince you, Edward, of the truth of all that I have said of the girl, her visit would be a high gratification to me.

December 31.

The last day of the year is here already. I should care but little about that, if it were not also the day which will part me from the best creatures I ever knew. This consideration renders it a solemn day for me. But I must not betray my internal emotion—of what use would that be?

They have no suspicion but that I shall chat and trifle away this evening at least with them, and

slumber away the night in the neighbourhood of little Margot. When I take up my hat and stick after dinner, she will skip about me, follow me to the door, throw a kiss after me, and desire me to return soon from the hill. The door will jar—and my part here will be over.

When the day declines, and they begin to look out for me, Bastian is to make his appearance and deliver the epilogue, which I dare say he will do with due decorum, and according to my instructions. This will be the shortest way to come off. The presents that I shall leave behind, Bastian will distribute agreeably to my directions among them. I could not venture to be present at the scene, which the astonishment, the gratitude, and the tears of these good folks, who are so easily affected and so easily satisfied, will infallibly produce.

These precautions would, nevertheless, procure me but a short respite; for, in the impetuosity of their emotions, the whole caravan would, I am certain, follow me beyond the frontiers if I had not given the most rigid orders on this subject to my representative.

While all this is passing here, I shall pace my lonely pavilion at Nismes, and sing to myself, that I may not hear how my heart beats.

I shall carry nothing with me but my journal, for which there is still room in my pocket. The rest of my things Bastian is to bring with him to-morrow morning. The poor fellow is not to make mention of any of his relations to me for at least a week to come, upon pain of my displeasure.

NISMES.

My friend, I have escaped—like a fish that has bitten off the bait, and swims away with it, hook and all in his throat. Had I been reduced to beggary, and been obliged to forsake a country where I had reigned with sovereign sway, my heart could scarcely have felt more oppressed than when I had turned my back upon the abode of peace and joy, when I found myself cut off from all that was dear to me, and the whole wide cheerless world lay before me. Alas! nothing accompanied me but my dreary shadow. I missed Margot's sonorous voice, and the attendance of my faithful talkative John; nay, my wandering looks would sometimes expatiate in quest of my poor asthmatic Mops, and return disappointed at his loss. Oh! how many other keen emotions—upon which, out of tenderness to myself, I cannot touch—were associated with this oppressive feeling of separation and solitude! At every step that I took I seemed to leave part of myself behind.

I could not conquer my dislike to keep the high-road, and to pass the stone bench, where, as you know, my self-love exulted without occasion, and where, owing to a mistake that I cannot yet forgive myself, it was so powerfully excited. In such cases, dear Edward, it is extremely convenient to find, as I did, a by-path turning off from the high-road. The ease that it afforded me, however, was not worth mentioning; for though I met neither people nor asses to remind me of my village, I could not possibly avoid every bush, every shrub, and every plant that resem-

bled those upon the woody hill: and when I took it into my head to ascend an eminence that lay a little on one side, I deprived myself at once of all the benefit of the circuit which I had so cunningly made; for now, in the spacious circle of the enchanting Languedoc that was spread out before me, the dear little Caverac appeared so near that my eyes overflowed before I was aware.

I gave free scope for a while to my childish heart; but when approaching evening began to throw her veil over the country, I seized the opportunity for giving it my solemn benediction. It was a sweetly soothing moment, that raised me above myself—a feeling such as the Holy Father alone can enjoy when dispensing blessings from the balcony of St. Peter's, and when his whole people, warmed with enthusiastic devotion, fall on their knees before him. The village where Margot dwelt, seemed, till it vanished from my sight for ever, to reflect a mild radiance, which strengthened, cheered, and tranquillized my soul. I seized with renewed courage my pilgrim's staff, and strove to persuade myself that I was composed and contented.

How dead and spiritless all the costly pictures of our cabinets appear, when we turn from them for a time, and feast our eyes on the grander pictures of Nature! Nismes, with its antiquities, its companies, and its entertainments—how little does it offer for the heart compared with the unadorned pleasures of my rural retreat, which needed no decoration! As I entered my pavilion, it seemed ridiculously large. I sat down immediately to my journal, in hopes that employment would dispel the disagreeable sensations which seized me in this desert place, and procure sleep a free access to my heart, which to-day stands in more need of its balm than ever.

Nismes, Jan. 1.

Next morning the youth whom I had yesterday hired, and whom I had totally forgotten, planted himself before my bed in the livery which his brother-in-law had worn with credit, and happily resigned. The thing was perfectly natural, and yet to me it was an unexpected phenomenon, and excited ideas which were absolutely intolerable to my poor philosophy. Judge now for yourself what must be the state of a head that such trifles are capable of discomposing! The appearance of Bastian, his kind congratulations on the new year, and his unlooked-for question whether he should order the horses to be put to—completely confounded me. I looked him doubtfully in the face, as though I had some faint recollection of him, and the only answer I gave was a frown. "No salutation from Margot?" said I to myself; "indeed, that is obeying my orders almost too punctually!" and angrily turned upon the other side. Twice more was it necessary for him to rouse me with his sister's sonorous voice, and with all the traits of resemblance to her sweet face, before I had the resolution to dispatch him with an ill-humoured "Yes." He left me, and I, not half satisfied with myself, slowly rose from bed, and with a kind of defiance proceeded into the adjoining room, where a trifle that await-

ed me dispelled my spleen the moment it met my sight.

It was a rose which Bastian had brought from his sister, and laid upon the paper on which I am writing. I knew it again the moment I saw it. It was the topmost of three buds which grew on a plant that Margot daily carried into the sun and watered. "Nobody but you, sir, shall have the first of them that opens," said the dear girl over and over again; and how it must delight her to be able to keep her word! With trembling hand I held up the flower, and my eyes filled with tears. All the sweet recollections of the rural hours, when, with her sleeves tucked up, she stood before her rose-tree carefully examining it, sometimes driving away a buzzing fly, and at others a greedy wasp, seemed renewed with the smell of this lovely flower, and I could not sufficiently feast my eyes on the fresh hue of this firstling of the year.

You know the Provence roses, dear Edward. Much smaller than ours, redder, more elastic and concentric than our *centifoliæ*, they appear so much the more charming to the eye of a native of the North —at this time of the year too, and unfolded in the solemn night which parted me, alas! for ever from the neighbourly couch of my beloved Margot! Is it any wonder that the contemplation of this flower should make a child of me? I have placed it in my bosom near my throbbing heart, where its gentle pressure, and its delicious perfume, shall only make me the more sensible that I still breathe and am a man. Its fading leaves shall be collected with religious care; they shall be preserved in my portfolio, and shewn to sentimental friends only, as invaluable relics of the sacred Caverac.

The impatient youth has already twice announced, that every thing is ready for my departure. He did so—and I thank him for it —without mentioning the important present that he had so secretly brought me. I will strive to imitate him in the indifference that he affects towards me in regard to the past. I will consider him henceforward not as the brother of my Margot, but as John's brother-in-law and my servant, and never give him occasion to discover my feelings; for if any thing can derogate from our consequence in the eyes of servants, it is the weakness of our hearts. But the horses are neighing and stamping before my carriage—the postillion has repeatedly cracked his whip—I must put up my journal and begone, dear Edward, from this paradise, where I found that girl—the only one perhaps that is worth the expense of love.

AVIGNON, Evening.

No sooner had I settled myself with my Provence rose in the carriage, and Bastian taken his seat opposite to me, than I perceived that I had done wrong to give him such a distinguished place. His look seemed so extraordinary to me by the way, that I almost wished my old snarling companion back from the grave in his stead. As, however, he was once there, I could not think of driving him out again; I was obliged to put up with it if his inquisitive eyes sometimes unseasonably interrupted the free expatiation of mine.

I never thought whilst rolling through the city of raising my head to look at the window of an acquaintance, or bestowing a farewell survey on the Roman antiquities of the place, though it was certain that I was passing them for the last time. As soon, however, as we had reached the open country, I took my glass from my pocket, and always raised it mechanically to my eyes whenever the direction of the carriage afforded me a view of the steeple of Caverac. What pleasingly painful emotions did this prospect still produce! Sometimes they were so powerful, that I was on the point of ordering the postillion to turn back; nay, so strong was the conflict within me, that I doubted whether Time would ever be able to appease the tumult.

I must, however, confess that I wronged Time, and might have spared myself this concern: for an hour afterwards the matter no longer seemed to be so impossible. My heart began to be tired of throbbing for a girl who was so far behind me, and my sympathetic rose lost more and more of its attractive power. I now felt only that it was withering, that it rubbed me and became troublesome. I pushed it aside once or twice, and at length, to relieve myself from the torment, I put it without ceremony into my waistcoat pocket. To my astonishment, all my other tribulations now vanished so swiftly that I could have been angry with myself for it. I heaped reproach upon reproach, called myself the most fickle creature under the sun—but all to no purpose. The farther I proceeded from the favourite village, and the nearer I approached to the Papal territory, the more impetuous became the current of my blood, and I at length entered the Comtat with presentiments which made me not a little anxious for what was to follow.

When I had passed the French frontiers I put up my glass, for which I had no farther occasion, folded my arms, and for some time surveyed with complacency the handsome youth who sat opposite to me. Soon, however, tired of his respectful silence, and at the same time looking with surprise at my watch, I desired him to talk to me about his sister. He seemed only to have waited for my commands. I learned from him, that when he left the house, great preparations were making for the wedding: I heard this without visible emotion, and while many a trait in his picture in the style of Ostade extorted a good-humoured smile, I was still more frequently moved by the most delicate touches which even a Poussin would not have despised for his Arcadian scenes, or a Berghem for his representations of still life.

After I had sufficiently admired the art of his delineations, and many a glance that I meanwhile stole at my heart had led me to hope that I should converse still more agreeably with myself, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and reclined in the corner of the carriage. Bastian had a *tact* sufficiently delicate to understand me. He looked at the cuff of his coat, blew a feather from it, and was silent. The happiness of so many good creatures, which from all that had preceded I could clearly figure to myself, naturally afforded a fruit-

ful text for my meditations. It formed, with all its possible consequences, such an extraordinary association with the unlucky cold given me by the *Bise* at Nismes, that I could not enough wonder at Chance which combined such heterogeneous things, in order, as it seemed to me, to promote, by the most systematic process in the world, my own happiness.

Yes, indeed, Edward, my own happiness—for I went away richer than you might probably suppose. The recovered faculty of being able to sigh for a female, and to envy him who was so fortunate as to obtain her—would you account that for nothing?—such an idea would not have been deemed possible by me four weeks ago at Berlin. The whole court, from the highest to the lowest, might have married two or three times over—I should never have bestowed a single thought on the happiness of their honey-moon, or wished for a moment to be in their places. For such human wishes there is required a certain buoyancy of soul, to which I had long been a stranger, and without which a monarch, how great and admired soever he may be, cannot be in himself so happy as the day-labourer, on whom nature has bestowed it in full measure, perhaps as a compensation for all the other gratifications that are denied him. How kind then did Chance appear to me, which, though it brought me to Caverac with an obstruction in my head, now sent me forth again into the world with a relish for those pleasures which female society affords! For to what other power than mighty Chance was I indebted for this rapid transition from low-spirited indifference, to that glow of satisfaction which self-confidence diffuses over the most languid mind?

"Thou shalt then," I devoutly exclaimed, "O thou friend to all the wise that glide through life without pretensions, calculations, or demands—thou shalt henceforward be my guide!" I peremptorily rejected all the hypercritical objections that would render the reality of this power suspicious, and as I pursued my meditations, I found its influence irrefutably proved in every page of the history of mankind. In a few solemn moments I surveyed the revolutions of earthly things, their objects and their results. The poetic fury seized me. I cast significant looks first on the papal territory, which lay like a ball of Chance before me—then on Bastian, who averted his eyes from the fire of mine, and trembled. Ideas crowded upon my brain faster than it could receive them. I strung together those that ventured nearest, and left the rest to greater poets, who may work them up into whatever shape they please.

I had gone this stage so imperceptibly, that the embattled walls of Avignon surprised me in the midst of my high-sounding ode, like an epigram that interrupts the solemn progress of an heroic poem, and extorts our laughter. I had scarcely time to complete my fairy-temple when I found myself in the market-place. Still the noise that assailed me on every side was so far from disturbing me in my devotions, that on the other hand, with that perfect unconcern which my hymn had strengthened within me,

and I dispatched my Bastian, before I entered the dirty inn at which I alighted, to seek me a lodging in any part of the city to which Chance might direct him.

I could not possibly have given a stronger evidence of my unbounded confidence in Chance, than by committing the choice of my quarters to a youth who had been but a few hours in my service, was unacquainted with my taste, and had to exhibit the first proof of his own in a place where he was an utter stranger, a place where a preference of any of the four classes of its inhabitants is attended with its peculiar danger, and where it is not a matter of indifference whether you become the inmate of an orange-dealer, a Jew, an ecclesiastic, or a silk-spinner.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Dear Mr. ADVISER,

IF ever mortal stood in need of advice, I do at this present moment, for I am bent upon *committing* matrimony; and I am so captivated by the charms of the two most delightful girls in the world, that I know not which to choose. If any body would but be kind enough to run away with one, I should not hesitate a moment in proposing for the other; but, unfortunately for me, my goddesses have every charm but money, the want of which has hitherto, I fancy, prevented either of them from receiving any serious proposal.

I will describe each of them to you, Mr. Sagephiz, and I beg that you will as speedily as possible favour me with your opinion, which of them you would choose if you were in my place.

Miss Martha Maydew is about nineteen; she is not handsome, but her countenance is remarkably open and intelligent; her skin is delicately fair, her complexion beautiful, and a physiognomist would pronounce, from her smile, that she was both good-natured and good-humoured. Her figure is well formed, though rather too robust to suit my taste, but she is generally allowed to be a very fine girl.

Miss Maydew has always, till within these few months, lived in the country; the useful rather than the shining has been cultivated in her education, but she is by no means destitute of accomplishments. You may perceive, in a few minutes' conversation, that she is sensible and well educated; but she wants, nevertheless, the polish of high life. However, if she is not always admired by strangers, she is beloved to excess not only by her own family but by all who know her intimately.

Methinks, my dear sir, I hear you at this moment exclaim, while you lay down my letter to adjust your spectacles: "What qualities can any rational man desire in a wife more than this girl possesses?" I said the same thing myself, Mr. Sagephiz, till I unfortunately met Miss Dazzleall at a public breakfast, where her beauty, elegance, and the grace with which she waltzed, drew the admiration of all present: and although I had that very morning determined to propose for Miss Maydew, the fasci-

nations of Miss Dazzleall have kept me ever since, and it is now six months ago, undecided.

Nothing can be more captivating than my last flame, who is about twenty; her figure is exquisitely proportioned; her features are perfectly regular and full of expression; her complexion indeed is dark, but the rich glow which mantles on her cheek, and the beautiful softness of her skin, amply compensate for the absence of the lily. She is very accomplished, and I am certain will do the honours of my house in the most elegant manner. Her disposition appears amiable, and what I will own weighs not a little with me, I have reason to believe that she is seriously prepossessed in my favour.

And now, Mr. Adviser, which way shall I turn me? how shall I decide?

Should my rural beauty accept me, I have a fair prospect of rational happiness: but, on the other hand, I see no reason to despair of it with my modish *belle;* she is of a soft and yielding temper; she loves me, and if—hang *ifs!*—I can but model her to my wishes, I shall possess a treasure indeed.

However, I shall not decide till I hear from you; so pray take my case into immediate consideration, and believe me, your advice shall be attended to by your very humble servant,

CHARLES CHANGEMIND.

P. S. I have just heard that Sir George Glitter has professed the most passionate admiration of Miss Dazzleall—I believe I had better secure her.

On second thoughts, I may as well wait. The baronet is well known not to be a marrying man.

I have opened my letter to relate to you a trait of real generosity in Miss Maydew, which has inclined the scale very much in her favour. We were last night at a party together, where a lady spoke slightingly of Miss Dazzleall. Miss Maydew immediately vindicated her with great spirit. I was the more struck with her doing so, because I am sure she is conscious that Miss Dazzleall is her rival; and it is, besides, a real effort for her to speak in company, as she is excessively timid.—Don't you think I ought to lose no time in proposing for her?

Just as I was going to seal my letter, Miss Dazzleall passed my window on horseback. I never knew that she rode before. Her hat and habit were so *jauntee*, and she sat her horse so well, that altogether I never saw her appear to so much advantage. She turned round to me with such a bewitching smile of recognition, that I had half a mind to dispatch a letter to her father on the subject of my passion that moment. Prithee, dear Adviser, decide for me, for I begin to think I shall never be able to do so myself.

C. C.

This is a case in which I must decline interfering: if my correspondent has common sense, five minutes sober reflection will teach him which of these ladies he ought to prefer; and if he has not common sense, my advice would be thrown away upon him.

Upon the whole, it would perhaps be fortunate for him to continue some time longer in a state

of indecision; for at present he seems wofully deficient in a quality absolutely essential to a husband who would wish to preserve due authority in his family—I mean resolution.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: *Sketched from Nature.*

It has very frequently been remarked, that a taste or bias for some particular line of profession is generally to be traced from our infancy, not so much because it is the line of life chalked out for us by our parents, but from some premature ideas which strike upon our infant likings. The lives of painters, lawyers, musicians, and players, corroborate in general these premises. The urchin who beats his little drum is determined to be a soldier; while he who launches his little boat in a water-tub disdains the idea of being made a trader, and terrifies mamma by lisping, "I'll be a sailor!" The sash, the dirk, or the gold-laced hat, has charms for him beyond any other, and hence his future line of life seems to be decided. I am, however, an exception to all this. My infant predilections were various, and far from promising to place me in that situation in which you now see me. Unlike other children, a puppet-show at a fair was the least of my enjoyments, and very frequently have I for a few marbles or cherries given up my right to my brothers, and suffered them to visit the theatre instead of myself, who have been much happier in partaking of amusements more congenial with childhood. Whether or not my mother, who was extremely fond of theatrical entertainments, was vexed at my taste not coinciding with her own, or whether she conceived this apathy to her favourite enjoyment to be a mark of insensibility, I know not; but she seldom failed to be angry with me for my *disrespect* of the theatre, and at length insisted upon my attending her thither, affirming, by way of encouragement, that she was sure if I once saw one I should be enraptured.

In vain she strove by her own recitals to make me acquainted with the beauties of Lillo, or the fustian of Rowe, I was for a great length of time quite incorrigible. My dislike of theatrical amusements was not cured by a first attendance at one; and if ever I forget what I suffered, "doubt truth to be a liar." I was very young when my mother took me to see *George Barnwell*. This she informed me was a pretty moral play; but at the age of seven of what advantage could such a story be to me? I had no idea of shooting my uncle, had I been honoured with one; and as to Mrs. Millwood, "what have I to do with thee?" However, the number of lights, the music, and, above all, the joy painted in the faces of the spectators—although, by the bye, I understood they came to see a man expire a victim to the laws of his country—at first delighted me; and my mother informed me, after much shoving, that we were very lucky in getting the front row of the two-shilling gallery.

I had not long had reason to con-

gratulate myself on the comforts of my situation, when two men, who sat behind us, and who had for some time been quarreling, stripped to fight. One of them was driven against me, and crushed my arm against an iron rod extending along my seat, and caused me to scream out with no little violence, for the pain I felt was excruciating. The house, in some measure, took my part, by crying aloud, "Turn 'em out! turn 'em out!" Oh! how I wished they had meant my dear mamma and myself! However, we began to be a little quiet, and my parent filled up the pause by pouring what she called a little advice into my ears. She told me that my accident served me right; that I was a little fool, and had no business to put my arm in their way. I again began to whimper, and she, fearful of losing the show, administered some rum and water out of a *pocket-pistol* which she had brought for the purpose of refreshment. This made me very courageous; she added some sweet-cakes, and I really began to think that this was enjoyment. I now became quiet, and remained on the tip-toe of expectation to realize all the pleasures I had been promised. Thus I sat with my mouth extended, and lost in vacuity, all the first act; I began to be uneasy at the second, and fell fast asleep and happy at the third.

But, alas! this happiness was of but short duration. A violent shake of the shoulder given me by my mother roused me, and to quiet alarm, the bottle was once more applied to my lips. I rubbed my little eyes to inflammation, and promised not to go to sleep again: but the power of Morpheus became too strong for me; that sleep which Shakspeare's Henry so much longed for, visited me. Again I nodded; and as there was nothing passing between Maria and Thoroughgood to interest a child, my head fell gently against a pillar. I dozed; I slept again. My mother, who had been too intent all the fourth act to think of her child, at first left me to my meditations, except, as I found afterwards, by ever and anon appealing to me for a corroboration of her feelings, without regarding my somnolency; but at the end of the act, finding I was become a nonentity, her indignation knew no bounds. She again shook, nay even beat me, declaring I had no soul, and that she would never throw away two shillings on me again; and threatened as a punishment, though I regarded it as quite the contrary, that this should be the last time I should ever come with her. As she thumped I roared, till at length the remonstrance of an old lady behind, who, I suppose, would rather have heard Barnwell's death-knell than mine, and commiserated my situation by calling me "Poor fellow!" shifted my mamma's indignation from me to her. After a few expostulations an armistice was concluded on all sides, and with a few more cakes, and the promise of seeing a very beautiful *farce* afterwards, called *Midas*, I was allowed to nod out the tragedy unmolested.

At the end of *George Barnwell*, disturbed by the moving of the people, I found mamma tolerably merciful. She contented herself with calling me once more a little fool; but as I seemed refreshed with my

sleep, I determined to enjoy *Midas*, from which, according to the description, I expected much pleasure. It is true, the descent of the gods and goddesses charmed me; but I had become heated with the liquor I had drunk; I felt feverish and uncomfortable, for the house was a *bumper*. I could no longer refrain from shewing my dislike of the confinement I was undergoing; and when Pan entered to sing his drunken song, thoroughly convinced he was the devil, I screamed so loud and incessantly, that the people obliged my mother to carry me out. This she did with slow consent, but the mob was too strong for her, and we made our exit, not without my little anatomy suffering from an unmerciful wrench of the arm given me by my dear mamma. This, with various thumps on my back, accompanied by sundry admonitions, sent me screaming home, and I retired with a woful headach supperless to bed.

Notwithstanding all I had suffered, I was several times after dragged to the same scene of action, until I had arrived at the age of twelve years, at which time she gave me up, fully convinced that I should become just such a clodhopper as my father, who was as honest a painstaking shoemaker as any belonging to his craft. What most aggravated my mother at my disdain of theatricals was, that she was disappointed in one to whom she wished to impart her histrionic criticisms; and although she perhaps erred while she decided on the perfection or imperfection of the performers, none could doubt the truth of the anecdotes which she doled out to her hearers. Fawcett and Jack Bannister, as she familiarly called them, were her great favourites; and although she acknowledged they had better players when she was a girl, yet she confessed that Simmons and Dowton were almost as clever as Woodward and Shuter; but that Mrs. Siddons was far inferior to Mrs. Barry; that Nan Catley was unequalled by Mrs. Billington. Oh! with what raptures did she speak of Garrick's Lear, and of Reddish who *did* mad Tom! With Peggy Martyn she was quite intimate when a child, and my grandmamma was laundress to Mrs. Mattocks. I led a sad life, from the comparisons made between me and my brother, who had betrayed a strong *penchant* for the drama; but his differing totally in his opinion from my mother did not mend the irksomeness of my situation. Before he had arrived at twelve years of age, he had treated himself with sixpennyworth at the shilling-gallery; and long before he had arrived at the age of thirteen, could call out *hancore!* nosy! and Rule *Brittanny!* throw his orange-peel or nut-shells into the pit with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, or whistle a tune, and crack a joke on *old Munden* with no small satisfaction. One consolation was left me, that as I decreased in my mother's good graces, I gained ground in my father's. He was like me, incapable of a relish for dramatic exhibitions; with him I frequented skittle-grounds, and such places of public resort, and by a little tuition given me by his friends, I became a profound politician. I censured ministers and planned expeditions, and at length became as great a

character in my sphere of action as my brother was in his. Since I had become a politician, I was of course an opponent of the minister; and my father really believing I should shortly become a reformer of abuses and a man of the people, supplied me with as much money as I chose to ask for, to enable me to become a *leading* man at the club. It followed, of course, that I became an orator; and one evening a friend of my father's proposed, for his own amusement, and my improvement in gesture and action, that I should accompany him to the theatre to see Kemble's Cato. I was preparing to give my decided negative to this resolution; I feared once more to pass through the purgatory of a playhouse, when my friend painted the acting of this great man in such high colours, and spoke so strongly of his declamatory powers, that I consented. Determined to act like *ourselves*, we visited the pit, and how did I admire the superb structure! I looked up with contempt to the shilling-gallery; and when I heard, "Bottle of porter!" "Bill of the play!" roared in a stentorian voice, I hoped shortly to see my *vulgar* brother mounted with the gods, partaking of the low beverage of Meux's real entire. My companion fed my vanity by declaring this play was too refined a thing for Bob; and when the curtain drew up, I averted my eyes from the hated spot. But when Kemble entered, when he concluded his address to the senators—

"So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage"—

what a torrent of pleasure inundated my soul! I continued transported all the time he was upon the stage; and the last scene in which he acted, caused sensations of delight incapable of description.

"It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well,"

broke a hundred times from my lips. I could not endure to see the most diverting farce ever acted; but purchasing *Cato* of an orange-wench, returned home with my friend to sup at my father's. My mother was absent at "the other house."

Politics had *run high* at my father's club, and he said he had wanted the aid of my eloquence. He regretted that the faculty of speaking in public was denied him, and continued to smoke and talk without my deigning to give him an answer, until I suddenly exclaimed, "Were our patriots inspired with the pure and disinterested virtues of a Cato, then indeed we might do something!" I wrapped my drapery around me, and seizing a knife, exclaimed, *à la Kemble*,

——— "If there be a power above,
And that there is all Nature cries aloud——"

My father interrupted me; he threw down his pipe, he stared aghast; but on being informed where I had been, he resumed his usual situation, and suffered me to repeat my fustian unheeded. My father, however, lost me for a man of the people. I refused to visit the club. I attended every night that *Cato* or *Coriolanus* was performed; and so much did I forget my patriotism, and so much did my predilection for the stage offend my father, that he vowed he would never speak to me more. Fathers

have flinty hearts. I got tired of mine, and determined to leave his house. I believe he still loved me; but when he reasoned with me on the folly of a plan I had conceived of turning player, when he said it must eventually bring me to beggary, he offended my pride. I stopped his tongue by uttering with an air,

"Presumptuous man, the gods take care of Cato!"

and proceeded to tie up my little all in a handkerchief, to seek a country engagement.

My mother, fully persuaded that I should soon become another Garrick, smothered what little regrets she felt at parting with me; and as some little account for work done was to be settled between my father and myself, I had to return ninepence; when giving my mother a shilling, I said to her, "Give my father this, and tell him I want no change, and least of all such change as he would give me." I then dashed open the door, and with a theatrical stride made my exit from my paternal roof.

ABDALLAH, OR THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

AN EASTERN TALE.

In a remote part of the kingdom of Cachemire resided the sage Ibrahim, the fame of whose learning and piety reached even to the remotest confines of the East. The sultan himself, mighty as he was, had deigned to listen with reverence and delight to the lessons of instruction which dropped in honeyed accents from the lips of Ibrahim.

Many years had now elapsed since the holy man had quitted the court, to devote the remainder of his days to prayer and meditation: but in retiring from mankind, Ibrahim still sought to benefit them; he adopted Abdallah, a youthful orphan, who proved worthy of such an instructor. He listened with reverence and attention to the wise precepts of the sage Ibrahim, who earnestly sought to imbue his mind with a love of truth. "Let the laws of our holy prophet, O my son," said the venerable sage, "be engraven on your heart, and let the reverence for truth which he inculcates be the guide of your life; so shall the blessings of Allah attend your steps in that world you must now enter upon. Start not, Abdallah, at hearing that you must leave this peaceful solitude: youth, my son, must not be spent in inaction, it is the season when we should earn that repose which Allah grants to virtuous old age. The mighty sultan of Cachemire is not I know forgetful of the humble Ibrahim. We will soon repair to his court, nor will the bounties of my royal master, which are copious as the dews of heaven, be withheld from the adopted son of his faithful slave."

Thus spoke Ibrahim; but vain are the thoughts and purposes of man. The mandate was already gone forth, which summoned Ibrahim to the presence of the Most High; and when Abdallah approached the couch of his revered instructor on the following day, he found that he had ceased to breathe.

It was the first time that Abdallah had tasted of the waters of af-

fliction, and bitter indeed was the draught; but he bowed with submission to the will of Allah, and committed to the grave the body of Ibrahim, for whom he mourned as for a father.

In obedience to the will of his deceased benefactor, Abdallah resolved to travel to the capital of Cachemire as soon as the time of mourning was expired. During his first day's journey he was joined by a young man, who was also travelling to that city. The stranger, whose name was Massouf, proposed that they should continue their journey together, and having gained the consent of Abdallah, he acquainted him that it was dangerous to proceed by land, as the way lay through deserts which were infested by bands of robbers; and they embarked together for the capital.

During their voyage, Massouf related to Abdallah, that he was the son of a jeweller of Delhi, from whom he was carrying some diamonds to the court of the sultan of Cachemire.

A violent storm soon arose, which drove them from their course, and menaced them with destruction. Abdallah called devoutly upon the name of Allah, and prepared to meet with firmness the fate which he thought allotted to him; but Massouf, neglecting to implore succour from on high, bewailed with bitterness the death which he believed approaching.

The ship at length split upon a rock, and Abdallah and Massouf alone survived the wreck; they were thrown by the violence of the waves upon the shore. The pious Abdallah, prostrating himself upon the earth, gave glory to Allah for his preservation. Not so Massouf; he had lost the diamonds entrusted by his father to his care, and forgetful of the gratitude he owed to Heaven, he impiously arraigned the justice of the Most High.

While Massouf was lamenting his misfortunes, the people came in great numbers to the sea-side, and prostrating themselves before Abdallah, hailed him as their sovereign. Abdallah demanded with surprise why they did so; and the grand vizier informed him, that, according to an ancient law, they were obliged, when one of their kings died without male issue, to choose for a sovereign the first stranger who entered the kingdom, provided he was of noble birth; and from the dignity of Abdallah's air, they doubted not that he was the prince whom Heaven had sent them.

As the grand vizier concluded his speech, he stooped to kiss the feet of Abdallah, who hastily preventing him, declared aloud the obscurity of his birth. "Vizier," said Massouf coming forward, "behold in me your destined lord! My father was many years grand vizier to the sultan of the Indies, but deprived through the artifices of his enemies of the sultan's favour, he lost his life, and but for the fidelity of a slave who assisted my flight, I also must have perished. Doubtless it is in recompence of these severe misfortunes that Heaven hath bestowed upon me the throne of Thibet."

Massouf ceased, and the vizier and people with one accord hailed him as their sovereign. Abdallah, who had listened with astonishment to the false relation of Massouf, exclaimed that he was an impostor,

and related the account he had given him of his birth. The steadiness with which Massouf denied this charge, created in the mind of the vizier many doubts of Abdallah's truth; and he ordered them both to be secured till an oracle could be consulted, to which the people of Thibet had recourse only on occasions which concerned the safety of the kingdom.

The reply of the oracle was, that Heaven had sent the Thibetians the prince destined to reign over them. The vizier no longer doubted the truth of Massouf's relation, and he was accordingly placed upon the throne.

The first act of the new king was to order that the head of Abdallah might be struck off; but at the intercession of the vizier, he changed this sentence into one which gave Abdallah a hope of preserving his life. He was placed in an open boat, with a small provision of bread and water, and abandoned to the mercy of the elements. They were favourable, and he reached without difficulty a small island near the kingdom of Thibet. Here thanking Heaven for his second miraculous preservation, he seated himself upon the grass, and prepared to eat his provision. Just as he had begun to do so, a small white dog of uncommon beauty approached and laid itself at his feet. Abdallah, who saw the animal was famishing, divided with it his small provision. But what was his surprise when the dog disappeared, and he beheld in its place a female of the most dazzling beauty!—"Thou art worthy, O Abdallah," cried she, "to have been the pupil of the sage Ibrahim! Thou beholdest his protectress, the genius Benigna. I know the sacrifice thou hast made to truth, I have proved thy humanity, and henceforth thy destiny shall be my care. Here," continued the genius presenting him with a small ruby heart, "wear this talisman henceforward in your bosom; consult it carefully, and you will find it an unerring guide; look on it whenever you are doubtful that the action you are going to perform is right: if the ruby still retains its colour, proceed without fear; but if you perceive it pale, desist immediately." The grateful Abdallah prostrated himself before the benevolent genius, who disappeared; and he pursued his way farther up the country, but, to his great surprise, for some time he saw no signs of inhabitants. The variety of fruits with which the island abounded, offered him a present support, and towards the close of the second day he espied a hut, at the door of which was seated a young female, whose charms were scarcely inferior to those of the genius Benigna.

Ilzaide, so the maiden was called, listened with compassion to the request of Abdallah for refreshment and shelter, and inviting him into her hut, set provisions before him.

Surprised as well at the beauty and the noble air of Ilzaide, Abdallah could not refrain from inquiring, to what circumstance it was owing that she was the inhabitant of a solitary hut. "Alas!" replied the fair Ilzaide "I wish only that I had been born to such a lot, but you see before you the princess of Thibet, the most unfortunate of

women." She then related to him, that it was the custom of Thibet for the eldest daughter of the deceased king to become the wife of his successor, but being unable to bear the idea of bestowing herself on Massouf, she had, with the assistance of her nurse, escaped from the palace, and fled to that solitary spot.

When the princess had finished her relation, Abdallah revealed to her that he was the person who had rejected the throne, and telling her that he was determined to proceed to the court of Cachemire, besought her to allow him to conduct her thither.

When Abdallah had ceased speaking, Ilzaide remained for some time buried in thought: at last, "What madness, Abdallah," cried she, "could induce you to decline the crown of Thibet? and what is the phantom to which you have sacrificed happiness and empire? Who could have been injured by your ascending the throne? Ah! if you had, never would Ilzaide have fled to this solitude." The princess stopped and blushed; and Abdallah, as he gazed on her, felt a sensation which he had never before experienced.

It was the first time that Abdallah had beheld so much beauty, and the tender sentiments she expressed for him penetrated his heart. He was silent, and Ilzaide continued: "It is not yet too late; consent to return with me to Thibet. You shall inform the people, that you are son to the monarch of Delhi, and that some time since you quitted your father's court: captivated by a picture which chance threw into your way, you determined to travel till you had found the original: that supposing, if you acknowledged the truth, you would be compelled to accept the crown of Thibet, and thus be prevented from pursuing your search, you had recourse to artifice to secure a continuance of your liberty; but meeting with me, and finding that the original of the portrait was the princess of Thibet, you returned to claim the throne and my hand."

Ilzaide ceased, but Abdallah still remained silent: again did she in the most persuasive accents entreat him to comply with her wishes. Abdallah wavered; the love of truth began to give way to her blandishments, when the remembrance of his talisman occurred to Abdallah; he hastily examined it—its colour and lustre were both gone.

"Cease, O lovely princess," cried he, "to urge me to the violation of truth! Command my life if you will, but demand not of me to forget the precepts of the sage Ibrahim." What was the astonishment of Abdallah to behold the fair form of Ilzaide changed to that of a withered hag! "Wretch!" cried she, "devoid of human passions, whom neither the charms of beauty nor the hopes of empire can move, at least thou hast deviated sufficiently from thy darling virtue to enable me to punish thine obstinacy." She muttered some spells, at the same time breathing on the unfortunate Abdallah, and he was instantly changed into a bird. At the same moment the whole scene vanished from before him, and he found himself in the midst of a desert plain.

Conscious of the fault which he

had committed in suffering himself to be seduced for a moment from his duty, Abdallah acknowledged the justice of his punishment, and implored the forgiveness of Allah. Scarcely had he concluded his prayer, when the genius Benigna stood before him. "Rash Abdallah!" said she, "how speedily hast thou forgotten the precepts of Ibrahim! But I see thy penitence, and I allow for the force of the temptation which, by assuming the form of Ilzaide, the sorceress Malevolia placed before thee. The professed enemy of the human race, she employs all her powers to draw them into the commission of evil; and hadst thou suffered thyself to be wholly overcome by her arts, my power to serve thee would have been at an end. Even now I cannot release thee from the effects of her spell, and I charge thee to remember, that if again thou deviatest from truth, the friendship of Benigna is lost to thee for ever. All that I can now do for thee is, to place thee where thou mayst atone for thy fault." At these words Benigna disappeared, and Abdallah found himself in a magnificent garden. Two females approached him, one of whom he perceived to be the princess Ilzaide; for some time he doubted whether it was not a new illusion of the sorceress, but he was soon convinced that he beheld before him the daughter of the king of Thibet.

"Why do you thus afflict yourself, princess?" said the slave who accompanied her.—"Alas! Parazaile," replied Ilzaide, "have I not cause for affliction, when I reflect on the fate that awaits me?"—"Pardon, O princess, the temerity of thy slave," cried Parazaile, "for presuming to recall to thy mind the submission which Allah expects from his creatures." As she spoke Massouf appeared at the end of the garden, and approaching the princess, "How long, Ilzaide," cried he, "wilt thou persist in thus opposing the law of thy country by rejecting the hand of its sovereign?"

"Pardon me, mighty lord," said the princess: "conscious of my unworthiness, I aspire not to thy hand; make I beseech thee another choice, and Ilzaide will be content with the title of thy slave."

"Thou knowest not," cried Massouf, "the extent of that power thou darest provoke. The enchantress Malevolia, at whose vengeance mankind tremble, is my friend: consent to share my throne, and the protection of Malevolia is thine; refuse, and thou provokest her direst enmity."

"I take the holy prophet," replied the princess calmly, "to witness, that I will not become the wife of a despiser of his law, and I trust in the goodness of Allah to protect me from the sorceress Malevolia."

"Slave of Mahomet!" exclaimed the enraged Massouf, "thy hopes shall be vain. Prepare in three days to ascend with me the throne of Thibet, or the loss of life is the smallest punishment thou hast to dread."

At these words the lovely Ilzaide, bursting into tears, hastily quitted the garden, followed by Massouf. Bitterly did Abdallah now regret the transformation, which deprived him even of the possibility of assisting Ilzaide. As he was fluttering round the windows of her apart-

ments, an eunuch let fly an arrow at him; the arrow missed its aim, but Abdallah fearing that a second might be more successful, flew from the gardens. After traversing the air for some time, he reached a charming valley, the perfect solitude of which seemed to promise him security till the genius Benigna should restore him to his original form.

One day while Abdallah was lost in reflections upon his metamorphosis, he perceived a beautiful white fawn entangled in a net. The humane Abdallah, touched with pity for the fawn, fluttered round the net to see if there was any way of rescuing her; he tried for a long time in vain; and at length he succeeded in breaking some of the meshes, and the fawn by struggling freed herself. Scarcely had she done so when the genius Benigna appeared, and addressing the fawn, "Receive, O princess," cried she, "the reward of that constancy with which you have adhered to the precepts of our holy prophet." As she spoke, she breathed upon the fawn, which instantly assumed the form of the princess Ilzaide.

"And you, Abdallah," continued the genius, "resume your own form: your trials are nearly at an end. Know that the oracle, in telling the Thibetians Heaven had sent them the prince destined to reign over them, pointed to yourself. The sage Ibrahim received you from my hands, but he knew not that you were son to the sultan of Cachemire. Desirous to rescue you from the corruption of a court, I transported you while you were yet an infant from the palace of the sultan to the cell of Ibrahim, who carefully instructed you in the precepts of the Koran. No sooner did you leave the solitude in which you had been educated, than the wicked Malevolia resolved on attempting your destruction; and the temptation to which you yielded for a moment, gave her but too great an advantage over you. But the bounteous Allah pardoned a fault so soon and so sincerely repented of. You are restored to the favour of Heaven; one more trial, and you will ascend the throne of Thibet, and receive the hand of the lovely Ilzaide. The wicked Malevolia holds in captivity a number of the faithful followers of Mahomet, and you are appointed by the prophet to attempt their deliverance. Remember, that every artifice will be employed to intimidate you, and shrink not from the dreadful appearances you will have to encounter, for they are all illusions.

"Here," continued she, presenting him with a small mirror, "is the talisman of truth; by holding it up before the frightful objects with which the sorceress will endeavour to intimidate you, and invoking the name of Allah, you will find every danger but one vanish. Malevolia possesses a spear, on which are engraven the mystic characters of Solomon, and which nearly equals in power his seal. Take this sword, you will need it to encounter the enchantress: remember, it is for her only. The talisman of truth will be a sufficient shield against the phantoms she may raise to oppose you; but beware, should you be intimidated even for a single moment, your destruction is inevitable.

"Receive," continued she, "the

hand of your betrothed Ilzaide, whom Malevolia deprived of her own form in revenge for her determined rejection of the wicked Massouf."

Abdallah and Ilzaide prostrated themselves before the benevolent genius, who summoned an inferior genius to transport Abdallah to the palace of the sorceress. The genius taking Abdallah in his arms, sprang into the air, which he traversed with incredible rapidity: in a few moments he set Abdallah down on an immense plain, and disappeared.

Abdallah perceived at a little distance a palace of black marble, and commending himself to the protection of the prophet, he approached it. Over the gate he perceived a brazen trumpet, which he sounded. The gate instantly flew open, and a giant, armed with a massy club, appeared. "Vile slave of Mahomet!" cried he, "darest thou brave the vengeance of the potent Malevolia? Take, wretch, the reward of thy presumption!" He raised his club, but Abdallah nimbly evaded the blow, and holding up the talisman of truth, the giant instantly vanished.

Abdallah, without farther opposition, entered a hall, at the farther end of which he perceived a young man of extraordinary beauty, armed with a scymitar, the hilt of which was one single emerald of the most dazzling brightness.

"Rash Abdallah," cried the young man, "why dost thou thus rush upon certain destruction? At this moment Ilzaide is the captive of Malevolia, and if thou proceedest but a step farther, thou wilt behold thy princess expire." Regardless of this threat, Abdallah advanced towards the young man, who waved his scymitar, and Ilzaide, loaded with chains, and surrounded by black genii of immense size, armed with clubs, appeared. "There is no God but God," cried Abdallah, averting his eyes from this terrible sight, "and Mahomet is his prophet!" As he spoke he presented the talisman; the whole group disappeared, and Abdallah beheld Malevolia. She was armed with the spear of Solomon, which she pointed at the breast of Abdallah, who, placing the talisman of truth in his bosom, drew the sword which he had received from the genius Benigna, and stood prepared to meet the enchantress. He advanced towards her, and in a moment he perceived himself enveloped in flames, which issued from her mouth. The undismayed Abdallah pressed through them, and a fierce combat commenced between him and Malevolia: its issue was long doubtful; at length the sorceress, rendered furious by the courage of the young prince, made a desperate effort to plunge her spear into his heart. Abdallah evaded the blow, and calling upon the name of the prophet, he summoned his whole strength, and with one stroke severed the head of the sorceress from her body.

Scarcely had he done so, when, with a loud and dreadful noise, the palace and the body of Malevolia vanished, and Abdallah found himself in a lovely plain, surrounded by the servants of the prophet, who had languished in the dungeons of the enchantress. They prostrated themselves before the young prince, who, falling on his knees, desired

them to join him in glorifying Allah, and Mahomet his prophet, for their deliverance.

As their prayer ended, the genius Benigna appeared. "Servant of Mahomet," cried she, addressing Abdallah, "thou art now deemed worthy to receive the reward of thy trials. The crown of Thibet and the lovely Ilzaide await thee. And ye, O Mussulmans! who have patiently submitted to the will of Allah, receive the recompence ye merit—return to your families and homes."

The genius waved her wand, and the multitude disappeared. At the same moment Abdallah found himself in the imperial hall of Thibet, and at his side was Ilzaide and the benevolent genius. "Thibetians," said she, "receive from my hand the prince whom Heaven has appointed to reign over you."--"Hail, Abdallah, the mighty and beloved monarch of Thibet!" cried the courtiers, prostrating themselves before the new king. The genius joined the hands of Abdallah and Ilzaide. "Remember, my children," cried she, "to whose protection you owe your present felicity, and cease not to practise on the throne of Thibet those virtues by which you gained it. I have apprised the sultan your father of your existence, Abdallah, and he is now on his way to embrace you. The wretched Massouf has met with the punishment due to his crimes; the angel of death has summoned him hence. Farewell! fear not to enjoy the happiness which Heaven hath sent, and reign in peace."

The genius disappeared; and during a long and happy life, Abdallah and Ilzaide failed not to render their actions acceptable to Heaven, by the continual practice of those virtues which had first gained them its protection.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Concluded from p. 220.)

SHORT STAGES, COACHES, RAFFLES, AND BOATS.

April 1711. Swift complains of the day being so warm, that he got into the sixpenny stage to Chelsea, no boats being allowed to ply on a Sunday. He also speaks of raffling for books, which was a common custom at this time: thus, in an advertisement to one of the *Tatlers*, we have, "An Address to the learned, or a Lottery of unbound Books, where each adventurer for a guinea is sure of a prize of 9s. value: 'tis but four to one he gets one of 3, 6, 8, 12, or 50*l*. Undertakers, Thomas Leigh and Daniel Winter, booksellers."

THE DONATION OF A HAT FOR A SERMON.

1778. The following is extracted from a letter by Shenstone the poet to Mrs. A——.—See *Select Letters*. "Please to observe, that I am but just arrived at home, though I left Cheltenham the day after you. I staid indeed to hear Mr. B. preach a morning sermon, for which I find Mrs. C. has allotted him the hat preferably to Mr. C. Perhaps you may not remember, nor did I hear it till very lately, that there is a hat

given at Cheltenham for the use of the best foreign preacher, of which the disposal is assigned to Mrs. C. to her and her heirs for ever. I remember, though I knew nothing of this whilst I was upon the place, I used to be a little misdeemful, that all who preached there had some such premium in their eye. This hat, 'tis true, is not quite so valuable as a cardinal's hat, but while it is made a retribution for excellence in so, if properly considered, sublime a function, it is an object for a preacher in any degree. I am sorry at the same time to say, that, as *a common hat*, merely for its uses it would be an object to too many country curates, whose situations and slender means too often excite our blushes as well as compassion. There should be no such thing as a journeyman parson; it is beneath the dignity of the profession."

IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON.

1778. "This chapter is reduced to few heads, from the several conversations we had in town, upon taking down the signs, rooting up the posts, the paving and lighting Oxford-road, Monmouth-street, and St. Giles's, the construction of Blackfriars bridge, &c. that I cannot recollect any other remarks I made worth mentioning at present, except the introducing of asses in the city for the use of milkmen, fruiterers, hawkers, &c. This I thought a great improvement, as it serves to lessen the number of barrows that used to interrupt walkers on the broad pavements; but this consideration was damped at seeing the barbarous treatment these poor animals suffer from their brutal guides or drivers."—See *Letters* respecting Shenstone during his life, edited by Mr. Hull. What would the poet have said, had he lived to see large and even small dogs drawing carts, and lolling out their tongues with heat and fatigue?—a practice which I trust will never become general.

WHIGS AND TORIES.

Whig-a-more was a nickname given to the western peasantry of Scotland, from their using the word frequently in driving strings of horses. Hence, as connected with Calvinistical principles in religion, and republican doctrines in policy, it was given as a term of reproach to the opposition party in the latter years of Charles II. These retorted upon the courtiers the word *Tory*, signifying an Irish freebooter, and particularly applicable to the Roman Catholic followers of the Duke of York. At length both parties acknowledged and prided themselves on the distinctions originally meant to convey reproach and disgrace.

THE TEMPLE REVELS.

(See *Repository*, vol. III. New Series, p. 273.)

The last revel in the Inner Temple was held in honour of Mr. Talbot, when he took leave of that house, of which he was a bencher, on having the great seal delivered to him. On the 2d of February, 1733, the lord chancellor came into the Inner Temple Hall about two o'clock, preceded by the master of the revels (Mr. Wollaston), and followed by the master of the Temple, Dr. Sherlock, then Bishop of Bangor, and by the judges and sergeants who had been members of that house. There was a very elegant dinner provided for them and

the lord chancellor's officers; but the barristers and students of the house had no other dinner got for them than what is usual on all *grand days*, but each mess had a flask of claret, with the common allowance of port and sack. Fourteen students waited at the bench-table, among whom was Mr. Talbot, the lord chancellor's eldest son, and by their means any sort of provisions was easily obtained from the upper table by those of the rest. A large gallery was built over the screen, and was filled with ladies, who came for the most part a considerable time before the dinner began; and the music was placed in the little gallery at the upper end of the hall, and played all dinner-time. As soon as dinner was ended, the play began, which was *Love for Love*, with the farce of *The Devil to Pay*. The actors who performed all came from the Haymarket in chairs, commonly called *sedans*, ready dressed; and, as it was said, refused any gratuity for their trouble, looking upon the honour of distinguishing themselves on this occasion as sufficient. After the play, the lord chancellor, master of the Temple, judges, and benchers, retired into their parliament-chamber, and in about half an hour afterwards came into the hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place. Then the master of the revels, who went first, took the lord chancellor by the right hand, and he with his left took Mr. G. Page, who, joined to the other judges, sergeants, and benchers, *danced, or rather walked, round about the coal-fire*, according to the old ceremony, three times*, during which they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the prothonotary, then upwards of sixty years of age; and all the time of the dance a song, accompanied with music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar-gown, whose father had been formerly master of the Plea-Office in the King's Bench. When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the parliament-chamber, and staid about a quarter of an hour, while the hall was putting in order; then they went into the hall, and danced a few minuets. Country dances began about ten, and at twelve o'clock a very fine collation was provided for the whole company, from which they returned to dancing, which they continued as long as they pleased; and the whole day's entertainment was generally allowed to be very genteel, and liberally conducted. The Prince of Wales honoured the performance with his company part of the time; he came into the music-gallery incognito about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of walking round the coal-fire was over.

* These revels have been ridiculed by Dr. Donne in his *Satires*, by Prior in his *Alma*, and by Pope in his *Dunciad*.

The judge to dance his brother sergeant calls.

ROUND-HEADS.

The fanatics in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text—"Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said, that the queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired "Who that Round-head was?" and from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called Round-heads. "The Round-heads," said Swift, "were caused by an operation of

art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap."

THE BUSTOES AT RICHMOND.

(See *Repository*, vol. IV. p. 24.)

The inscriptions on the plinths of these *bustoes* provoked the following epigrams:

On STEPHEN DUCK, *the Thresher and favourite Poet, by* SWIFT.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM, 1730.

The thresher Dick could o'er the queen prevail;
The proverb says, "No fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains,
For which her majesty allows him grains;
Though, 'tis confess'd, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
Thrice happy Dick, employed in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double!

1732.

With honours thus, by Carolina plac'd,
How are these venerable bustoes grac'd!
O queen! with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd,
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Naught to their fame can now be added more,
Revered by her whom all mankind adore.

Another.

Lewis the living learned fed,
And raised the scientific head;
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

Queen Caroline's regard for learned men was chiefly directed to those who had signalized themselves by philosophical research.—See Walpole's fable of *The Funeral of the Lioness.*

CHESELDEN AND THE CONVICT.

On the 13th August, 1763, we read, "Died, in Newgate, George Chippendale: he was respited in order to have his leg cut off, to try the effect of a new-invented styptic; but as it was not tried, he was pardoned on consideration of being transported for life." Lady Suffolk was early afflicted with deafness. Cheselden the surgeon, then in favour at court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure her deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned he would try it, and if he succeeded would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the pardon of the man, who was cousin to Cheselden, and who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation. No more was heard of the experiment: the man saved his ear too, but Cheselden was disgraced at court.

GAMBADOES.

Leather gaiters are first mentioned in Swift's works: "Gambadoes I have rid in."—Gay to the Duchess of Queensberry, 1732.

PANTOMIMES

were first exhibited in England when Swift wrote his project for the advancement of the stage.

UMBRELLAS.

Jonas Hanway, Esq. the philanthropist, is supposed to have been the first who carried an umbrella. He was born 1712, and died 1786. But this is not correct, for we read in Swift:

While streams run down the umbrella's side.
SWIFT'S *Description of the Morning*, written 1710.

They are more universally used among the poorer sort of people in Worcestershire than in any county I have been in; almost every peasant, at least of the female sex, carrying an old umbrella in her market-basket.

THE HISTORY OF CIVILIS.

Civilis inherited from nature all those qualities which can endear man to man: unfortunately, however, he had naturally strong passions, which he had never been taught to controul, and becoming his own master at a very early age, he plunged with avidity into what the world calls pleasure. Naturally of a kind disposition, his fortune, as long as it lasted, was equally the property of his companions and himself; but that assistance which he had been so willing to bestow, he could not find when his necessities induced him to apply for it. Perhaps the situation most decidedly dangerous to honour and principle, is the one in which Civilis then found himself placed. Unable to continue his former appearance, and unwilling to quit the scenes of dissipation in which he had figured so long, he had recourse to many expedients, some of them of an unjustifiable nature, to procure the means of still reveling among beings whom he despised. Though conscious that he was sinking every hour both in his own estimation and that of the public, he had not the courage to make even an effort to retrieve either his fortune or his good name, till he was roused from his stupor by a visit from his friend Alexis.

Alexis was probably the only one of the numerous acquaintance of Civilis to whom he had never applied for assistance: the reason he had not was, that in the time of his prosperity Alexis had frequently and severely reproved his excesses. Some events which occurred obliged him to leave his native country for a short time, and during his absence the ruin of Civilis had been completed. Immediately on the return of Alexis, he hastened to console him, and, if possible, to withdraw him from a mode of life so repugnant to every virtuous feeling.

After kindly reproaching him for not having written to ask what he could well have spared, Alexis presented him with a considerable sum; and he accompanied his timely present with advice, which was of still more value. Roused by his energetic remonstrances, Civilis resolved to bid adieu for ever to a life of riot and licentiousness. He was still young enough to choose a profession, and by the advice of Alexis he determined on pursuing the law.

The dry and incessant study, as well as the numberless privations to which he subjected himself, were at first severely felt by Civilis, but a short time only had elapsed before he began to like his profession; and the rational hopes which he entertained of succeeding in it, cheered him under those privations and that laborious application which had at first appeared nearly insupportable.

Well would it have been for Civilis had a better motive than the desire of worldly wealth and honour stimulated him; but he was educated without solid principles of religion, and his naturally fine understanding had been perverted by the sophistry of our most celebrated deistical writers, till his belief in revealed religion was destroyed. Absorbed in the pursuit

of pleasure, he was for years without thinking on serious subjects; but when he began to study the law, he allowed himself, as a relaxation from its dryness, to spend sometimes an hour in reading, and unfortunately he continued the perusal of those dangerous works. This recreation, and an occasional visit to Alexis, were the only indulgences he allowed himself.

Alexis had a daughter, named Aspasia, an only child; her person was pleasing, and her talents were of a superior order. She had been educated by an aunt, who died soon after Civilis became an intimate in the family. Though naturally of an affectionate disposition, Aspasia did not much regret her aunt, whose bigotry and excessive severity had made her life very uncomfortable. Civilis was struck with the sprightliness of her genius, and provoked to see it bound in what he considered the fetters of the grossest superstition, he attacked her opinions, which she defended with a spirit worthy of her cause; but, alas! spirit was all that she could bring to the combat, for she had been too ill instructed to do justice to her faith, and her natural enthusiasm, mingled perhaps with some portion of vanity, forbade her to act as became her sex and youth, and fly the dangerous and unequal combat. In short, Civilis soon succeeded in overthrowing those principles in which she had been reared, and substituting in their place that phantom which has lured so many to their destruction—the love of virtue for its own sake, uninfluenced by the rewards and punishments held out to us in the Gospel.

But where, you will ask, was Alexis all this time? How came the natural guardian of his daughter's principles to be negligent of his sacred charge? Unfortunately, he knew not that they were in danger. Devoted to literary pursuits, and satisfied that his Aspasia had received what he considered a pious education, he left her without scruple to her own guidance; and frequently, while he was shut up in his study for hours together, she was employed in the perusal of sophistry, which perverted her heart, and finally destroyed her happiness.

Time stole on; Civilis had reason to congratulate himself on his perseverance, and Alexis rejoiced in his success as he would have done in that of a son. But just as Civilis found himself at the head of his profession, a circumstance occurred which blasted for ever the happiness of the venerable Alexis, and brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

This was the elopement of his daughter. She had appeared unusually melancholy for some time previous to her taking this rash step; but what were her motives for it, or who was the partner of her flight, remained a mystery. Civilis was truly grieved, for he loved her with fraternal affection, and he tried by every means which gratitude and friendship could devise to console her miserable father for her loss. His cares, however, were vain; Alexis breathed his last a few months after the elopement of his erring child, and as he never forgave her, he bequeathed by his last will his property to a distant relation.

Three years afterwards Civilis was made a judge. It happened that the first cause which came before him was a murder, supposed to have been committed by a woman on her new-born infant. Every circumstance proved that the unfortunate culprit, whose appearance bespoke the most abject poverty, was actually guilty of the crime imputed to her. Naturally humane, Civilis felt the awful responsibility of his situation so strongly, that when he rose to pronounce sentence his voice faltered, and he was so deeply agitated, that for a moment he was unable to proceed.

During this solemn pause, the culprit, in a wild and hollow tone, exclaimed, "Why do you hesitate? Haste, complete your work!" The spectators attributed her words to a partial derangement of intellect, and Civilis was himself of the same opinion. He pronounced the awful sentence of the law, and quitting the court, sought but vainly to lose in the pleasures of a social evening the weight which it had left upon his spirits.

What was the horror of Civilis, when he learned the next day, and at the same moment, that the wretched woman had swallowed poison, and that she was the long-lost Aspasia.

In a letter which she addressed to him before she took the deadly draught, she solemnly accused him as the author of her crimes and her sufferings. The effect of that sophistry, which had released her from all religious restraint, was to pave the way for her falling a prey to the arts of a villain, by whom she was speedily deserted; and, after passing through all the gradations of a life of infamy, she found herself reduced to the lowest indigence, her constitution ruined, her beauty totally gone, and for the first time about to become a mother.

"Wherefore," continued the unfortunate Aspasia, "should I suffer a wretch, born under those circumstances, to live? It was mercy to deprive it of an existence which must have been a curse. So at least I thought at the moment I formed the design of taking its life; but scarcely had I committed this last, this most dreadful of all my crimes, when conscience, whose murmurs I had so often disregarded, awoke: I could no longer silence her voice, I could no longer impose upon myself the belief, that there existed no Deity either to reward or punish. Oh, no! the hell within my bosom convinced me of the extent of his power.

"And now what remains? Dare such a wretch as I am hope for pardon? No! years of penitence could not wash away my guilt; and he who caused it has not allowed me even days for repentance.

"I go then to meet the doom prepared for me; and but for the reflection that my conduct caused his death, I could rejoice that my poor father does not live to witness the destruction of that child who was once his joy and pride.

"Civilis, he was your friend; how has his friendship been repaid?"

* * * * * *

Alas! the conscience of Civilis but too plainly answered the question; it told him that the accusations of Aspasia were too true, and

VIEW OF THE SCHLOSS,
(Erected for the accommodation of Strangers, at Liebenstein) & of the Ruin at the top of the Hill behind it.

NEARER VIEW of the SCHLOSS, at LIEBENSTEIN.

The New House of Her Serene Highneſs.
THE DUCHESS REGENT of SAXE MEININGEN, at LIEBENSTEIN.

that he was in fact her murderer and that of her father.

For a considerable time he was incapable of transacting business, or even of seeing any one. He recovered, however, though slowly, the outward appearance of cheerfulness, and resumed the duties of his high station; but the thorn still festers in his heart. Often in the midst of those animated conversations, which render him the admiration and delight of society, does the remembrance of Alexis and Aspasia blanch his cheek, and obscure with the deepest gloom that countenance which the moment before had sparkled with hilarity.

As the only enjoyment he receives is the gratification of his vanity, he continues to exhibit in society those talents which spread such lustre over the morning of his life; but he is merely an actor who plays his part for the meed of public applause, and when, after earning it, he retires to the solitude of his closet, who would change conditions with Civilis?

"Who, indeed?" exclaimed Fortunio, as he closed the volume. "How little," continued he, apostrophising the genius, "O celestial messenger! have I deserved the kindness with which thou hast deigned to convince me of my error and my rashness! and how light, how puerile does my cause of sorrow appear compared to that of the unfortunate Civilis!"

It chanced that on that very day Arcas celebrated the anniversary of his son's marriage, and Fortunio was one of the guests invited to the *fête*. He went, and once more he was inclined to believe in the reality of human felicity. Arcas, seated between his son and daughter-in-law, who turned upon him looks of gratitude and love, appeared truly happy. Though a year had passed since the nuptials of the young couple were celebrated, it was evident that their attachment continued unabated. Fortunio said to himself, "Arcas, in witnessing daily the felicity which he has bestowed upon his son by uniting him to a good and lovely wife, whom he adores, and who loves him with equal fondness, must surely be happy."

He repeated this to himself many times ere he ventured to open the volume which was to confirm or refute his opinion; and a secret fear that it would do the latter, caused him more than once to hesitate before he perused the history of Arcas.

PLATE 25.—DESCRIPTION OF LIEBENSTEIN.

By GEORGE SINCLAIR, *Esq.*

LIEBENSTEIN is a small village (see No. 1. in the annexed engraving), situated on the territory of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, about eighteen miles (English) from Meiningen, and sixteen from Eisenach. The environs are delightfully romantic and picturesque. It is bounded on three sides by mountains, which shelter it from the inclemency of the winds; whilst the front presents to the view a fertile tract of country, also terminated by hills, which are covered with wood. The village itself is inconsiderable, and consists of a row of

small cottages, peeping from among the trees by which they are surrounded. A spring of mineral water was discovered here about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and a protecting wall built over it by John Casimir, Duke of Coburg, in 1601, in honour of whom it was called Casimir's Well. It remained little known or frequented for many years, and was the property of a private gentleman, M. de Fischer; but having been used with great advantage by the present Duchess of Meiningen, it was purchased by her husband the late duke, who expended large sums in preparing accommodations for strangers, and in beautifying the environs. The spring is now surrounded with a row of beautiful stone pillars, and is called George's Well, from the late duke, its greatest benefactor. Opposite to the well is the *schloss*, or castle (No. 2.), a large building erected for the reception of visitors. It contains seventy-two rooms, in which there are about one hundred and twenty beds, and they are neatly and simply furnished. There is a large saloon, in which most of the guests dine and sup together; the former meal taking place at one, and the latter at eight. They are very punctually served up, and announced by the sound of a trumpet. Those who do not like to dine at so early an hour, may have dinner in their own room at any time they please, by paying 6 kreutzers a head additional. The price of every article is fixed, and printed copies pasted on the door. Dinner at the *table d'hôte* costs 1 florin a head on week-days, and 1 fl. 12 kr. on Sunday, on which day the Duchess of Meiningen and her court come down from Altenstein and dine there. Supper costs 36 kr. a head. The wine is excellent, and is supplied out of the ducal cellars: Hock at 1 fl. 48 kr. a bottle; Hattersheimer at 1 fl. 24 kr.; Medoc at 1 fl. 12 kr. The water also is very pure and well tasted. In each of the rooms there are two small beds in a recess, which are concealed from view by a thin white curtain, and the expense of such a room is from $3\frac{1}{2}$ fl. to 5 fl. a week.

Those who prefer bathing in their own apartment, may have a large wooden tub for that purpose, and water brought into the room; but immediately opposite to the house there are very good accommodations for those who choose to bathe there.

There is also another building for the reception of strangers immediately contiguous to the *schloss*, and containing about sixty beds. Between the *schloss* and the well there is a neat grass-plot fenced round with a hedge, in the centre of which there is a cascade, which forms a very pleasing object both for the eye and for the ear. Immediately opposite is the theatre, a very neat and commodious building, in which an excellent company of German comedians from Bamberg act during the season; besides which, the ducal band from Meiningen, which may boast of some very fine performers, is also stationed here. Adjoining to the theatre is the *Fürstenhaus*, or Prince's House, a neat residence, built by the present duchess about nine years ago, as a resting-place when she comes down from the castle of Altenstein. It has a portico, sup-

ported by four beautiful pillars, and a dome of blue slate, surmounted by a glass cupola. Here the duchess very frequently drinks tea, and invites the principal visitors to spend the evening.—The theatre and *Fürstenhaus* are shewn in No. 3. of the engraving.

Opposite to the *schloss* are some venerable large chesnut-trees, under the shade of which chairs and tables are placed, where some of the company often breakfast and drink coffee, that they may at the same time enjoy the refreshing breeze and the prospect of the beautiful scenery around. On the right hand is a long alley, with a row of beech and linden-trees on each side, and a number of small rose-bushes. The gravel of the walk is frequently renewed, and soon dries, even after the most violent showers. Behind the *schloss* is a hill, which has been laid out into a garden, and contains a number of fruit and other trees; and at the bottom of it is a large commodious saloon for dancing. There are some cherry-trees cut into the shape of orange-trees, and so like, that we were deceived for some time by the appearance, until we approached them nearer. The ascent of the hill is gradual and easy; it partly slopes through a wood, and is partly open; it is impossible not to stop occasionally, and gaze upon the beautiful prospect which meets the eye on every side—a richly cultivated country, interspersed with woods and villages, intersected by the Werra, which meanders gently through it, and bounded at the extremity of the horizon by hills covered with wood. This view you enjoy in perfection when you have attained the summit of the hill, and stand amidst the ruins of the old castle, which formerly belonged to the family of Stein, and was destroyed by the Elector Augustus of Saxony about the year 1567, because the owner was engaged in some commotions which took place at that time. It was afterwards again rendered habitable, but having subsequently been deserted, is now fast mouldering away.

The charming village of Steinbach, which presents itself to the view on the right, and is situated at the foot of romantic hills, forms a delightful feature in the prospect. —The company often dine, when the weather is fine, in a large grotto on the left of the house, which is cool, sheltered, and shady. Some fine linden-trees at the entrance diffuse a delightful fragrance through the whole; and the murmuring of a stream, which slopes along the rocks at the side of it, is at once soothing and enlivening. The illumination of this grotto forms part of the rejoicings which usually take place on the birth-day of the duchess regent—a sovereign adored by all her subjects, to whose interests she is always attentive, and to whose wishes she is always accessible. Her highness dines at the *table d'hôte* every Sunday, and attends the ball in the evening. She shews every possible attention to strangers, and welcomes them at Altenstein with a kindness of manner which is peculiarly pleasing.

Altenstein, the summer residence of the house of Saxe-Meiningen, is situated within two English miles of Liebenstein. There is an excellent road between the two places;

and after passing by Glückbrunn, a small village, near which there is a very neat country-house belonging to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, you gradually climb a steep hill (where, however, the sloping direction of the road very much facilitates the ascent), and at length arrive at the house, which is very simple and elegant, both externally and internally. The appearance is not grand, and the furniture not magnificent, which would be totally unsuitable and cumbrous in a country-seat intended for relaxation and retirement; but a general attention to comfort is conspicuous in all the arrangements of the building. The walks in the vicinity of Altenstein were chiefly laid out by the late duke, a prince whose taste was equalled only by his liberality. His plans have been partly executed and partly improved by the duchess regent, who has spared no expense in embellishing a place for which nature has already done so much. The grounds have been partly laid out in the Swiss style, and are ornamented with a cottage built after the fashion of that country, near which a beautiful cascade gushes from a rock, and falls picturesquely into a small lake below. On the other side of Altenstein you see huge bare masses of solid rock, exhibiting the most striking varieties of form, and emerging abruptly from the midst of hills, which, in every other part, are clothed with wood. Beneath one of these rocks there is a large cave, which affords a cool and refreshing shelter from the heat of the sun, and where Æolian harps are placed, which greatly add to the general effect. The summit of these rocks has been in many places rendered accessible by flights of steps; and at the top of one of the highest a small cottage has been built (where the duchess and her guests occasionally drink tea), from the windows of which the view is truly grand and extensive.

Not far from the house at Altenstein there is a magnificent old lime-tree, under the shade of which the duchess and her party very frequently dine, when the weather admits of it. This is one of the finest trees I ever saw, and not only affords ample shelter, but diffuses a delightful fragrance around. But the most wonderful object of curiosity in the neighbourhood is a large subterraneous cave, which was accidentally discovered when the new way was made to Altenstein. Some of the workmen thought that they heard a hollow sound whilst digging on the road; the place was immediately examined by direction of the late duke, who happened to be present, and an immense cavern was discovered, which extends perhaps for several thousand feet, branching out in various directions. How, or for what purpose, it was formed, cannot at present be ascertained, or even conjectured, as a number of bones have been discovered in various parts, which have been declared by the celebrated Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen to be those of some antediluvian animal, which is now no longer to be met with. The whole extent of the cave has not yet been traced out: it is lighted up every Sunday with candles and torches, and you walk (after taking proper precautions against the cold) along a dark and

winding passage, until you arrive at a more lofty square; at the top of which several musicians are stationed, whilst others, at a greater distance, play the same tune in such a manner as almost to deceive you into the belief that you are listening to an echo. After continuing your route along the narrow vaulted path, you reach the banks of a stream which runs through the cavern; here you get into a boat, and row down for some distance, until you arrive at a monument erected to the memory of the late duke, consisting of the letter G introduced on a black surface, and lighted by a single coloured lamp. The effect of this simple homage to the memory of departed worth, is very striking, and

"Honours alike the living and the dead."

I shall say but little as to the mineral waters of Liebenstein, as I am not qualified to give a chemical analysis of their contents, or a medical dissertation upon their merits. They bear a great affinity to the Pyrmont waters, but are not near so disagreeable to the taste; and they are particularly celebrated for their efficacy in rheumatic and chronical cases. Several families have come from very distant parts —as for instance, from Königsberg —and have derived great benefit from the waters. The celebrated Kotzebue, amongst others, visited Liebenstein last year.

On the whole, I think that Liebenstein would be a residence well calculated for any English families during the summer months, who would wish to enjoy retirement occasionally diversified by society, and amusement combined with economy. The exercise which would be necessary to do justice to the beautiful environs, and the pleasure which would arise from a constant intercourse with the amiable family at Altenstein, and with the strangers who resort from all parts to Liebenstein during the season, would amply compensate for the distance and expense of the journey.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXIII.

Mentis gratissimus error.——Hor. *Ep.*
In pleasing error lost, and charmingly deceived.

I have not encouraged my correspondents, for very obvious reasons, to make their communications to me in verse. Poetry is not my department, nor do I profess those critical powers which would qualify me to instruct my readers in illustrating the inspirations of the Muses. I am not, I trust, insensible to that delight which the mind, if duly cultivated, receives from the works of poetical genius; but I do not feel myself equal to the attempt of communicating my own feelings in a way to heighten or enlarge the pleasures of others. I shall, however, venture to introduce into this paper the production of a female writer in verse, for which I flatter myself it will not be thought necessary that I should make any apology.

I shall, therefore, proceed to perform the duty incumbent on

me, by introducing it with the following observations. The subject of this little *jeu d'esprit* is the power of imagination, illustrated by a fable entitled *The Turtledove and the Looking-glass.*

It has been observed by an eminent writer, that there are few words which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of Fancy and Imagination; which, however, are indebted for their powers, and consequently for their pleasures, to the sight, which is described as the most perfect of the human senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight, though we possess the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images in all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the fancy or the imagination, which I here consider as the same faculty under different denominations.

Their pleasures, taken in the full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The latter indeed are preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind; yet it must be confessed, that those of the imagination are as great as those of the understanding: besides, they have this advantage, that they are more obvious and of more easy acquisition.

The possessor of a fine imagination, as Mr. Addison has well observed, and which every one will warmly testify who is so happily gifted, is introduced to various pleasures which the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find a companion in a statue; he often feels a greater satisfaction in the beauties of a landscape, than the actual owner of the land which furnishes it. He acquires a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude, uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that when he looks upon the surface of the earth, he discovers on it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

It is among the most desirable attainments of life, and not so often possessed as might be expected from the apparent facility of it, to know how to be unemployed or disengaged from active exertions, and yet to preserve the mind in a state of innocence, and the conduct of life consequently free from criminal indulgence. We should, therefore, endeavour to make the sphere of our innocent pleasures as wide as possible. Of this nature are those of the fancy or imagination, which do not require such an exertion of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights; but, with a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness without laborious or difficult efforts.

It might here be added, and I believe with great truth (which, I doubt not, the experience of many

of those who favour this paper with a perusal will confirm), that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health than those of the understanding, which are produced by the labour of thought. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on our corporeal as well as our intellectual faculties, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but oftentimes attain the very desirable object of dispersing grief and melancholy, and give a pleasing activity to our animal spirits. On this principle Sir Francis Bacon reasons in his well-known and estimable Essay on Health, in which he has, with his usual perspicuity and sound sense, recommended, under certain circumstances, to his readers a poem, or a fine prospect, instead of subtle disquisition; and advises them to pursue studies congenial to enlivening and pleasing thoughts, which may fill the mind with illustrious, animating, and amusing objects, such as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

Every thing that is new or uncommon raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed. We are, generally speaking, so conversant with one set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated displays of the same things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes more or less to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for some time at least, with another state of its appearance. Rural nature is ever pleasing in its clothing of groves, meadows, and gardens; but the season of their superior beauty is the spring, when they are all new and fresh with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye.

In short, what is there which the imagination or fancy cannot make subservient to its pleasures? And perhaps there are no more powerful means of soothing our mental distresses, than a moderate application and a wholesome direction of the faculty which has been the cursory topic of our consideration.

But whatever conduces to happiness may, by a misapplication of it, be rendered productive of misery. This may be said of the fancy as of every thing else; indeed so much so that it is sometimes considered as a disease, and, under an irregular state, is classed among those disorders to which medical science has directed its particular attention, and for whose cure it has discovered the appropriate remedies.

But this state of the imagination is not what occurred to me when I began to shape the composition of this paper, but merely such exertions of it as promote pleasure; though even in this view of it the indulgence should be under a certain degree of regulation. In works of art it is subject to certain rules. The painter, the statuary, and even the poet, who are so much indebted to it, that without it pre-eminence is altogether unattainable, must keep it under some degree of discretionary guidance, to secure the admiration and applause of those cool and critical judges, whose opinion can alone give the

stamp of merit to their works. There have been professors who, with all the necessary powers of execution, have been so completely under the dominion of imagination, that they have run into allegories which nobody could explain, thrown the human figure into such disproportions as were little short of being monstrous, and frightened poetry by heterogeneous ideas and burlesque imagery. But this by the way.

I do not mean to offend my readers, whom it is as much my wish as it is my interest to please and conciliate, but I may venture, from my observations of human nature, and my experience of the heart, to presume, that there are few persons, however distinguished for their understanding and moral excellence, who have not occasionally employed their fancy in what is called building castles in the air. I have had an ingenious disposition myself in my younger days to practise that aërial or imaginary architecture; nor do I disavow the pleasant moments it has afforded me, and the power it possessed of amusing me, when I had not the means, or perhaps did not feel the inclination, to apply to serious avocations. Indeed I well remember, that a female friend of mine, who, without any reason to complain of the world or of fortune, gave herself up so much to the indulgence of this humour, and had acquired such a ready mode of employing it, that there was no situation of rank, wealth, or worldly enjoyment, that she could not frame at command, and continue till she was satiated with the fanciful pleasures she had created. Her friends, who knew her tendencies, sometimes reproached her with gravity, or, as their tempers suited, quizzed her with vivacity, on the childish infatuation, but she had always some ready pleasantry to repel their attacks; and if, which was sometimes the case, she employed arguments in its defence, she never failed to conclude with the following lines from Prior, which, being a good musician, she had set to a very pleasing air, and, as the humour was, she would either sing or emphatically deliver them:

> Howe'er 'tis well, that while mankind
> Through fate's fantastic mazes errs,
> They can imagined pleasures find
> To combat against real cares.

It is, however, at best an idle employment of the mind; and if though it cannot be accused of being offensive to others, must, if suffered to grow into a habit, weaken the intellect, undermine the resolution, diminish activity, and render life useless. The lady whom I have just mentioned, used to say that it was at least an innocent employment of the mind: but this I deny, because it is no more than a gaudy, high-coloured idleness. It is a state of intellectual inebriety. It is making life a dream instead of a reality, and cannot be otherwise considered than as a perversion of the understanding; all which is so far from being innocent, that I, on the contrary, do not hesitate to pronounce it criminal. I particularly, therefore, warn young persons from the indulgence of it, as an enemy to those solid virtues which form the ornament, the honour, and real happiness of life.

Thus it appears, that fancy or imagination, like every power of

the mind, according to its tendencies, may promote or diminish the happiness, and thus keep the balance even, according to the allowable indulgence of it.

I now proceed to the little effusion which produced the foregoing desultory considerations.

The *Power of Imagination*, illustrated in the following fable:

THE DOVE AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Addressed to the Female Tattler.

Good lady, I ne'er ask the Muse
To utter scandal or abuse,
But some good moral to impart,
To soften and to mend the heart;
Or when winds blow and tempests lour,
To pass away the dreary hour,
Each sullen fancy to destroy,
And wake the spirits into joy:
FANCY, the source of many a woe,
And many a pleasure here below.
'Tis FANCY gives, we often find,
Delusive sorrows to the mind.
Unreal joy, as well as woe,
Does oft alike from FANCY flow.
Since then in life's uncertain hour
FANCY exerts such ample power,
Let us the busy phantom bless,
And guide it to our happiness.
How to attain the happy skill
Of binding FANCY to the will,
I mean, as well as I am able,
To tell you in the following fable.
Two TURTLEDOVES, within a cage,
Liv'd free from envy, hate, or rage;
No foreign or domestic strife
Disturb'd their inoffensive life.
Become the tender Delia's charge,
They happier liv'd, than if at large
They had been left within the groves
To take their flight, and coo their loves;
No care they had, no sorrow knew,
And fonder of each other grew:
But Fate, whose unrelenting sway
Creatures of all kinds must obey,
Sent forth its mandate to destroy
This fabric of connubial joy.
The envious, fatal arrow sped,
The tender lover hangs his head,
Falls from the perch, and fluttering lies—
He coos his last, he pants, and dies.
The widow'd bird, immers'd in grief,
Sits sullen, and disdains relief.
No plaintive moans its woes declare,
But silent the dejected fair
Broods o'er the sad, disastrous fate,
Which robb'd her of her darling mate.
Thus did she pine her hours away,
To stubborn grief a willing prey.
Ah, Delia! tender, gentle fair,
Thy bird eludes thy anxious care:
Ah! nought avails thy moisten'd eye,
And all thy heart's soft sympathy.
Another mate might cure the wound,
But where's another to be found?
FANCY alone has power to save
The hapless mourner from the grave.
By Delia's magic fingers plac'd,
With looking-glass the prison's grac'd.
Around the cage the mirrors shine;
Each mirror gives a form divine,
Such as the tender lover bore
Ere life and happiness were o'er.
The sadd'ning turtle turns her eyes,
And sees the welcome figure rise.
She fancies that her love returns,
And with her former rapture burns;
Then, as she does the union bless,
Hails a new life of happiness.
Thus, madam, having told my story,
The moral I must lay before you.
—FANCY, to mortals kindly given
By the indulgent will of Heaven,
To gild our passage as we stray
Through life's inhospitable day,
When pointed to its proper end,
Is virtue's sister, wisdom's friend;
Takes rigour from the face of truth,
Conveys to age the glow of youth,
And gives a more alluring dress
To true, substantial happiness.

M. C.

ZUMA, OR THE DISCOVERY OF QUINQUINA: *A TALE.*

By Madame DE GENLIS.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, the animosity of the Indians towards the Spaniards existed in all its force; tradition, too faithful, maintained among this oppressed and devoted people the dreadful recollection of the cruelty of their conquerors. They were

subjugated, but had not submitted. The Spaniards had only conquered slaves, and their reign was merely the dominion of terror. About this period a viceroy, more severe than all who had preceded him, excited their powerless and secret hatred to its utmost extent. His secretary, the rigorous minister of his arbitrary will, was a man of insatiable cupidity; and the Indians detested him even more than they did his master. He died suddenly, and the horrid symptoms which preceded his death, induced a universal belief that he had been poisoned by the Indians. Investigations were instituted, but the criminals remained undiscovered.—This event occasioned a great sensation, for it was not the first crime of the same description which had occurred among the Indians. It was well known that they were acquainted with various mortal poisons: they had oftener than once been detected in administering them; but neither torture nor the punishment of death had been successful in drawing from them any confession of these dreadful secrets.

Meanwhile the viceroy was recalled; and Count de Cinchon was appointed by the court of Spain to fill his place. The count was in the vigour of his age, and endowed with every amiable quality and every virtue calculated to conciliate the affection and win the confidence of all around him. He had a short time before married a charming young lady, whom he adored, and by whom he was passionately beloved. The countess had resolved on following her husband, who dreading, on her account, the perfidy and hatred of the Indians, expressed a wish that she should remain in Spain, notwithstanding the distress which the very thought of such a separation excited in his mind. But the countess was filled with terrors when she reflected, that her husband would be exposed to all the dark conspiracies of hatred and revenge. The facts attested by the late viceroy, and above all his exaggerated recitals, represented the Indians as vile slaves, who, under the mask of docility, and even attachment, were capable of plotting in secret the blackest and most criminal treachery. Surprising stories were related of the inconceivable subtilty of the poisons of South America, and indeed without exaggeration*. The alarm which these dreadful ideas excited in the mind of the countess, proved an additional motive in determining her to accompany the viceroy, that she might watch over his safety with all the precautions of fear and all the vigilance of love. She took along with her some Spanish ladies, who were to compose her court at Lima, and among them was the intimate friend of her childhood. Beatrice (for this was her name) was only a few years older than the vice-queen; but the attachment she entertained for her was of so tender a nature, that it resembled the affection of a mother. She had used every effort to persuade the countess to remain at

* From the accounts of travellers and naturalists, there are in America certain plants of so venomous a nature, that the poison takes effect on those who happen to step upon them even with shoes on their feet.

Madrid, but finding that her resolution was unalterably fixed, she determined to accompany her.

Though the Indians were overjoyed at being freed from the yoke of their viceroy, they were not the better disposed to receive his successor. He was a Spaniard, and they consequently expected that he would be animated only with feelings of injustice and tyranny, and a thirst for wealth. In vain were they informed that the count was mild, humane, and equitable; they repeated one to the other, *he is a Spaniard!* and these words conveyed the most energetic expression of hatred. Religion had not yet modified these impetuous feelings, her sublime morality was hitherto unknown to the Indians. Their rulers had merely compelled them to observe a few exterior ceremonies, and they still retained a great portion of their former superstition and idolatry.

Amidst all their misery, the Indians had exercised, ever since the conquest of America, a secret vengeance which had not yet roused the suspicion of any Spaniard; they had been forced to yield to their oppressors the gold and diamonds of the new world, but they had concealed from them treasures more precious and more useful to humanity. Though they had resigned to them all the luxury of nature, they had exclusively reserved real benefits to themselves. They alone knew the powerful counter-poisons and wonderful antidotes which cautious nature, or rather Providence, has distributed over these regions as remedies against extreme disorders. The Indians alone were aware of the admirable virtues of the bark of the quinquina, and by a solemn and faithfully observed compact, by the most dreadful and frequently renewed oaths, they had pledged themselves never to reveal to their oppressors these important secrets*.

Amidst the rigours of slavery the Indians had always maintained a kind of internal government among themselves; they nominated a chief, whose mysterious functions consisted in assembling them together during the night, at certain periods, to renew their oaths, and sometimes for the purpose of marking out victims among their enemies. The Indians of the townships, who enjoyed greater freedom than those who were subjected to service in the palace of the viceroy, and who were employed in the public works, never failed to join these nocturnal assemblies, which were held amongst the mountains in desert places, the only access to which was by-roads which appeared impassable to the Europeans. But these retreats were to them, if not the happy asylums of liberty, at least the sole refuge which could protect them against tyranny. At this time, their secret and supreme chief (for they had several) was named Ximeo. Irritated by misfortune and private injustice, his soul, though naturally great and generous, had long since been a stranger to every mild and tender sentiment. A feeling of vehement indignation, which no principle tended to repress, had, by daily increase, at length rendered him cruel and ferocious. But the base and cowardly atrocity of poisoning

* These details are all historical.

was repugnant to his character. He himself had never employed this horrible instrument of revenge, he had even interdicted it to his companions, and every act of villany committed in that way was done in contradiction to his will. Ximeo was a father; he had an only son named Mirvan, whom he fondly loved, and whom he had inspired with a portion of his hatred of the Spaniards. Mirvan was young, handsome, and generous. About three years before he had been married to Zuma, the most beautiful of all the Indian women of the environs of Lima. The tenderness and sensibility of Zuma were equal to the charms of her person; she formed the happiness of her husband, and lived only for him and for a child, two years of age, of which she was the mother.

Another chief, named Azan, next to Ximeo, possessed the greatest ascendance over the Indians. Azan was violent and cruel, and no natural virtue tempered the instinct of fury by which he was constantly animated. These two chiefs believed themselves to be of illustrious origin, they boasted of their descent from the royal race of the Incas.

A few days after the arrival of the new viceroy, Ximeo convoked, for the following night, a nocturnal meeting on the hill of the *Tree of Health*, thus they designated the tree from which is obtained the quinquina, or Peruvian bark. "My friends," he said, when they had all collected, " a new tyrant is about to reign over us: let us repeat our oaths of just revenge. Alas! we dare utter them only when we are surrounded by darkness! Unhappy children of the Sun, we are reduced to conceal ourselves amidst the shades of night! Let us renew around the *Tree of Health* the awful contract which binds us for ever to conceal our secrets." Ximeo then, in a more elevated and firm voice, pronounced the following words: "We swear never to discover to the children of Europe the divine virtues of this sacred tree, the only treasure which remains to us! Woe to the faithless and perjured Indian who, being seduced by false virtue, or fear, or weakness, shall reveal this secret to the destroyers of his gods, of his sovereigns, and of his country! Woe to the coward who shall make a gift of this treasure of health to the barbarians who have enslaved us, and whose ancestors burned our temples and cities, invaded our plains, and bathed their hands in the blood of our fathers, after having inflicted on them unheard-of torments!—Let them keep the gold which they have wrested from us, and of which they are insatiable, that gold which has cost them so many crimes; but we will at least reserve to ourselves this gift of Heaven!—Should a traitor ever arise amongst us, we swear to pursue and to exterminate him, though he should be our father, our brother, or our son. We swear, should he be engaged in the bonds of marriage, to pursue in him his wife and children, if they have not been his accusers, and if his children are in the cradle, to sacrifice them, so that his guilty race may be for ever extinct.—My friends, pronounce from your inmost souls these formidable oaths, the form of which was bequeathed to you by

your grandfathers, and which you have already so many times repeated!"—"Yes, yes," the Indians exclaimed with one voice, "we pronounce all these imprecations against him who shall betray this secret; we swear to keep it with inviolable fidelity, to endure the most dreadful torments and even death itself, rather than reveal it."

"Look back," said the ferocious Azan, "on the early days of our subjection, at that terrible period when millions of Indians were put to the torture; not one would save his life by the disclosure of this secret, which our countrymen have kept locked within their bosoms for more than two hundred years! Judge then, whether we can invent a punishment sufficiently severe for him who may betray it! For my own part, I once more swear, that if there be an Indian among us capable of such a crime, he shall perish only by my hand; and should he have a wife, and children sucking at their mother's breast, I again swear to plunge my poniard in their hearts!"

This ferocious speech was not pronounced without a design. Azan hated the young Mirvan, the son of Ximeo, not merely because he did not carry his animosity against the Spaniards to a sufficient length, but above all because Mirvan, the adored husband of the beautiful Zuma, and the father of a charming child, was happy. The wicked are always unfortunate and always envious. "Azan," replied Mirvan, "it is possible to keep one's promise without possessing your ferocity: no one here is capable of perjury; your menaces can therefore excite no terror, and are useless. We all know, that in excuse for cruelty you neither want a traitor to pursue nor a crime to punish." Azan, irritated, was about to reply; but Ximeo prevented a violent dispute, by representing the imprudence and danger of uselessly prolonging these clandestine assemblies, and all immediately dispersed.

The Indians being forced to dissemble, maintained an appearance of respect and submission. A numerous troop of young Indian women, carrying baskets of flowers, assembled at the gates of Lima to receive the vice-queen. Zuma was at their head, and the countess was so struck with her beauty, her grace, and the gentle expression of her countenance, that in the course of a few days she expressed a wish to have her among the number of Indian slaves who were employed in the interior of the palace for the service of the vice-queen. The countess quickly conceived such a friendship for Zuma, that she attached her to the private service of her chamber and her person. This favour seemed an act of imprudence in the eyes of Beatrice, whose mind was so prepossessed by the accounts she had heard of the perfidy of the Indians, that notwithstanding the natural generosity of her character, she yielded to every sinister alarm and every black suspicion which gloomy distrust and terror were capable of inspiring: she was excusable; it was her friend's safety, and not her own, that excited her apprehensions! She observed with distress the friendship of the vice-queen for an Indian female, and the women of the countess conceived an

extreme jealousy of Zuma. They took advantage of the weakness of Beatrice to fill her mind with prejudice: they represented Zuma as being false, dissembling, and ambitious, and one who fancied that her pleasing person would pardon every act of presumption; that she was far from loving the countess, and that she entertained an inveterate abhorrence of the Spaniards. They soon went still greater lengths, and attributed to her the most extravagant discourse. Beatrice did not indeed give credit to all that was related to her, but she conceived a degree of inquietude and distrust which inspired her with a real aversion for Zuma. This enmity became the stronger when she found that Zuma was immoveably fixed in the good graces of the vice-queen, who daily testified more and more attachment towards the object of so much hatred, injustice, and calumny. Zuma, on her part, entertained the tenderest affection for the countess: nevertheless, to avoid disagreeable scenes, she almost wholly confined herself to her own chamber, and seldom appeared except when the countess required her services.

The viceroy spared no endeavours to render himself beloved by the Indians; but the latter had known instances of several viceroys having manifested mildness, justice, and affability at the commencement of their government, who afterwards belied all these happy promises. Thus the real goodness of the count made no favourable impression upon them. They regarded it as hypocrisy or weakness occasioned by fear on account of the sudden death of the secretary of his predecessor.

The countess had now resided about four months at Lima, and a visible decline had taken place in her health. This distressing change was at first attributed to the burning heat of the climate; but her indisposition daily augmented, alarm was entertained for her safety, and she was at length suddenly attacked with a tertian fever. Every remedy known at that period was employed without effect. The anxiety of Beatrice knew no bounds; she privately questioned the physician who had come from Spain in the suite of the viceroy, but who, regarding the case as hopeless, spoke in a mysterious way, and even hinted that he attributed the illness of the countess to some extraordinary cause, of which he could give no account. His air of dismay and apparent wish to conceal his real opinion, all tended to inspire Beatrice with the horrible idea, that her friend was dying by the effect of slow poison. She enjoyed not a moment's rest: though she cautiously hid her suspicions from the countess, and even from the count, yet she found it impossible to dissemble with two of the countess's women, who used every effort to strengthen the notion she had imbibed. But who could have committed this horrible crime? None but Zuma—Zuma, who was privileged to enter the apartment of the vice-queen at every hour. But Zuma, whom the countess had overwhelmed with acts of bounty, what interest could have prompted her to this atrocity? Hatred is ever ready with replies to serve her own purposes. Zuma was hypocritical, vain, and ambitious, and she moreover entertained a secret and criminal passion for the viceroy. In

a word, she was an Indian, and had been familiarized from her infancy with the blackest of crimes.

Beatrice for some time laboured to repel these horrible suspicions, but she beheld the existence of her friend rapidly declining, and her terror no longer allowed her to reason and observe with her own eyes; she lent a ready ear to every accusation, and gave credit to the most extravagant calumny. In the mean time the viceroy experienced the bitterest anguish of mind; and without imagining the commission of any crime, he felt the utmost alarm at the long continuation of the countess's indisposition. However, a favourable change in the state of the patient kindled a ray of hope, which beamed for the space of a day or two. The physician, overjoyed, pronounced her recovery to be almost certain; suspicion gradually slumbered, and Beatrice seemed restored to new existence. She did not, however, revoke the private orders she had given for secretly watching Zuma, and never permitted her to enter the chamber in which were deposited the various medicinal draughts prepared for the countess.

Amidst all these different agitations, the thoughts of the innocent and sensible Zuma were turned wholly on the vice-queen, whom she loved with all the sincerity of a pure and grateful soul. She was afflicted to the utmost on reflecting, that there existed an infallible remedy to which she dared not direct her. Zuma well knew the horrible oaths by which the Indians had bound themselves never to reveal this secret. Had her own life alone been marked out as the sacrifice, she would not for a moment have hesitated to divulge all she knew; but her husband and her son must have been the certain victims of such a declaration: finally, she was aware that the vindictive Ximeo, the better to insure himself of her discretion, had placed her beloved child as a hostage in the hands of the ferocious Azan, and Thamis, another Indian chief, who, though less cruel than Azan, was animated by an equal hatred of the Spaniards. Zuma, therefore, dared not confide her grief to Mirván; she smothered her tears, and deplored her fate in silence. Her affliction was suddenly increased, for the feeble hope which had been entertained of the countess's recovery soon vanished; the fever returned with redoubled violence; the physician declared her life to be in danger, and that the countess could not support another such attack, should it be renewed within twelve days or a fortnight. Universal dismay prevailed throughout the palace. This cruel declaration plunged the count and Beatrice into despair, and rent the heart of Zuma. The vice-queen, who was fully aware of her situation, manifested as much courage as gentleness and piety; the resignation of the happiest life, when accompanied by the consciousness of perfect purity, is always a calm sacrifice: she received, by her own desire, all the sacraments. She took a tender farewell of her friend and husband, having exhorted the latter to watch over the happiness of the Indians, and particularly that of her dear Zuma; and she resigned herself wholly to the consolations of religion. Zuma, who had been

a witness to this pathetic scene, could no longer withstand the excess of her grief; her health, which had been in a declining state for the space of three months, now yielded to the weight of her affliction, and she was attacked that very evening with the disorder which threatened the life of the countess, the tertian fever. After she had sustained two or three violent attacks, Mirvan, with the consent of the Indians, secretly conveyed to her the precious powder which was to operate her cure; on condition, however, that she should not be entrusted with it in any large quantity, but should daily receive an allowance sufficient for one dose. Zuma received in the morning the first dose, which was to be taken before she retired to rest in the evening. When she was alone, she looked steadfastly on the powder; her countenance was bathed in tears, and raising her eyes to Heaven, "Great God," she exclaimed, "I am inspired by thee!—I can only save her by sacrificing my own life; my resolution is fixed—I will never disclose the mighty secret. My death will expiate my compassion, even in their eyes; besides, they will never suspect such an act of devotion, and will attribute her cure to the help of medicine. I shall neither endanger the safety of Mirvan nor my child; I shall not betray the secrets of my countrymen: I shall die, but the countess will live. What signifies the existence of poor Zuma?—and how precious is the life of that daughter of Heaven, who has employed her power only to assist the unfortunate and console the afflicted—that generous protectress of all who pine in poverty and slavery, and whose faltering voice but now sent forth a prayer for the cruel Indians who suffer her to languish! — O my benefactress! even though surrounded by the shades of death, you did not forget your faithful Zuma! I heard your lips pronounce a blessing on her name!—Yes, by the sacred light of the Sun, I swear that I will save you!" With these words Zuma wrapped up the powder of the quinquina, concealed it in her bosom, and rose from her chair; then suddenly stopping, she began to reflect on the means of introducing herself unperceived into the closet where the drink intended for the countess was placed. She had no idea of the suspicions entertained against her, nor of the precautions which had been adopted to render this closet inaccessible to her as well as the rest of the Indian slaves; she merely supposed, that since the illness of the vice-queen her Spanish women had appropriated to themselves the task of attending on her person, either through fear or jealousy, or one of those customs to which she had heard them so frequently allude, and which they termed *etiquette*. She resolved to enter the closet during the night, after the maid who slept there had retired to rest; and in case of her being discovered, she had determined to say, anxiety had induced her to quit her chamber to inquire after the state of the countess. At the same time, wishing to ascertain whether she could introduce herself into the closet without passing through the apartment of the vice-queen, she descended into a long corridor, and having looked

cautiously around her, she discovered a small side door, which, as she previously supposed, communicated with the closet: the key was in the lock, and she determined to enter in this way during the night. She then speedily returned to her chamber.

In conformity with the orders of Beatrice, Zuma's conduct was watched with the utmost minuteness, and the servants of the palace hastened to inform Beatrice that Mirvan had been to visit her that very day; that one of the maids who had been stationed at the door to listen to their conversation, had not been able to collect a single word, in consequence of the low tone of voice in which they discoursed, but that Mirvan was excessively agitated on departing; that Zuma had descended the staircase, had searched about the corridor, examining every door, and that on discovering that which led into the closet, she indicated evident signs of fear lest she should be surprised, and that she finally escaped to her own apartment. Beatrice shuddered at this recital: she immediately foresaw that Zuma entertained the design of introducing herself into the closet during the night; she ordered the women to warn her of the moment when Zuma should quit her chamber, and, at the same time, directed them to avoid entering the closet, and to leave the key in the door. Beatrice without delay communicated all she had heard to the viceroy, who, without adopting her suspicions, was nevertheless filled with amazement at the story, and agreed to conceal himself in the closet.

About one hour after sunset, the servants came to inform Beatrice that Zuma was descending the staircase, but without any light, and with all the precautions of mystery and fear. Beatrice and the count immediately proceeded to their place of concealment. In a few moments they heard the door gently open, and Zuma appeared. She was pale and trembling; she walked slowly and with apparent effort. She looked around the chamber with a countenance which announced distress and fear; she listened for some time at the door which communicated with the apartment of the vice-queen; all was silent. Zuma then approached the table, on which a medicinal draught had been placed in a decanter of crystal, for the purpose of being administered to the countess; she drew from her bosom the paper containing the quinquina powder, opened it, and shook the powder into the decanter. The viceroy, seized with horror, rushed into the closet, exclaiming, "Wretched woman! what have you thrown into the liquor?" At this unexpected sight, at this terrible question, Zuma started with dismay, the decanter fell from her hands and shivered in pieces; she threw herself into a chair, uttering the words, *I am undone!*—and swooned away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

MANNERS OF THE NEW-ZEALANDERS.

(From NICHOLAS's *Narrative of a Voyage to New-Zealand.*)

NEW-ZEALAND is as little if not the least known of the South Sea Islands, though it assumes a high rank among them, both from its great extent and natural capacity for improvement. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, principal chaplain of New South Wales, having determined, with all the zeal of a missionary and the benevolence of a Christian, to carry civilization into this region, sailed from Port Jackson on the 19th November, 1814, in the Active of 110 tons, purchased and fitted out on account of the Church Missionary Society, to carry his design into effect. Mr. Nicholas, who happened to be disengaged from mercantile pursuits at that period, accompanied him. In the Active sailed also from Port Jackson three New-Zealand chiefs, Shungi, Korra-korra, and Duaterra, the latter of whom had been for several years a common sailor in the English merchant-service, undergoing cruel treatment from several masters of vessels, and much hardship in an attempt to see King George, for which purpose he left New-Zealand in a whaler, and was brought, alas! only into the river Thames, deceived and abandoned.

In the course of her voyage, the Active arrived at the harbour of Wangeroa, of bloody celebrity, from the recent massacre of the crew of the Boyd, an English vessel. Anxious to learn the particulars of this horrid catastrophe, Mr. Marsden, Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Kendall a schoolmaster, Mr. Hall a carpenter (two of the intended settlers), and the chiefs Shungi and Duaterra, went on shore, and proceeded cautiously, with the latter as an advanced guard, to the encampment of these barbarians; passing on their way through a large village, the inhabitants of which gazed very earnestly at them, but neither spoke to nor interrupted them.

The moment they were perceived by the Wangeroans, one of their women made a signal, "by holding up a red mat, and waving it in the air, while she repeatedly cried out at the same time, in a loud and shrill voice, *Haromai, haromai, haromai!* (come hither,) the customary salutation of friendship and hospitality."

Encouraged by this cheering invitation, which is invariably held sacred, they advanced, Duaterra and Shungi adding to the bond of union by touching noses in the most amicable way with George and Tippouie, the opposite chiefs, who stood up while their warriors were seated round them with their spears stuck in the ground, and paying great deference to their leaders. During the whole ceremony of introduction, the old woman never ceased waving the red mat, and repeating what Duaterra

informed the Europeans were prayers exclusively designed for the occasion.

Duaterra and Shungi, says Mr. Nicholas, standing up with an air of unreserved confidence, fired off their loaded pistols; while their rival chiefs, George and Tippouie, doing the same, I thought proper to follow their examples, and immediately discharged my fowling-piece. This conclusive signal of amity was regarded by the warriors, who had hitherto remained silent spectators, as the prelude to their commencing themselves, and instantly a report from six or seven muskets was heard to reverberate in our ears; and spears and firearms coming together in deafening collision, the noise very soon became insupportable. It would be hard to say which was more tormented during this conciliatory exhibition, the ear or the eye; for the war-dance now commencing, was attended with such frightful gesticulations, and such horrible varieties of convulsive distortions, that to see was no less painful than to hear: yells, shrieks, and roars answered in responsive discord to all the clashing fury of their weapons; and the din made by this horde of savages might inspire even the most resolute mind with terror and dismay.

The chiefs were now in perfect harmony with each other, and the furious clamour having ceased, I had an opportunity of meditating on the scene before me, while Mr. Marsden stood in conversation with George. It was certainly a grand and interesting spectacle. The savage warriors, amounting to about a hundred and fifty of as fine men as ever took the field in any country, were encamped on a hill which rose in a conical shape to a considerable height; and the many imposing singularities they presented, were such as to excite a particular interest in the mind of the beholder. Few of these men were under six feet in height; and their brawny limbs, their determined countenances, and their firm and martial pace, entitled them very justly to the appropriate designation of warriors.

The general effect of their appearance was heightened by the variety of their dresses, which often consisted of many articles that were peculiarly becoming. The chiefs, to distinguish them from the common men, wore cloaks of different coloured furs, which were attached to their mats, and hung down over them in a manner not unlike the loose jackets of our hussars. The dress of the common warriors only wanted the fur cloaks to make it equally rich with that of their superiors, for it was in every respect the same, and sometimes even more showy. Many of them wore mats, which were fancifully worked round with variegated borders, and decorated in other respects with so much curious art, as to bespeak no less the industry than the exquisite taste of the ingenious maker. The mats of others among them were even still more beautiful, for they were of a velvet softness and glossy lustre, while ornamented with devices which were equally tasteful with those I have described. These mats were all made from the flax, and some dyed with red ochre, so that the appearance they presented was gay and characteristic.—

Each individual wore two of them, and some even more, the inside one being always tied round the waist with a belt. In this belt was stuck their pattoo-pattoo, which is their principal war-instrument, and carried with them at all times, no less for the purposes of defence and attack, than as a necessary ornamental appendage. Indeed there can be nothing extraordinary in this, for the same is done in every country, polished or unpolished, the only difference being as to the weapons borne by the various nations; and the warrior of Wangeroa is quite as proud of his rude pattoo-pattoo, as the vainest military officer can possibly be of his dangling sabre.

With the exception of the chiefs, there were very few of them tattooed; and all had their hair neatly combed and collected in a knot upon the top of the head, where it was ornamented with the long white feathers of the gannet. Many of them had decorations which never failed to remind one of their martial ferocity. These were the teeth of the enemies they had slain in battle, which hung down from the ears of several of them, and were worn as recording trophies of their bloody conquests. But ornaments less obnoxious than these to the civilized beholder were frequently seen among them; and I observed some of green jade that were extremely curious. However, I could not suppress my emotions on seeing the dollars that were taken from the plunderers of the unfortunate Boyd, suspended from the breasts of some of them, and all the horror of that cruel transaction was revived in my mind. But the ornaments on which they set the most value were rude representations of the human form, made of green jade, and carved with some ingenuity. These hung down from their breasts in the same manner as the dollars.

Their instruments of war were as diversified as their dresses and decorations, and the weapons of no two of them were exactly the same in shape and dimensions. The greater part of them carried spears; but these were all of different lengths, and otherwise made in such manner as to preclude the idea of uniformity, though there were some particulars in which a similarity among the whole of them might be observed. I remarked many of them with short spears, which served them for the same purpose that the musket is employed in other countries, to attack their enemies at a distance; and this they generally do to some effect, by darting these spears at them with a sure aim. The long spears, which are headed at the end with whalebone worked down to an extremely sharp point, they use as lances, and with these they do great execution in close attack. Battle-axes also were carried by some individuals among them, as likewise an instrument resembling a sergeant's halberd, which had large bunches of parrot's feathers tied round the top of it by way of ornament. Others brandished in their hands long clubs made of whalebone, and all carried the pattoo-pattoo, an instrument of no fixed dimensions, though generally about eleven or twelve inches long, and

four broad. In shape it bears some resemblance to the battledore, but is worked out to a sharp edge, and one blow from it would instantly sever the hardest skull. They employ them for the purpose of knocking down their enemies when they come to close combat, and indeed no weapon can do this more effectually. Those I have seen were variously made of the whalebone, the green jade, and a dark-coloured stone susceptible of a high polish. The ingenuity they evince in making these weapons is really surprising; and I am fully convinced that none of our best mechanics, with all the aid of suitable tools, could finish a more complete piece of workmanship in this line, than one of these savages, whose whole technical apparatus consists of a shell or a sharp stone. Tippouie, who, I must now observe, was the brother of George, had a weapon of this description, which he had beat out of some bar-iron, and the polish it displayed was so very fine, that I could not have thought it possible for it to have been effected by the simple process of a New-Zealander, had I not many other proofs of the astonishing ingenuity of these people. Thus did the savage instruments of death present themselves to my view in every shape, and the scene gave rise to many powerful sensations.

The fated crew of the Boyd were still present in my mind; and the idea that I was at that very moment surrounded by the cannibals who had butchered them, and had seen the very weapons that had effected their slaughter, caused a chilling horror to pervade my frame; while looking only at the deed itself, I never once considered that it might have been provoked.

But while my mind was thus agitated with the reflections produced by this shocking massacre, I contemplated with surprise the faces of the perpetrators. Never did I behold any, with the exception of one countenance (George's), that appeared to betray fewer indications of malignant vengeance. I observed, on the contrary, an air of frankness and sincerity pictured in them all; and the fierceness they displayed was not that of barbarous fury, impatient for destruction, but of determined courage, still ready to engage, but always prepared to shew mercy.

MASSACRE OF THE CREW OF THE SHIP BOYD*.

(From Nicholas's *Narrative of a Voyage to New-Zealand.)*

George (the chief of Wangeroa) stated, that himself and another of his countrymen being together at Port Jackson, they both agreed with Captain Thompson to work their passage to their own country. It happened, he said, however, that he was taken so ill himself during the voyage, as to be utterly incapable of doing his du-

* The Boyd, a ship of 500 tons, commanded by Captain John Thompson, was chartered by government in 1809 to take out convicts to Botany Bay; when, having completed that business, she embarked a number of passengers, and proceeded to New-Zealand for a cargo of timber.

ty; which the captain not believing to be the case, and imputing his inability to work rather to laziness than indisposition, he was threatened, insulted, and abused by him. George attempted to remonstrate against this severe treatment; but the captain being a man of a choleric temper, this only exasperated him the more, and it was in vain that the other told him he was a chief in his own country, and ought to be treated with some respect; urging at the same time his illness, and assuring him that this was the only cause that prevented him from working. The enraged captain would pay no regard to what he said, but calling him a *cookee*, *cookee* (a common man), had him tied up to the gangway, and flogged most severely. This degrading treatment of the captain towards him taking away all restraint from the ship's company, he was subject during the rest of their voyage to their taunts and scurrilities, and they persecuted him, he said, in every possible way that they could devise.

Such treatment, it will readily be supposed, must have sunk deeply into a mind like George's, and the revenge he meditated was no less terrible than certain. But whether he resolved on it during the voyage, or had afterwards formed the diabolical design, I was not able to discover; though I imagine he had conceived it before he got on shore, as he told the captain very emphatically, while he was derided by him for calling himself a chief, that he would find him to be such on arriving at his country. This, however, might have been said without any other idea than to assure him of the fact, and was a natural reply enough to his taunting incredulity. But a stronger circumstance than this leads me to suppose that George had determined on his horrid purpose while he was yet on board. On their arrival at New-Zealand, the captain, induced most probably by his suggestions, ran the ship into Wangeroa, a harbour which, I believe, had never before been entered by any European vessel, and which lying in the very territory of the chief whom they had so ill treated, was recommended, I doubt not, to make his destruction inevitable. He would not acknowledge to us that he himself suggested this harbour to the captain as the most convenient place for him to take in his cargo, though from his evasive answers I am fully persuaded he decoyed him into it. The ship being now anchored in his own harbour, the captain, he informed us, sent him on shore, having first stripped him of every thing English he had about him, to the very clothes he had on, which were also taken from him; so that he was received by his countrymen almost in a state of perfect nudity. To these he instantly related all his hardships, and the inhuman treatment he had received on board: while enraged at the detail, they unanimously insisted on revenge, and nothing short of the destruction of the captain and the crew, and taking possession of the vessel, could satisfy their fury.

This he promised to do, and the work of slaughter was now about to commence, while the devoted victims remained unconscious of the infernal project. The impru-

dence and temerity of Captain Thompson assisted that vengeance which his misconduct had roused, and were now displayed in too evident a manner. Never once reflecting on the character of the savage, whose favourite passion is revenge, and not considering that his own tyranny had provoked the most signal retaliation that could be taken, he had the rashness to leave the ship unprotected, and taking a boat's crew with him, proceeded to the shore, where a horde of outrageous cannibals stood prepared for his destruction. The duration of this dreadful tragedy was short. He had scarcely landed, when he was knocked down and murdered by Tippouie, George's brother; and his sailors, unhappily sharing the same fate, were all stripped by the barbarians, who immediately appeared dressed in the clothes of their victims, and went on to the ship to complete the carnage. Arriving at the ship, with their revenge unsatiated, and still raging for blood, a general massacre of the remaining part of the crew, together with all the passengers on board, immediately ensued, and with the exception of four individuals, neither man, woman, nor child, of all that had left Port Jackson, escaped the cruel vengeance of their merciless enemies. It was in vain they sought to conceal themselves; they were soon discovered with a fatal certainty, and dragged out to suffer the most excruciating torments. Some of the sailors running up the rigging, with the hope that when the fury of the savages should have subsided, their own lives might be spared, met with the same fate as the rest of their unfortunate companions. Coming down at the request of Tippahee (chief of another tribe more to the south), who had, on that dreadful morning, come into the harbour from the Bay of Islands, they put themselves under his protection, and though the old chief did all in his power to prevent their being massacred, his efforts were unavailing, and they fell before his eyes, the last victims in this last scene of blood and horror. But here I am wrong, this was not the last scene, for there was one more at which humanity will shudder, as well as the person who records it. These savages, not satisfied with the vengeance they had already taken, and true to their character as cannibals, feasted themselves on the dead bodies of their victims, devouring the mangled flesh till their inhuman appetites were completely glutted. The four who had escaped the cruel destiny of all the rest, consisted of a woman, two children, and the cabin-boy; these, except the last, had fortunately eluded the search of the barbarians till their thirst of blood was satiated, and then being discovered, were spared, and treated with some kindness. The cabin-boy having, during the voyage, ingratiated himself into favour with George by several acts of friendship, had now the good fortune to receive that reward, which of all others was the most valuable to him, his life. The chief, impressed with a grateful recollection of his kind offices, received him in an affectionate manner; while he ran to him for protection, and crying out in a piteous strain, "George, you won't kill me?" he was answer-

ed by the other, who shewed that, with all his cruelty, he was capable of gratitude, "No, my boy, I won't kill you, you are a good boy;" and taken by him under his own immediate care.

Such was the end of the unfortunate Boyd, and such the melancholy fate of a number of people all cut off in the prime of life, and lost to their country, their friends, and their dearest connections, by the intemperate violence of one individual. Not less, I should suppose, than seventy human beings were destroyed in this furious carnage.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 27.—BALL DRESS.

A SOFT white satin slip, over which is worn a dress composed of white spotted gauze. The body, which is cut extremely low all round the bust, is finished by a light quilling of blond, which stands up round the bosom, and a full bow of ribbon in the centre of the breast, which has an effect at once tasteful and delicate. Long sleeve, composed of transparent gauze, which is striped with satin; these stripes are byas, and they are each ornamented in the middle of the arm with a pearl button: it is finished at bottom by a single fall of blond. Half-sleeve, to correspond with the body. For the trimming of the skirt we refer to our print, as we are not permitted to describe it: we can only say that the materials are extremely elegant and novel. The hair is dressed rather high behind. The front hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in light loose ringlets on each side of the face. Head-dress a *fichu à la Marmotte*, composed of rich blond and satin, and tied at the side in a bow of the same materials. Earrings and necklace pearl and topaz. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

PLATE 28.—WALKING DRESS.

Cambric muslin high dress, the lower part of the body made full, and the upper part, which is tight to the bust, composed entirely of rich work. A row of pointed work forms a narrow pelerine, which is brought rather high on the bosom, and ends in a point in front. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a deep flounce and heading, composed of the same material, which is surmounted by a row of soft muslin *bouffoné* let in at small distances from each other. Over this dress is worn a spencer, composed of *gros de Naples*, ornamented with figured buttons, which are intermixed with a light, novel, and elegant trimming. For the form of the body we refer our readers to our print. The sleeve, of a moderate width, is finished at the wrist, to correspond with the body, by a double row of buttons and trimming intermixed. The epaulette, of a new and singularly pretty form, is edged with trimming, and finished with buttons on the shoulder. Autumnal bonnet, the front

rather large, and of a very becoming shape; the crown low: it is tied under the chin by a large bow of ribbon. We are interdicted from describing either the novel and elegant materials of which this bonnet is composed, or the ornament which finishes it in front. Swansdown muff, lilac sandals, and pale lemon-colour kid gloves.

We have been favoured this month with both our dresses by a lady, one of our subscribers, who purchased them, we understand, at Mrs. Bell's in St. James's-street.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The present month is one which rarely affords us any considerable change to present to our fair readers in promenade dress. There is indeed some alteration in the materials, but little in the manner of making them up; for there is rarely a sufficient number of fashionables in town to stimulate the invention of our tonish *marchandes des modes*, who generally reserve their most striking novelties till after Christmas. The few *belles* who occasionally appear on foot at present, are generally seen in white merino cloth spencers, stout sarsnet pelisses, or large India scarfs, which are put on shawl fashion, and wrapped very closely round the bust.

Our researches have served to furnish us with only one elegant novelty in promenade dress, and that we have presented to our readers in our print. We must, however, observe, that this dress is as generally adopted for carriage costume, for which it is certainly very appropriate, as for the promenade.

Plain walking bonnets, composed of Leghorn, are still considered genteel, but they are beginning to be superseded by beaver, which are much in request, with silk pelisses or cloth spencers. They are generally lined and trimmed with satin to match the trimming of the spencer or pelisse, and ornamented with a full plume of low feathers, which are of the same colour as the bonnet, but tipped at the ends to correspond with the trimming. They are of various shapes, but that called the French is most fashionable.

Carriage dress is lighter than we remember it at this season in general. Black satin spencers and shawl pelisses are generally worn over cambric dresses; the former are made in a similar style to the one given in our print, and their effect on white dresses is uncommonly rich and elegant. The pelisses which are in imitation of Cachemire, are made in a style of uncommon simplicity: the back is plain, the fulness thrown very much behind; they fit the shape exactly in front, and have in general a little collar, which comes close round the throat. A plain long sleeve, bound at the wrist with ribbon, which is generally the trimming used for these pelisses; they are edged with it. Swansdown muffs and tippets are invariable appendages to these pelisses; and the very elegant bonnet given in our print is also much worn with them.

Cambric muslin is still in the highest request for dishabille, but striped or jaconot muslin is very little worn. We saw the other day a new morning dress, the effect of which was whimsical, but rather

advantageous to the figure: the skirt is flounced pretty high, the body fastened behind, the back is full, and so is the lower part of the front. It is finished round the throat by three rouleaus of clear muslin, which completely envelope the throat, and stand up round the chin. A piece of muslin, which is cut in the form of a half-handkerchief, is put on as a pelerine: it is open and crosses behind, and comes straight down the front on each side till it meets the top flounce. This curious kind of pelerine is also flounced; and although the quantity of trimming, which, we must observe, ought to be soft muslin, is rather detrimental to a very little figure, to *belles* of a tolerable size it is becoming, and if made in light materials would have a most graceful effect.

Before we proceed to speak of dinner dress, we must express a hope, that we shall soon have some novelties in trimming to present to our fair readers. Much has been already done for the relief of our distressed manufacturers, but we grieve to say that much yet remains to be done. Fancy trimmings used to give employment to hundreds of industrious tradespeople, who are now starving, and the far greater part of them being females, are absolutely incapable of gaining a livelihood in any other way. We have heard with pleasure, that several ladies of distinguished rank have expressly ordered a fashionable *marchande des modes*, who is employed by them, to use fancy trimmings for their dresses during the winter. We hope this example will be generally followed.

Muslin is now little worn for dinner dress, but silks, satins, and poplins are universally in request.—Waists still continue very short, backs are as broad as ever, and sleeves in general of a moderate breadth. Bodies now always correspond in colour with the skirts, but they are frequently made of satin for either sarsnet or poplin skirts. Three-quarter high bodies are very much in request for dinner dress, and *fichus* are more worn than they have been for some years. Blond, satin, and ribbon still continue the favourite trimmings; British net is also in considerable request. Embroidered and shaded ribbons are much used, and are frequently so disposed as to have a very novel appearance. British net, when used for flounces, is frequently surmounted by corkscrew-rolls of shaded ribbon; and the edges of these flounces are sometimes scolloped, and slightly embroidered either in floss, silk, or chenille, which has an uncommonly pretty effect.

Gauzes of every description, that is to say, plain, striped, sprigged, and spotted, are in estimation for full dress. Coloured satins, trimmed either with blond, British net, or rouleaus of white satin, are worn by matronly ladies, as are also coloured crapes over white satin.

Cornettes for half dress are made much lower than they were in the crown, and consequently more becoming. They are sometimes quartered by rouleaus of satin, sometimes by corkscrew-rolls of shaded ribbon. One of the prettiest which we have seen was composed of blond, with corkscrew-rolls of blush-coloured ribbon spotted with white. A piece of blond, let in very full

round the top of the crown, was confined by small rosettes of the same coloured ribbon: it is trimmed with narrow blond, tied under the chin with ribbon to correspond, and finished by a single Provence rose placed at one side.

The hair is very little seen in half dress; a few light ringlets just peep out on each side from under the cap, which is generally placed so forward as to shade the forehead. A few ladies adopt the Grecian style of braiding their hair, but this fashion is too generally unbecoming to be universally adopted.

The hind hair continues to be still worn rather high, but it is variously disposed in front. The most prevailing fashion is that given in our print, but some ladies intermix their ringlets with braids of platted hair. Sometimes a string of pearls twisted round one of these braids, forms the only ornament of the hair in full dress. The effect is very striking in dark hair.

Toques continue to be fashionable in full dress, and artificial flowers are in very great request. We should be glad to see them worn in smaller quantities, for the garlands, diadems, and large wreaths in which they are generally disposed, have, we think, much too glaring an effect.

In half-dress jewellery, coral increases in favour. Coloured stones are already very prevalent in full-dress jewellery.

Fashionable colours for the month are, Burgundy, which, we must observe, is a bright red of a peculiarly beautiful shade—brown, green, purple of various shades, deep blue, and bright lemon-colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Oct. 21.

My dear SOPHIA,

I DARE say that by this time you have more than once shaken your head and declared that I had relapsed into my old habit of laziness, when in fact my silence has proceeded from a desire of sending you intelligence likely to be of service to you, and the dear little circle who model your dresses by the descriptions I am able to give you, of those worn by our Parisian *élégantes;* and as I flatter myself I have now a budget full of intelligence, of more value (to you I mean, my dear,) than that of a minister of state, I will without farther circumlocution proceed to open it.

Muslin, so long in favour for the promenade, is now very partially worn; it has been superseded by gowns of white and coloured merino cloth and shawl dresses. Levantine has also made its appearance, though much earlier than usual; and velvet spencers begin to be in some request. White, which was for such a length of time in estimation, begins now to be out of favour, and our promenades present a dazzling variety of colours of the most brilliant and beautiful hue. Blush-colour, deep blue, all the shades of rose-colour, dark slate, green, and bright citron, are now worn in dressess. As to the form of those most in request for the promenade, it is simple, and becoming to the shape, provided the lady who wears it is not too much *en bon point*.

The skirt, which is something fuller than those of the last two or three months, though still made without gores, is ornamented either with rouleaus of satin, or broad bands of plaid silk or velvet. The body is cut low; the back is narrower than they have been worn for some time; it is full, the fulness arranged in plaits, and one side of it wraps across the other. A piece of the same material, of about half a quarter in breadth, is plaited in large plaits, and tacked through the middle to the bottom of the waist; it forms a kind of jacket, and has a very jauntee air. The front of the dress is quite plain; it is cut so as to display the exact form of the bust, and it just meets at the bottom of the waist. A very short full sleeve, disposed at the bottom in large plaits, to correspond with the waist. *Fichu* and plain long sleeve composed of cambric, sometimes finished with lace, but oftener worn plain.

Spencers are also in request; they are made in levantine and velvet, but principally in the latter: they are ornamented with a profusion of buttons and braiding. The material of which the spencer is composed is left about two inches longer than the waist; and this part is cut either in round or square pieces, which are edged with either ribbon or braiding. This little appendage is very fashionable, but I cannot say that I admire it.

Some *élégantes* wear low bodies of velvet, which fasten behind, are ornamented at the bottom of the waist, as I have described, and the bosom; long sleeve, and plain half-sleeve edged with braiding. These bodies, which are also called spencers, are very fashionable for the promenade, and certainly on white merino or shawl dresses they look very well; but when they are worn, as they frequently are, over coloured dresses, they have often a bad effect, because the colour of the spencer contrasts ill with that of the dress.

The materials for hats and bonnets have altered for the better since my last letter. Crape, *gros de Naples*, and cambric have given place to silk *pluche*, which is of a new description: it is striped and watered, and is really uncommonly pretty: it is in general mixed with satin. Spotted velvet, velvet striped in shades, and a beautiful new kind of gauze with velvet spots, are now the materials considered most tonish for head-dresses. The forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes* have varied little since my last, except that the tops of the crowns are now almost all made round.

Flowers, particularly China asters, are still in request, but ostrich feathers are considered more tonish: they are worn long and curled; there are generally three; black and blue are most fashionable: if the hat is black, it is lined and trimmed with blue, and ornamented with two blue feathers and a black one in the middle, or else two black feathers with a blue one between.

I have lately seen some very tasteful *chapeaux* composed of striped *pluche* cut byas, and satin; the former plain, the latter full. Plain *pluche* is also partially worn: the hats composed of it are always either rose-colour or grey; they are generally ornamented with velvet auriculas. This flower, so great a

favourite with the Parisian *belles*, is rarely made in velvet so early in the season, but they are now beginning to be very fashionable.

The linings and trimmings of hats are now much better contrasted than when I wrote last. Black is lined always with blue; lemon, blue, and rose-colour are generally lined with white, and trimmed with blond round the edge of the front. Blue and rose-colour are most prevalent for the lining and trimming of grey hats. Many *belles* of good taste ornament their *chapeaux* only with quillings of ribbon of the same colour as the hat itself.

I have nothing either new or striking to describe to you in dishabille, the favourite material for which is still cambric, or English cambric muslin. Dinner dress is composed principally of merino or levantine; and the promenade dress I have just described is most fashionable both in form and trimming for dinner parties.

Gauze is the prevalent material for evening dress, the form of which does not differ from that described in my last. Spanish puffs are the favourite trimming; they are disposed with some novelty in a kind of wave, and are an intermixture of transparent gauze and satin. They are usually finished by a light edging of blond, and are frequently surmounted by a rouleau of satin intermixed with either pearls, beads, or chenille. A dashing *marquise* has lately introduced a trimming of a whimsical but not inelegant description: it is a flounce of scollop-shells composed of satin of three or four different colours, all of which are united in each shell. This curious flounce is headed by a double roll of blond and satin twisted together, and ornamented at each twist by a small rosette of satin. I dislike the mixture of colours in this trimming, but I think it would be very beautiful if it was composed of different shades of the same colour.

Hair-dressing has varied little since my last account of it. The hind hair is I think something higher; the front hair is parted so as to display nearly the whole of the forehead, and dressed in a thick cluster of ringlets on each side.

Toques have not varied in form since my last, and flowers still continue in high estimation for full dress; but wreaths are considered less fashionable than bunches of flowers. Fancy flowers are in very great request, as are also roses: but what is really very preposterous, the latter are generally of a deep but uncommonly brilliant red, and a yellow, which is a shade darker than lemon-colour, and which is also of a peculiarly bright hue. But the favourite ornament with all but very young ladies is coral; it is worn in sprigs, small wreaths of leaves, and sometimes little bunches of wild berries.

Though I am not an admirer of French fashions, there is one I highly approve, and I am sure you will be of my opinion: I mean the simplicity which prevails in the dress of very young people. Their appearance is always neat, plain, and unless of distinguished rank, the materials of their dresses are rarely expensive.

The fashionable colours at present are, green, dark blue, rosé-

colour, deep lemon-colour, grey, and that shade of bright red which I have just mentioned.

Adieu, my dear Sophia! Believe me always truly your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 26.—AN OTTOMAN FOR A GALLERY.

THIS species of furniture has been introduced to us, as its name implies, from one of those Eastern nations where the habits of the people make them necessary—a people whose love of ease has taught them to devise ample means for its indulgence; and for this purpose the Ottoman is well calculated.

The design represented by the annexed plate corresponds in general form to the furniture alluded to, but its embellishments make it suitable to apartments in the usual style of decoration. The framework is composed of the valuable woods enriched with carved work, finished in burnished gold. The draperies are buff-coloured velvet, the pattern being embroidered on its surface, and bounded by bullion lace.

Should it be required to have the Ottoman of greater length, it may be extended without injury to the design.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN will publish on the 1st of December, *The Lord's Prayer* illustrated with seven engravings; also the eighth and last number of *The Dance of Life*, as a companion to Doctor Syntax, written in verse, by the same author, and illustrated with twenty-five coloured engravings, by Thomas Rowlandson.

In the course of this month will appear a *Selection of Ornaments*, in forty pages quarto, for the use of sculptors, painters, carvers, modelers, chasers, embossers, &c. &c. printed from stone at R. Ackermann's press.

The Muse of a Mr. Hamilton has promised us *An Offering*, which is to appear in December.

A History of a six Weeks' Tour through a Part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, with Letters descriptive of a sail round the lake of Geneva, and of the glaciers of Chamouni, will be speedily published.

The Early Minstrel, or *A Sketch from Rural Nature*, descriptive of a spring morning, with other poems, second edition, considerably altered and enlarged, in one volume foolscap, will be published early in March.

A new edition of *The Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life*, will be shortly ready.

Speedily will be published, *An Explanation of the Plan of the Equitable Trade Society and Chamber of Commerce*, instituted at London in 1817; together with Observations and Suggestions connected with the subject, calculated to promote the improvement of trade: to which are added, the rules and

An OTTOMAN for a GALLERY

Ackermann's Repository of Arts, Pub. Nov.1.1809

regulations of the institution, by Frederick Arnaud Clarke, Esq. of Battersea-Rise, member of the Etruscan Academy of Antiquities at Cortona in Tuscany, *Inter Arcades* Filarco Elidense at Rome, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. T. Faulkner of Chelsea, is preparing for the press *A Topographical History of the Parish of St. Mary Abbott, Kensington;* including a catalogue of the pictures in the royal gallery of the palace.

A translation of the Russian Captain H. Golownin's *Narrative of a Residence in Japan* in the years of 1811, 1812, and 1813, with Observations on the Country and People, is in the press.

Madame de Stael's *Memoirs of the private Life of her Father, the celebrated M. Necker*, will soon appear in an octavo volume, French and English.

Dr. George Henning of Bridgewater, has in the press *A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption.*

The Rev. F. Homfray will soon publish a poem, entitled *Thoughts on Happiness.*

Mr. Charles Bell has in the press, *An Historical Account of the City and Environs of Winchester*, accompanied with descriptive walks, and illustrated by engravings from drawings by C. F. Porden.

The Memoirs of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, written by himself to a late period, and continued to the time of his death by his grandson, in a quarto volume, will be published next month.

Dr. Francis Buchanan has in the press, *An Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul*, in a quarto volume, with engravings.

Mr. T. Squire of Epping is preparing for publication, *A Grammar of the Elements of Astronomy*, for the use of schools and students.

Mr. Thomas Quin has in the press a poem, in four books, entitled *The City of Refuge.*

Delusion, a novel, in three volumes, by the author of Julia of Ardenfield, will soon be published.

The Rev. C. Maturin, author of the tragedy of Bertram, has in the press a *Tale*, in three volumes.

Mrs. Ryley of Liverpool is about to publish a novel, in three volumes, entitled *Fanny Fitzyork.*

The Actress of the present Day, or *Scenes and Portraits from Real Life*, a novel, in three volumes, will soon be published.

An English translation of the German novel, *Lawrence Stark*, by Professor Engel, will be speedily published.

Early in November will be published, *Time's Telescope for* 1818, or *a complete Guide to the Almanack:* containing an account of saints' days and holidays, with sketches of comparative chronology; astronomical occurrences in every month, comprising remarks on the phenomena of the celestial bodies; and the naturalist's diary, explaining the various appearances in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. To which will be prefixed an Introduction, containing the outlines of Geology and Mineralogy.

Dr. Clarke Abel, physician and naturalist to the late embassy to China, is preparing for the press a work, entitled *Personal Observations made during the Progress of the British Embassy through China, and on its Voyage to and from that Country*, in the years 1816 and 1817. It will comprise the author's personal nar-

rative of the most interesting events which befel the British embassy from the time of its leaving England to its return; together with his remarks on the geology, natural history, and manners of the countries visited. It will be printed in quarto, and be illustrated by maps and other engravings, under the sanction of the Honourable East India Company, and be dedicated, by permission, to Lord Amherst.

A Narrative is printing of *Discoveries in Africa*, by Mr. Burkhardt. He has for some years been travelling in the countries south of Egypt in the disguise of an Arab, and by the name of *Shekh Ibrahim*, under the auspices of the African Association. He is still, it is said, prosecuting his discoveries, and entertains sanguine hopes of being able to reach Tombuctoo from the East, and proceed from that city to the western coast. This would perfect the geography of northern Africa.

Dr. Turton has ready for publication, *A Conchological Dictionary of the British Islands*. A residence of some years in Ireland has enabled the author to bring forward a large accession of new and valuable matter in this department of natural history. The work will be in a portable form, and accompanied with a correct outline, from the author's own cabinet, of some individual of each genus and subdivision, mostly selected from such as are nondescripts, or not known to British collectors.

An *Oxford Encyclopædia*, or *Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature*, is preparing for publication, in twenty-five parts, which will form five quarto volumes.

Poetry.

SONNET.

Europe! how oft on thy ensanguined plains
Have tyrants arm'd against the rights of man,
Waved the red torch of war—unseen the chains
Which a false glory carries in the van;
Whilst Superstition, whose dark banner flows
Clouding the mental ray, in Heaven's high name
Spreads o'er the bleeding world a thousand woes,
And truth and virtue sink in one devouring flame!
Peace to the slumbering ashes of the brave!
May the stain'd earth, that weeping view'd their fall,
Thy plain, O Waterloo! be War's stern grave,
And peace once more illume the smiling ball!
Hence, ye vile sophists, in the demon's train!
Angel of truth, arise, assert thy golden reign!

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

By Henry Kirke White.

Moon of harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wild surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest Moon!
Now the Night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy,
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
O modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity!
May no winds, careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou shew'st thy face, O harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound:
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds, oh! hear his humble pray'r,
And while the Moon of harvest shines, thy blust'ring whirlwind spare!

LINES,

Written in a Highland Glen, and ascribed to the pen of one of the most eminent of the living Poets of Scotland.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
E'en like a living thing?
Silent, as infant at the breast—
Save a still sound, that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce seen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie;
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth,
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh! that this lovely vale were mine!
Then from glad youth to calm decline
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And Henry's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious Heaven,
A piety sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of time!

And did I ask, to whom belong'd
This vale? I feel that I have wrong'd
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all the children from their birth
Are joint heirs of the whole.

Yes! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her table undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own—
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amidst the skies!

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

Spoken by Mrs. W. CLIFFORD in the character of Britannia, at the conclusion of the Naval Pillar, as performed at Yarmouth on the 15th of August, 1817.

Written by Mrs. J. COBBOLD.

Hark to that shout! through ocean's caves
The peal of triumph rings;
And echo, on the bounding waves,
Renown's clear record brings.

Did not my kindling heart expand
As ever and anon some hero's name,
Borne on the wings of Fame,
Rose with fresh honours o'er this happy land?
But when upon her plumes of flame
My Nelson's flag of conquest rode,
Maternal pride, maternal feeling glow'd;

I felt each thought aspire
With more than patriot fire,
And own'd, in ev'ry wreath by Nelson won,
A mother's triumph in her fav'rite son.

When victory's exulting tone
Came mingled with the deadly groan;
When, ere it swell'd, the song of joy
Was hush'd into a lengthen'd sigh;
When the mute glance, and choking breath,
In silence told a hero's death,
Loose to the winds I gave my scatter'd hair,
And wept till sadness almost seem'd despair.

Now time has dried the tear,
And we can gaze upon that glorious light,
That in its new effulgence shone too bright
For grief's enfeebled eye to bear;
And they who deepest felt my woes,
Whose triumphs too were mine,
The hearts to worth and Nelson dear,
His friends, his countrymen, are here
To dedicate his shrine.

'Twas here that light of honour rose,
Hence shall its radiance stream afar,
And here its glories brightest shine,
Each future hero's guiding star.
Hail to his shrine, whose valour bore
My splendour and dominion o'er
The eastern and the western world;
And from the Nile to Denmark's shore,
My conquering thunders hurl'd!
Still in his glory's record lives my own,
And Nelson's pillar is my proudest throne.

Oh! well my Nelson's last behest
Is fix'd in ev'ry British breast;
All still are prompt and steady all,
At England's and at Duty's call:
Then let the patriot band
Unite in voice, in heart, and hand;
Swell loud and full the choral song,
And earth and air the sound prolong,
Till Ocean's depths reply,
And *Rule Britannia* echo to the sky.

LINES

To a Lady who refused to accept of a Knife from the Writer.

A knife, dear girl! cuts love, they say—
Mere modish love, perhaps it may;
For any tool, of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do:
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size and merit;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Chip what would dizen half a score.
The selfsame blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight for ever;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hopes of comfort long to last;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too;
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife would cut the moon),
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave all proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss (delicious treat!)
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such delicious fare,
And fond to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—cut and come again.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER 1, 1817. No. XXIV.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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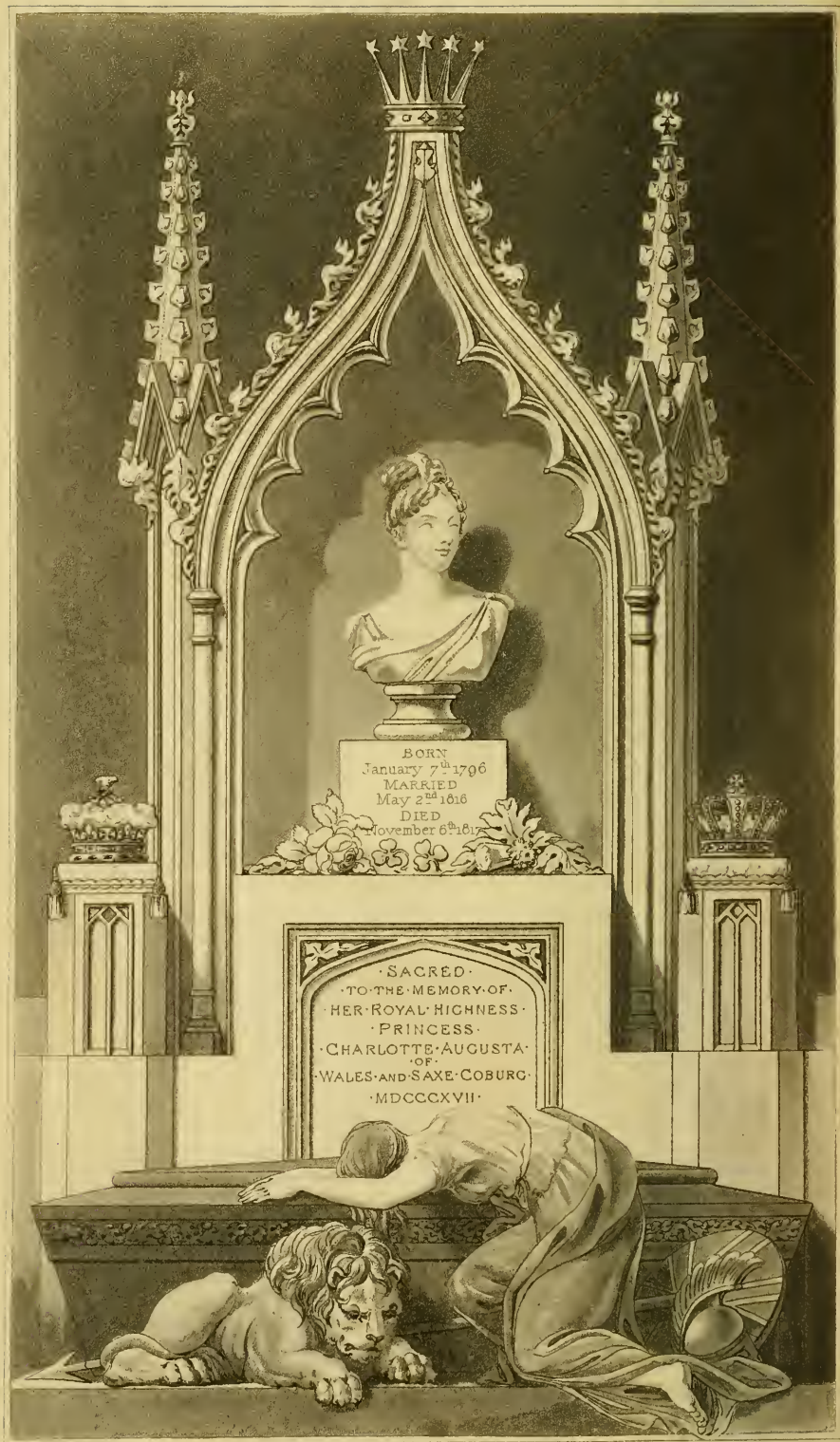
BORN
January 7th 1796
MARRIED
May 2nd 1816
DIED
November 6th 1817
·SACRED·
·TO·THE·MEMORY·OF·
·HER·ROYAL·HIGHNESS·
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VOL. IV. DECEMBER 1, 1817. No. XXIV.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Life, Death, and Funeral

OF

Her Royal Highness the Princess CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA OF WALES.

NEVER since the commencement of our labours have we taken up the pen with feelings so acute, as to perform the task of rearing a humble monument to her who, so lately the object of the love, admiration, and hope of a loyal people, is now a source of agonizing sorrow, keen disappointment, and bitter regret. If, however, as we are taught by the divine Founder of our religion, there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow, we cannot but believe, that our lovely Princess has been snatched from us by an immediate dispensation of that Almighty Power who guides the affairs of the world to his own good purposes; and the wisdom of whose decrees, though inscrutable to our limited comprehensions, it would be not less foolish than impious to arraign. But without indulging farther in these reflections, which all of our readers must doubtless have already made for themselves, let us proceed to place upon record in our pages some account of her too short life, and the melancholy circumstances attending her lamented death, which, though perhaps not containing much that is new for the present generation, who have watched with solicitude her every movement from the cradle to the tomb, may yet prove an acceptable memorial to those who come after us, and furnish some facts of utility to the future biographer and historian.

The Princess CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA, the only child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was born in Carlton-House on the 7th of January, 1796. Her mother, Carolina Amelia Augusta, was the second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick and Augusta the eldest sister of his present Majesty. The long

period during which the Prince of Wales had remained unmarried, and the disastrous prospects of a broken succession, turned the general eye with peculiar anxiety to the birth of a royal heir. The *accouchement* of the Princess of Wales was conducted with the most solemn formalities; the great officers of state were in attendance, and the ladies of her royal highness's court waited on the illness, which at one period seriously threatened her life, and in which, it is said, that she was saved by the intelligent friendship of a distinguished statesman. The Prince of Wales was present on this interesting and important occasion. The earlier years of the young Princess were spent in, probably, the most advantageous manner for a constitution naturally delicate, and a mind which, from all that has transpired of it, seems to have been vigorous, original, and fond of acquirement.

This fact is confirmed by the authority of the late Bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, who, giving an account of a visit which he paid in 1801 to the Princess of Wales, then resident at Blackheath, reports her hopeful daughter, then only five years of age, to have possessed not only a most inquisitive but also a most intelligent mind.

"Yesterday, the 6th of August, 1801," says this right reverend prelate in his Journal, "I passed a very pleasant day at Shrewsbury-House, near Shooter's Hill, the residence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The day was fine, and the prospect extensive and beautiful, taking in a large reach of the Thames, which was covered with vessels of various sizes and descriptions. We saw a good deal of the young Princess. She is a most captivating and engaging child; and, considering the high station she may hereafter fill, a most interesting and important one. She repeated to me several of her hymns with great correctness and propriety; and on being told that when she went to South End in Essex (as she afterwards did, for the benefit of sea-bathing), she would then be in my diocese, she fell down on her knees and begged my blessing. I gave it to her with all my heart, and with my earnest secret prayer to God, that she might adorn her illustrious station with every Christian grace; and that, if ever she became the queen of this truly great and glorious country, she might be the means of diffusing virtue, piety, and happiness through every part of her dominion."

Those of our readers who may be desirous of possessing some memento of these early years of our deeply lamented Princess, will not be displeased to learn, that there exists a spirited and correct engraving of herself and her royal mother, executed by Mr. S. W. Reynolds, from a painting made by Mrs. Maria Cosway in the very year to which the preceding anecdote relates*.

Her first years were passed with her mother, who appeared to take a peculiar interest in this promising and noble child. At a more advanced period she was put under the immediate superintendence of Lady de Clifford. The Bishop of Exeter (now Salisbury) was nomi-

* A few impressions of this engraving, which exhibits both figures in full length, and is 22 inches by 18, may yet be had at Mr. Ackermann's, Strand.

nated to direct her studies, and the Rev. Dr. Short acted as sub-preceptor.

The studies of the young Princess were urged with singular assiduity. Persons who look upon royal life as unmixed indulgence, may be surprised to learn, that with the heir apparent of England, the day's tuition generally began at six in the morning, and continued, with slight intermission, till evening. This labour may have been too severe, and rather devised with a view to the knowledge desirable in the station which she was yet to fill, than to the health which should have been the first consideration. But her acquirements were certainly of an order much superior to those of females in general society. We are assured that she was acquainted with the principal writers of the classic languages; that she was solidly informed in the history and policy of the European governments, and peculiarly of the constitution and distinguishing features of our native history. She spoke French, German, Italian, and Spanish, with considerable fluency. The lighter accomplishments were not forgotten; and she sang and performed on the piano, the harp, and the guitar, with more than usual skill. Nature had been kind to her in indulging her with tastes which are seldom united: in addition to her talent for music, she had a fine perception of the picturesque in nature; and a portion of her earliest hours, and subsequently of those happier ones which she spent in the society of her husband, were given up to drawing. She wrote gracefully, and had a passionate fondness for the nobler ranks of English poetry.

Those were fine and singular acquisitions; in any place of society, they would have made an admirable woman: and it may be a lesson from her grave, to the youth and rank who turn away from exertion through fear of its difficulty, or through the pride that looks upon their station as exempt from the necessity of knowledge, that this mass of delightful intellectual enjoyment and preparation for the deeper duties of life, was acquired by a female who died at twenty-two, and that female heiress to the first throne of the world.

As she advanced beyond childhood, she had trials to encounter which exhibited the strength of her resolution. In the painful differences which occurred in the establishment of the Prince of Wales, she took the part of her mother. The question of her sound judgment on this distressing subject, is now beyond discussion; but she took the side to which an affectionate child, equally attached to both parents, would naturally have turned.

As the Princess advanced towards maturity, parental and national solicitude was very naturally directed to the selection of a prince worthy of her merits and expectations for her husband. The young Prince of Orange, who was almost a native of this country, having come hither when an infant, was the person whom his Majesty, as the guardian of his grand-daughter, with the apparent approbation of his whole family, destined for this honour. For this purpose he was educated in England, and was intimately acquainted with the habits, spirit, and interests of the nation. He had undergone that more

valuable education which seems so necessary to invigorate men intended for the superintendence of kingdoms. He had spent a large share of his life almost in the obscurity of a private person. His family had been exiled from their throne, like many others, and sent to be wanderers, and dependants for a precarious asylum on the tottering powers of the Continent. They had at length been invited into England, the general refuge of fallen royalty.

The prince, after completing his studies at Oxford, set out for the British army in the Peninsula, and made the principal campaigns of the Spanish war as aide-de-camp to the renowned Wellington, the greatest military genius of Europe since the days of Marlborough. This match was finally broken off by some circumstances which have not yet been distinctly explained. The interference of the Princess of Wales, the difficulty of adjusting the residence of the young bride, and her personal reluctance, all given as grounds, and possibly all combined, put an end to an alliance which seemed to offer a striking combination of public and individual advantages.

Decision and frankness seem to have equally influenced the actions of her Royal Highness; and therefore what her ingenuousness would not permit her to feign, she had uniformly the courage to avow. These qualities may perhaps best account for her resistance to this proposed union, which, how auspicious soever it might seem, yet as it did not accord with the feelings of her heart, she refused to sanction with a reluctant hand. At the very time when the nation was looking forward to the consummation of this alliance, it was surprised with the intelligence of its sudden rupture in June 1814, when her Royal Highness addressed a letter to the Earl of Liverpool as prime minister, expressing her reluctance to be carried out of the kingdom at so critical a time, when the situation and circumstances of the Princess of Wales imperiously demanded the countenance and consolation of a daughter. She farther stated, that she had not yet enjoyed in any competent degree the means of seeing her own country, or of becoming acquainted with the people towards whom she might at some future period be called upon to discharge the most important duties. Her Royal Highness also wrote a letter to the Prince of Orange himself, containing expressions highly flattering to him, and assuring him that no personal objections had influenced her determination. Whether this determination produced any unpleasant consequences to her Royal Highness, we pretend not to decide; but so much is certain, that on the evening of the 13th of July, 1814, she quitted Warwick-House privately and unattended, and hastened to the residence of her mother. She was, however, conducted back the same night to Carlton-House: her attendants and household were dismissed; the Duchess-dowager of Leeds was appointed to succeed Lady de Clifford as her governess; and in a few days she was removed to Cranbourne Lodge near Windsor, which was fixed upon for her future residence.

The usual epochs of high life passed over the Princess without any peculiar effect on her habits. Her birthday was for the first time kept at court in 1815, on her commencing her twentieth year; on May the 18th of the same year, she was introduced to the Queen's drawing-room, and attracted the universal eye and admiration. The private life of the highest rank seldom transpires in its truth. But the comparative seclusion in which the young Princess passed those years in which the character is formed, gave unusual opportunities of ascertaining her temperament. The anecdotes of her youth all give the same impression of a judgment fond of deciding for itself, of a temper hasty but generous, of a disregard of personal privation, and of a spirit peculiarly and proudly English. She frequently spoke of Queen Elizabeth as the model for a British queen; and it has been remarked that in her ample forehead, large blue eye, and dignified countenance, there was a strong resemblance to the portraits of Elizabeth in the days of her youth and beauty.

This spirit she evinced in a striking manner during her visit to Weymouth in the summer of 1815. Being at sea in her yacht, the Leviathan of 74 guns, sailing near, brought to, fired a salute to the royal standard flying, and soon after, Captain Nixon, who commanded her, rowed on board the yacht, to pay his respects to the Princess. Her Royal Highness received him on deck, and after the usual ceremonies, she said, "Captain Nixon, yours seems a very fine ship of war, I should like much to go on board her." The Bishop of Salisbury, standing by, asked whether she thought her illustrious father might not probably disapprove of her thus passing in an open boat through a rough sea. The immediate answer to this was: "Queen Elizabeth took great delight in her navy, and was not afraid to go on board a man of war in an open boat; then why should I? Pray, Captain Nixon, have the goodness to receive me in your barge, and let me be rowed on board the Leviathan, for I am not only desirous, but determined to inspect her." The necessary preparations were made, and her Royal Highness passed down into Captain Nixon's barge, followed by her two ladies in attendance, and the Bishop of Salisbury, and coming alongside the Leviathan, the yards were manned, and a chair of state let down. The Princess desired it to be reboisted, saying, "I prefer going up in the manner that a seaman does; you Captain Nixon will kindly follow me, taking care of my clothes; and when I am on deck, the chair may be let down for the other ladies and the bishop." No sooner said than done; and her Royal Highness ascended with a facility that astonished the whole delighted crew. The royal suite being upon deck, the ship's officers were severally introduced. Her Royal Highness expressed great surprise at the space and strength of the ship, and remarked, "Well might such noble structures be called the *Wooden Walls* of Old England!" The Princess, after inspecting every part of the ship, presented a purse to Captain Nixon, desiring him to apply it for the crew, as a token of

her respect for them, and descended the ship's side as she rose, under a royal salute, accompanied by the gratifying cheers of the loyal and hearty crew of a British man of war.

Among the distinguished personages who visited England in 1814 in the train of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who introduced himself to the Princess Charlotte as the bearer of a letter to her from her relative the late gallant Duke of Brunswick. She was immediately captivated with his address and manners; farther intercourse heightened these first impressions into a warmer sentiment, and love succeeded to esteem. It is said that the Duke of York was the first to observe this growing attachment, and to communicate it to the Prince Regent, by whom a formal proposal of his daughter's hand was soon afterwards made to Prince Leopold. The consequence was the immediate return of the Prince to England in February 1816, and his union with the amiable Princess on the 2d of May following. A provision, suitable to the generosity of a great nation, was voted for them by parliament. An income of 50,000*l.* was settled on them jointly, and for the life of the survivor; 10,000*l.* per annum was allotted to the Princess independent of the control of her husband; 60,000*l.* was voted for their outfit, and the mansion and domain of Claremont in Surry were purchased for their residence. It was immediately previous to this auspicious union that Chalon took his admirable full-length portraits of their Royal Highnesses*, which are allowed to be excellent likenesses of both, and that of the Princess represents her as "full of life and splendour and joy."

How speedily has it been the will of Providence to dash with bitterness those joyful feelings which the whole nation cherished upon the marriage of this accomplished Princess! Concurring with her illustrious bridegroom in the preference of a country life, she retired with him soon after their nuptials to Claremont; and in this favoured retreat the greatest part of their time has since been spent. The Prince, an amiable and honourable man, has proved by his whole conduct that he sincerely loved his wife. The Princess daily increased in fondness for him whom she had chosen from the world. Their time was passed in the happiest enjoyments of active private life. They were seldom asunder; they rode together, visited the neighbouring cottages, and relieved their industrious but distressed inhabitants, together; and seemed made and prepared for the truest and most unchanging felicity of wedded life. They seldom left Claremont, and never came to London but on the public occasions which required their presence. At home they were busied in all the pursuits of diligent and accomplished minds. The morning was chiefly given to exercise, and to the embellishment of Claremont and its neighbourhood, which daily furnished fresh evidence of their taste in landscape-gardening. In the afternoon, one of her most

* Engravings of these portraits were published by Mr. Ackermann.

pleasing occupations was to accompany her consort in his study of the English language, in which he soon made such proficiency as to be able to read our best writers upon history and jurisprudence. On the other hand, Leopold, who draws with the ability of a professor, assisted the Princess in her sketches of the surrounding country. The evenings generally closed with music. She was of religious habits, and a strict observer of the Sabbath, as well as her illustrious consort, whose practice it was to read to her after the church service one of our best English sermons. In short, as a wife she exhibited a model to the rest of her sex. She looked up to her husband with the most perfect affection and respect, and he was worthy of it all. His influence over her was unbounded, though the exercise of it was of the gentlest kind.

That she had learned to think seriously and deeply on religious subjects, will be evident from the following fact: A pious clergyman having obtained admission to the Princess for the purpose of soliciting her patronage to a charitable institution, was received by her with the greatest sweetness and affability. She entered into familiar conversation with him; in the course of which she asked him his idea of a death-bed, and how to make it easy. The clergyman expressed some surprise that her Royal Highness, who could have the benefit of much superior advice, should consult him: to which she replied, that she had put the same questions to several persons, as she wished to collect different opinions, and had often made it the subject of conversation with her grandfather. She added, that she should ever feel greatly indebted to Lady Elgin for her pious instructions, that lady having been the first who put into her hands the Hymns of Dr. Watts, all of which she could repeat from memory.

Endeared to the nation by this exemplary performance of public and private duties, the Princess was regarded with even increased interest as soon as it was known that she was in a way to add a new scion to the stock of Brunswick. During the whole of her pregnancy she enjoyed the best possible state of health. She indulged in no dissipation; she lived in tranquil retirement, keeping the most regular hours, passing her whole time in the enjoyment of domestic life, of which the illustrious couple furnished such a striking instance, that it could not be contemplated without the most sensible pleasure. "Indeed," as the *Spectator* observes, "the happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements and diversions." To no two persons could this remark be more strictly applicable than to the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. The public, who knew the manner of her Royal Highness's life, waited not without anxiety, but yet without dread, for the important event, all the arrangements preparatory to which were made under her own direction. She determined to await it at Claremont, and selected Sir Richard

Croft and Dr. Baillie, men of the highest professional eminence, to attend her. Early in the morning of the 4th of November, symptoms of the approaching consummation of a nation's wishes manifested themselves, and expresses were dispatched to such of the great officers of state whose presence is required on such occasions, and who immediately hastened to Claremont. The progress of the labour was very slow, but without any appearance of danger; it was, nevertheless, deemed advisable to send to London for Dr. Sims, who arrived in the following night. It was not till nine o'clock in the evening of the 6th that her Royal Highness was delivered of a still-born male infant. During this long and painful interval, Prince Leopold was constant in his attendance, and evinced the deepest solicitude. More than once he exclaimed, that "the unrepining patient endurance of the Princess, while it gave him comfort, communicated also a deep affliction at her sufferings being so protracted." She received the intelligence of the disappointment of her hopes of living offspring with equal firmness and resignation, as did her beloved consort with the ejaculation, "Thank God, however, the Princess is safe!"—Though of course much exhausted, her Royal Highness seemed so composed, and to be going on so favourably, that the great officers of state quitted Claremont about eleven o'clock. Not an hour elapsed before a change was observed; her quiet left her, and she became restless and uneasy. The medical attendants felt alarmed, and every application that art could devise was resorted to. No sooner was this unfavourable alteration intimated to Prince Leopold, than he flew to her bed-side, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to disguise from his suffering consort the grief and agony which he felt at the unexpected turn that had taken place. She scarcely ever moved her eyes from the face of her beloved Prince, and frequently extended her hand to meet his. Meanwhile her pain increased; convulsions succeeded; nature was completely exhausted, and at half-past two in the morning of the 6th of November she heaved a gentle sigh and expired, having remained perfectly sensible till the last moment. Thus, in the enjoyment of health and beauty, at the early age of twenty-two, was snatched from this world the lovely and accomplished Princess—

> Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> Th' observed of all observers.

Dispatches, announcing this most afflicting event, were immediately sent off to the royal father of the lovely victim, to the Queen and Princesses who were at Bath, and to the other members of her illustrious family. The Prince Regent, on receiving the first news of his daughter's illness, had hastened from Sudbourne-Hall in Suffolk, with the utmost anxiety and expedition, to Carlton-House, with the intention of proceeding to Claremont, when the Duke of York and Earl Bathurst arrived with the heart-rending tidings that his only child was no more. We presume not to describe the shock which this intelligence must have given to his Royal Highness; let those who are parents figure to themselves what

would be their own feelings in a similar situation, and then they will be able to form some idea of his. Or what language can express the agony of an adoring husband and a father, bereft at one stroke of wife and child? The attempt would be alike impotent and superfluous—for sorrows such as these come home to every bosom. On the public at large the effect was little less overwhelming than if one of its members had been suddenly ravished from every family*. No event within our memory ever burst upon the country more unexpectedly. When every one was listening for the signal that was to proclaim the birth of England's heir—when all were prepared for congratulation and joy, it was indeed sufficient to astound the mind with grief, to have all these expectations so signally disappointed, to have all these feelings destroyed at once, to be called upon to mourn when we were only prepared to rejoice—to have

> All things that we ordain'd festival,
> Turn from their office to black funeral:
> Our instruments to melancholy bells;
> Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
> Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
> Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
> And all things change them to the contrary.

The impression produced by this reverse corresponded with the contrast. Unprecedented dismay, and the profoundest and most unfeigned sorrow in all its varied expressions, overwhelmed a loyal people when the unexpected intelligence reached the metropolis, and ran with almost incredible rapidity through every part of the country. Melancholy clouded every brow, and the closing of shops and the dumb peals of tolling-bells spoke the general depression. In town and in the country the theatres and other places of public amusement were closed; the public meetings and festivals of corporate bodies were postponed; the courts of justice deferred their proceedings; business of every kind seemed almost suspended; indeed one universal demonstration of pungent sorrow and disappointed hope pervaded every part of the united kingdom. Many of the churches and other places of public worship were arrayed in the sable garb of woe, and from every pulpit were paid spontaneous tributes of mingled affection, loyalty, and grief.

The sorrows of the illustrious widower were so intense, that serious apprehensions were entertained for his health. His days were wholly given up to mourning, and his nights were restless. His royal father-in-law, while he himself stood in need of sympathizing attentions, considerately endeavoured to console the affliction of the widowed husband. He sent to his Serene Highness the expressions of his sincere condolence, together with an offer of apartments at Carlton-House; which, however, the Prince respectfully declined, being determined to attend the remains of his beloved consort till the tomb should separate him from them for ever. Besides the verbal message, his Royal Highness is said to have

* So deeply did the intelligence affect the mind of Mr. Carpenter, who for many years kept the Three Mariners Inn at Esher, and whose family had received much kindness from the Princess and her consort, that he was immediately taken ill, talked of nothing but the death of his benefactress, and expired the next day.

written to Prince Leopold a letter expressing the deepest sense of the manner in which he had invariably conducted himself to his daughter—a manner which had ensured to him the blessings and affection of the father, and the admiration and respect of the whole nation.

These attentions, however grateful, could not alleviate the sense of his irreparable loss, and his attachment and respect to the Princess were most affectingly and delicately expressed. It was his practice every night about eleven o'clock, before he retired to rest, to visit her loved remains, and pour forth his sorrows over them. The bonnet and cloak which she wore in her last walk with him, and which were hung by her own hands upon a screen in the sitting-parlour, he would not suffer to be removed nor even touched by any person whatever. Her watch also remained by his direction on the mantel-piece in precisely the same situation in which she herself placed it—in short, the most inconsiderable articles once possessed by his beloved Princess were endeared to him by fond recollections. These details may appear trivial to some; but few of our readers need be told, that the affections of the heart are displayed much more clearly in little things like these, than on occasions of greater moment. The first step which his Serene Highness took towards consoling his own afflictions, was to alleviate the distresses of others, by ordering fifty pounds to be distributed among the poor workmen who had been employed in the improvements on the grounds at Claremont, and whose labours were suspended by the sudden calamity.

The Prince Regent could not be restrained from the melancholy sight of the remains of his beloved daughter, and on the 11th repaired to Claremont for that purpose. The interview between his Royal Highness and his afflicted son-in-law was most affecting.

Conformably with the usage observed from time immemorial in regard to the royal family of England, the body of the Princess was opened and embalmed, and the intestines deposited in an urn. The corpse was then wrapped in cere-cloth, and the whole inclosed in rich blue velvet, tied with white satin ribbon. Upon opening the body, no morbid symptom that could account for the death of her Royal Highness was discovered.

Her remains were deposited in a mahogany coffin lined and trimmed with white satin, and the bolster and pillow covered with the same. The plate of silver gilt bore the following inscription:—

Depositum
Illustrissimæ Principissæ Charlottæ Augustæ
Illustrissimi Principis Georgii Augusti Frederici
Principis Walliæ, Britanniarum Regentis,
Filiæ unicæ,
Consortisque Serenissimi Principis
Leopoldi Georgii Frederici
Ducis Saxoniæ, Marchionis Misniæ,
Landgravii Thuringiæ, Principis Coburgi
Saalfeldensis, Exercituum Regis
Marescalli, Majestati Regiæ a
Sanctioribus Consiliis, Ordinis Periscelidis
et Honoratissimi Ordinis Militaris
de Balneo Equitis:
Obiit 6ta die Novembris anno Domini
M. DCCCXVII. Ætatis suæ XXII.

The body of the infant was embalmed in the same manner as that of the Princess, and placed in a separate coffin.

It was resolved that the funeral should be private, and the remains of her Royal Highness and her infant should be deposited in the vault originally constructed by Cardinal Wolsey under St. George's chapel at Windsor, and fitted up a few years since by order of his present Majesty as the burial-place of himself and his descendants. The 19th of November was fixed for this solemnity, which Prince Leopold determined to attend in person. Accordingly, on the 18th, at six in the evening, the remains of the Princess were removed from the mansion so lately blessed with her cheering presence, and placed in a hearse drawn by eight horses, as were the coffin of the infant and urn in a mourning coach with six horses. Prince Leopold, faithful to the solemn duty which he had imposed on himself, and with a look that sufficiently bespoke the agony of his feelings, entered another mourning coach, accompanied by Baron Hardenbrock and his physician Dr. Stockmar. Three other mourning coaches were occupied by the principal attendants of the illustrious pair. The procession, headed by upwards of thirty horsemen, three abreast, and followed by a party of the 10th dragoons, and a great concourse of persons on horseback and on foot, took the road over Walton bridge. The bells of the different towns and villages through which it passed tolled in solemn sounds, and the roads were thronged with spectators.—At Egham the escort of the 10th regiment was relieved by a detachment of the royal horse-guards. The melancholy cavalcade did not reach Windsor till two o'clock in the morning. Till this moment the moon had shone brightly all the way from Claremont; but now the sky became overcast; the moon was enveloped in clouds, and darkness ensued—a sudden change which visibly affected thousands of spectators. The body of the infant and the urn were immediately conveyed to St. George's chapel, where they were received by the dean, and lowered by the yeomen of the guard into the royal cemetery, and there deposited temporarily upon a shelf, previously to being placed on the coffin of the Princess. The latter was received at the Lower Lodge by the yeomen of the guard, and deposited in an apartment fitted up in a style of state. A large black velvet pall, with a broad white border, covered the coffin and reached to the floor, which, as well as every other part of the room, was covered with black cloth. Upon the coffin was the coronet, and at the head against the wall a large silk escutcheon. Three large wax-candles burned on either side, and many smaller ones were attached to the walls of the apartment. To those who were acquainted with the habits of the lamented Princess when she resided in these apartments, it was a mournful reflection, that the room so solemnly dedicated to her funeral honours was formerly her dining-room.—Here she lived in a course of improving occupation, of healthful exercise, of cheerful and innocent recreations. Here she prepared herself for that career of honourable and happy duties, the performance of which, in the spirit of purity and affection, has so endeared her to the people of Britain.

In the evening of the 19th, about seven o'clock, the whole regiment of horse-guards marched into Windsor, and formed in single files on each side of the High-street and Castle-street. The foot-guards also were stationed by the outer gate of the castle within the walls and in the interior of St. George's chapel. The crowd assembled in the streets, at the windows, and in every situation where a glimpse of the procession could be obtained, was beyond calculation. At eight o'clock every fourth man of the horse-guards lighted a torch, and half an hour afterwards the procession began to move from the Lower Lodge in the following order:

The band of the Royal Horse-Guards Blue, with muffled drums.
An escort of the Royal Horse-Guards Blue, fifty rank and file.
Ten Servants and Grooms of her late Royal Highness and of his Serene Highness, on foot, in deep mourning.
Eighty-five Servants and Grooms of the Royal Family, the Prince Regent, and their Majesties,
on foot, in full state liveries, with crape hat-bands and black gloves, four and four, bearing flambeaux.

THE HEARSE,
Drawn by eight of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's black horses, fully caparisoned,
each horse attended by a Groom in full state livery.
His Majesty's Body Carriage,
(Drawn by a full set of his Majesty's horses, each horse attended by a Groom in full state livery), conveying his Serene Highness the Prince Leopold,
Chief Mourner,
and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Clarence,
Supporters to the Chief Mourner.
Mutes and Pages.
The carriage of Prince Leopold, drawn by six horses.
A carriage of the Prince Regent, drawn by six grey horses.
A second carriage of the Prince Regent, drawn by six bay horses.
A third carriage of the Prince Regent, drawn by six bay horses.
A carriage of the Duke of York, drawn by six bay horses.
A second carriage of the Duke of York, drawn by six black horses.
A carriage of the Duke of Kent, drawn by six horses.
A carriage of the Duke of Sussex, drawn by six grey horses.
A carriage of the Duke of Cumberland, drawn by six grey horses.
A carriage of the Duchess of Gloucester, drawn by six black horses.

All the coaches had their blinds drawn up except the first, in which Prince Leopold moved to discharge the last heart-rending duty to the once dear source of all his hopes, but now of all his sorrows. The serenity of the night, the moon shining in unclouded majesty, and blending her mild rays with the artificial glare of the funeral flambeaux, threw an awful, a religious, and an interesting effect on the whole of the sepulchral pageant.

On its arrival within the castle-gate, an escort of the 10th hussars conducted the hearse to the south door of the chapel. The whole interior of the lower ward was lined with troops of horse and foot, bearing flambeaux. At the south door an elegant and extensive porch had been erected, covered with black cloth, festooned at the top in deep and elegant folds. The body was here removed from the hearse by eight yeomen of the guard, and the ser-

vants and grooms filed off. In the interior of the chapel, the foot-guards were stationed in the aisles and nave, every fourth man bearing smaller torches than those used without.

The pavement of the choir was completely covered with black cloth; the stalls of the Knights of the Garter were hung with the same, in rich draperies; the cushions, seats, and other appurtenances of the choir, as well as the altar, were also clothed in black.

At the entrance, the dean and prebendaries, attended by the choir, received the body; and the procession being formed, moved down the south aisle and up the nave into the choir, in the following order:

Naval Knights of Windsor, in full dress uniform.
Poor Knights of Windsor, in mantles and gowns.
Pages of the Prince Leopold.
Pages of the Royal Family.
Pages of the Prince Regent.
Pages of their Majesties.
Solicitor to her late Royal Highness.
Comptroller of the Household of her late Royal Highness.
Apothecaries of her late Royal Highness. | Surgeons of her late Royal Highness.
The Curates and Rectors of the parishes of Esher and Windsor.
Physicians who attended her late Royal Highness.
Chaplains to his Serene Highness.
Equerry to her late Royal Highness.
Equerries of the Royal Family.
Equerries of the Prince Regent.
Quarter-Master-General. Adjutant-General.
Officers of the Duchy of Cornwall.
Chamberlain to the Great Steward of Scotland.
Grooms of the Bedchamber to the Prince Regent.
Pursuivants of Arms.
Comptroller of the Prince Regent's Household. Treasurer of the Prince Regent's Household.
Master of the Prince Regent's Household.
Heralds of Arms.
Privy Purse and Private Secretary to the Prince Regent.
Lords of the Prince Regent's Bedchamber.
Norroy King of Arms.
The Bishop of Exeter. The Bishop of Salisbury.
The Bishop of London.
The Ministers of Hanover and Saxony,
Count Munster and Baron de Just.
The Deputy Earl Marshal.
His Majesty's Ministers.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
Choir of Windsor.
Ten Choristers.
Eleven Lay Clerks, viz.
Messrs. Grey, West, Salmon, jun. Saunders, Dyne, Francis, Binfield, Smith, Miller, Salmon, Heather.
Six Minor Canons,
Rev. Messrs. Champness, Webb, C. Champness, Blenkinsop, Lewes, Clarke.
Prebendaries of Windsor,

Rev. C. Proby, M. A.
Hon. and Rev. H. Cockayne Cust, M. A.
Rev. Joseph Goodall, Provost of Eton
Rev. R. Digby, M. A.
Hon. and Rev. J. Marsham, D. D.
Rev. W. Long, B. C. L.
Rev. G. Champagne, M. A.
Rev. G. Heath, D. D.
Rev. E. Northey, B. D.
Rev. W. Cookson, D. D. Deputy Clerk of the Coset

Dean of Windsor.
Hon. and Rev. Henry Lewis Hobart, D. D.
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

The Groom of the Stole. | The Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household. | The King's Master of the Horse.

Clarenceux King of Arms.

Gentleman Usher. | The Coronet of her late Royal Highness, borne upon a black velvet cushion by Colonel Addenbroke. | Gentleman Usher.

Gentleman Usher. | Garter Principal King of Arms, bearing his sceptre. | Gentleman Usher.

Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain. | The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household. | The Vice-Chamberlain.

Supporters of the Pall, Two Baronesses. | **The Body.** | Supporters of the Pall, Two Baronesses.

The Coffin covered with a black velvet Pall, adorned with eight escutcheons of her Royal Highness's Arms, and carried by eight Yeomen of the Guard, under a canopy of black velvet, borne by eight Gentlemen Ushers.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in a long black cloak, his train borne by two Gentlemen of H. R. H.'s Household. | THE CHIEF MOURNER, His Serene Highness PRINCE LEOPOLD, in a long black cloak, his train borne by Baron de Hardenbrock and Sir Robert Gardiner. | His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in a long black cloak, his train borne by two Gentlemen of H. R. H.'s Household.

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL,
in long black cloaks.
The Duke of Sussex.
The Duke of Cumberland.

The train of each borne by two Gentlemen of the respective Households of their Royal Highnesses.

Ladies of the Bedchamber to her late Royal Highness.
Women of the Bedchamber to her late Royal Highness.

His Majesty's Establishment at Windsor, viz.
Groom of the Stole.
Master of the Robes. Vice-Chamberlain.
Lords of the Bedchamber.
Grooms of the Bedchamber.
Clerk Marshal.
Equerries
Master of the Household.

Her Majesty's Establishment at Windsor, viz.
Master of the Horse.
Vice-Chamberlain.
Secretary and Comptroller of the Household. Treasurer of the Household.
Equerries and Gentlemen Ushers.
Ladies of her Majesty's Bedchamber.
Women of her Majesty's Bedchamber.
Ladies Attendants on their Royal Highnesses the Princesses.
Attendants on her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.
Attendants on her Majesty and the Princesses.

Immediately on the entrance of the body into the chapel, the choir commenced the impressive burial service composed jointly by Croft and Purcell. The second verse, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was played in the most tender manner, and sung in a style of pathetic solemnity, highly creditable to the gentlemen of the choir. During

this most impressive part of the solemnity the procession had moved into the choir. The body was placed on a platform near the centre of the choir, concealing the entrance to the royal vault. The coronet and cushion were laid upon the coffin. The chief mourner, who moved in the mournful procession with an effort of firmness which only more painfully indicated the struggles of his heart, was conducted to a chair placed for his Serene Highness at the head of the corpse. He was supported on each side by the Dukes of York and Clarence, who had accompanied him in the procession. The supporters of the pall sat in their places near the body. The Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland, and such of the nobility who are Knights of the Garter, ascended their different stalls. The ministers of state, the officers of the household, and the other attendants of the procession, were placed in various seats, according to their respective ranks.

After the whole arrangements were made, the choir chaunted the proper psalms, viz. the 39th and 90th. The noble lesson of the burial service was then read by the Dean of Windsor from the sovereign's stall; and after the lesson, the beautiful anthem, Psalm xvi. 9. 10. 11. 12. the composition of Dr. Blake, was sung by the choristers and lay clerks.

During the performance of that part of the service which commences, "Man that is born of a woman," the platform was gradually lowered by imperceptible machinery, and the coffin descended below the pavement. At the moment of its disappearance the dean read the simple prayer, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased God." The effect of this part of the solemnity was most awful; the gradual disappearance of the corpse without the application of visible strength, conveying a sublime and indescribable sentiment. The third part of the service, "I heard a voice from Heaven," was then sung; the dean read the remainder of the office of interment. After the service was concluded, the Deputy King of Arms proclaimed her late Royal Highness's style, but his feelings would scarcely allow him to give utterance to the form. The *Dead March in Saul* was then exquisitely played by Mr. Sexton, organist to the chapel, while the mourners and attendants slowly retired. Prince Leopold was greatly agitated as he left the choir; his pallid and agonized countenance, and unsteady step, excited the deepest sympathy in all the spectators. Immediately after the afflicting ceremony, his Serene Highness returned to Claremont with his faithful attendants.

This day, which will be memorable in the annals of the British empire, exhibited the spectacle of a whole nation prostrate before the altars of the Creator in spontaneous mourning and sorrow. The shops, and even many private houses, were closely shut up; all business was suspended; the bells every where tolled the funeral knell; the churches and other places of divine worship were universally opened and thronged; and the demonstrations of affliction were as universal as they were sincere. Well indeed may we mourn the day on which the tomb closed upon two generations, from whom we expected a long line of patriot

princes to inherit the triple crown of the royal house of Brunswick!

In person the Princess Charlotte was about the middle size, inclining rather to *embonpoint*, but not so much as to impair the symmetry of her form. Her complexion was beautifully fair, her arms delicately rounded, and her head finely placed. There was a mingled sweetness and dignity in her look; a full, intelligent eye; and when she was engaged in conversation, she had much liveliness in the expression of her countenance. The resemblance of her illustrious father was striking. But to those who have not enjoyed opportunities of seeing her Royal Highness, the engraving from Chalon's portrait will convey a much better idea of her person than any description.

LINES

On Chalon's Portrait *of the Princess* Charlotte.

Child of thy country! to its prayer supplied,
Rear'd in its bosom—cherish'd, honour'd, loved—
A people's solace, joy, and hope, and pride!
Thy wisdom blooming, and thy virtues proved;—
Say, could not these, nor all thy beauties, save
Our best prized treasure from an early grave?
Most loved, most mourned, adieu!—Though at thy tomb we part,
Thy mem'ry is enshrined within a nation's heart.

I. B. P.

LINES

On Chalon's Portrait *of Prince* Leopold.

Coburg! if memory to thee be dear,
And if a country's praise—a praise we owe,
Can calm thine anguish—in thine anguish hear—
That country loves thee, and partakes thy woe.
When to thine arms bestowed, in joyous youth,
Virtue, and innocence, and love, and truth,
All earthly goodness, and all grace was given,
Thy virtues held them—but in trust for Heaven.

I. B. P.

The plate represents an allegorical monument to the memory of our beloved and departed Princess, and is symbolical of that prostration of heart, which the whole kingdom has demonstrated in deep and pious sorrow at our national loss, in which every one has mourned, as for a great and individual affliction. The sarcophagus is supposed to contain the body, and Britannia has abandoned her arms, to weep over it; whilst her attendant, and symbol of the country, the British Lion, rests inactive at her feet. The bust of the Princess, the pedestal being entwined by the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamroc, is surmounted by a marble canopy, designed in that beautiful and English architecture usually termed the Gothic, and of which style the Princess was greatly enamoured. The lovely little Gothic temple lately erected on a rising ground in the plantations of Claremont, by her immediate command, and which now might well be consecrated to her memory, will long evince her attachment to this character of architecture, and exist the memorial of a patronage of art which promised so well for its improvement and prosperity. On small pedestals are placed the coronets which belong to the state of a Princess of England and of Saxe-Coburg; and the Gothic arch terminates in the celestial crown.

MISCELLANIES.

Pl. 32.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XII.

AVIGNON.

DURING the absence of Bastian, whom, as I informed you, I sent in quest of a lodging, I took a walk to the palace of the legate, which, like almost all the mansions of prelates, is humbly situated on the most elevated spot of the city. The lackey who conducted me thither, talked a great deal by the way about an open place near that edifice, commanding a view of the whole papal territory. In truth the prospect of the delightful country, which like a vast picture lay spread out before me, was as refreshing to the eye as a fatigued traveller could have wished. In this place, in front of the ecclesiastical palace, there is said to prevail at times a tempestuous wind, which blowing from the French frontiers, almost stops the breath of the legate, who never expects much good from that quarter. To-day, fortunately for me, it reposed in the genial radiance of the evening sun. How happy did I feel myself, bathing as it were in its warmth on the first day of the year—indeed such is the difference, that it does not seem to be the same luminary as that which throws his faint beams over my native land.

Long did I stand immoveable on this sunny station, imbibing, like the statue of Memnon, the kindly rays. Bastian had been some time before me; but dazzled with the majestic light, I saw him not, and he was obliged to address me in order to inform me of his return.

"Will you be pleased," said he at last, "to go and look at the lodging which I have pitched upon for you?"

"So," replied I, "Mr. Ambassador, I hear that you are returned; for as to seeing, that is out of the question."—In reality so powerfully was my sight affected, that I verily believe Swedenborg only looked a few minutes longer at the sun, to discover all those extraordinary things which so far exceed our dull comprehensions.

"I hope," continued Bastian, "that when you have recovered your sight, you will approve of the place.——But don't you see me yet?—You turn to the contrary side!—Good God! how you frighten me! Ah! sir, the sun here is not to be trifled with."

"Conduct me to the lodgings, my dear Bastian," replied I, rubbing my eyes, "for my blindness —thank God—is beginning to go off."

"It is not far to the place," said Bastian, resuming his report, and, proud of the manner in which he had executed his commission, walking with tolerable assurance close by my side. "You will certainly like the lodging, for it is in a light cheerful house, which happens to face the south. A convenient staircase leads into a large ante-room, from which you enter a spacious

apartment; next to that is a chamber with an excellent bed, and adjoining to the latter a closet with a small library—and all this, sir, on the first floor. But the best is still to come. You will be sole master of the house as long as you choose to stay there; for it belongs to the hospital of the deanry, to which the produce of it was bequeathed by its pious owner. One old woman only lives in the house, to take care of it, and she does honour to her office. It happened luckily enough that she was just coming from mass when I was standing before the door, and puzzling myself to make out the bill of *Logement à deux Louis par semaine*—for I suppose the house is so well known as not to need a more legible inscription.

"The apartments, the furniture, and the whole concern," continued my loquacious man of business, "seemed well enough for a single gentleman; but yet the terms appeared to be rather too high. I could not, however, find in my heart to offer the old woman any less, as she assured me that every *liard* which the house produces, is distributed among the poor. This circumstance, thought I to myself, will give more pleasure to your kind master, than the saving of two livres which he will perhaps have to pay more than he ought. However, as no bargain has yet been concluded, he has no occasion to take the lodging, if he dislikes either the landlady or the price."

I have thus circumstantially detailed to you, my dear Edward, the report of my attendant, because it renders any farther description of my lodging unnecessary. I had already taken it in idea before I had convinced myself with my own eyes that it was worth the price, which, as Bastian justly observed, I should be sure not to think too high, if I only considered it as a weekly charity.

If any thing could have deterred me from the bargain, it would have been the old female steward, concerning whom it is impossible to presuppose any kind intention on the part of Chance in bringing me under the same roof with her. She is a perfect contrast to my charming hostess at Caverac, both to the eye and the heart. That she is pious enough—that is to say, what is called pious in this country—I have no doubt; for she is so hung round with the images of saints, amulets, and rosaries, that she rattles at the slightest motion like a skeleton in a high wind. When she put me in possession of my apartments, and at the same time delivered to me an inventory of the furniture, she kindly informed me, that she should supply me with nothing more than what she here left for my use, and concern herself no farther about me. I am glad of it. She added, that at the beginning of every week she should expect to be paid the price agreed upon; demanded and received the money for the first week, and commended herself to my prayers.

I now examined the place somewhat more minutely, and found every thing neat and clean, but without ornament, if I except a sleeping Cupid, well executed in white marble, under the looking-glass in the principal apartment. By what accident, thought I, can such an article have found its way into this house? It was not till I

looked over the inventory that I was enabled to solve this question: there I found the figure described as a holy angel, with the addition, that it was left in pledge with the first owner of the house for arrears of rent. The collection of books, which gave me at first the most apprehension, is not likely to make my head ache much. It consists, as far as I can perceive from a cursory survey, of nothing but works in moral theology, dialectics, casuistry, and other such like master-pieces of the seventeenth century.

Sebastian lives one pair of stairs higher, but I have only to pull a bell whenever I require his services.

I really think that for my purpose Chance could not have provided me with a more convenient lodging. If the sun continues to shine upon me during the month that I propose to remain here as genially as it has done to-day, I know not what should put me out of my simple course to health and peace of mind. My residence at Avignon will therefore, as is always the case with the truly happy periods of our lives, occupy but a very small space in my history.

For the present I can do nothing better than retire to rest, to make amends for the hours of sleep of which I this morning deprived myself.

A curious circumstance induces me to resume my pen. Whilst I am undressing myself, my old neighbour is singing a psalm, in tones so melodious as to penetrate my heart. Who could have supposed her to be possessed of such an accomplishment? Such a voice from the lips of a Margot, and by all the saints the wainscot should not long part us! At any rate, you must confess that it is much more agreeable to be sung to sleep by an old woman, than to be kept awake by her hectic cough, as is the fate of many a poor slave of a husband.

Jan. 2.

If the owners of this house sleep as soundly as their lodger has done last night, I would advise many of the great ones of the earth, to whom care or conscience, or whatever else it may be, allows no rest, to purchase a place in this hospital; for I verily believe that a transgressor of all the ten commandments would here find the happiness that he wants—such is the profound repose that seems to be attached to this house. I awoke so invigorated in body and mind, that I could even sit down and compose a new panegyric on that kind Chance which directed me to this abode, blest with every thing suitable to the residence of a philosopher: cleanliness, quiet, and that simple elegance which is as opposite to effeminacy and all the allurements of the passions, as it is intimately connected with the relish of innocent nature and moral feeling.

I was disturbed in my meditations by Bastian, who brought me my breakfast. I made a remark on the astonishing talent of our hostess—on which he clasped his hands and raised his eyes as if in pity of my little knowledge of music. "O my dear master!" cried he, "how could you for a moment imagine that such tones could proceed from that

ugly, toothless hag? No, no; the old woman has with her an angel, to whom we are indebted for this treat. Just now I saw this angel at the window, and was so startled at the sight that I had like to have spilt your coffee which I was bringing across the street. Though I would not absolutely insist that it has descended from heaven—for in a middling town like Avignon such an event would have made a great noise—still I assure you that it would be difficult for you to believe otherwise yourself, had this celestial figure appeared to you as unexpectedly as it did to me."

This enthusiastic praise of an angel from the lips of a man who had such a sister as Margot, could not fail to make an impression, which you may easily conceive, upon my mind. I motioned to him to be silent, and without taking any notice of my breakfast, placed myself as near as possible to the partition, where my soul drank copious draughts of the stream of harmony. In my ecstasy, I fancied that I could hear all the charms that were denied to my sight:—the heaving bosom—the delicate mouth furnished with rows of pearls—the languishing eyes—nay, there even occurred notes from which I could have sworn to the immaculate virtue of the performer. My imagination, so tranquil a quarter of an hour before, was now in an uproar. I was heartily glad when the psalm was finished, and I could give vent to the feelings that loaded my oppressed heart.

"How, in the name of fortune," cried I, turning to Bastian, who had meanwhile reclined as still as a mouse against one of the windows, "came this enchanting singer into this solitary house?"—"That," replied he sighing, "must be best known to God and that little deformed fellow of a bookseller over the way. He must be as fond of her singing as you, sir. Only see how he stands gazing at her window as intently as a cat watches a mouse. He will be the man to satisfy your curiosity."

"Indeed you are a sensible fellow, Bastian!" cried I. "Quick, give me my shoes and my coat! As to my hair that must do till I come back." I was presently in the street, and never once thought of the caution given me by my friend Jerome, till I was in the midst of the most strictly prohibited of all commodities.

The name of the man who here traded in literature stood inscribed in large gold letters over the door of his shop, and richly deserved that distinction. It had long been advantageously known to me by a contest in generosity with Voltaire. In a word, it was, if not the celebrated M. Fez himself, at least his son, whom I found, though unkindly used by Nature, to be a very intelligent man. You must have heard that Father Nonotte gave him for publication a manuscript, the very title of which, *Les Erreurs de Voltaire*, must have been grossly affronting to the philosopher of Ferney. M. Fez, before he sent the work to press, wrote civilly to him, acquainting him with the circumstance, and offering for the sum of two thousand livres to suppress the work. Voltaire, however, much too generous to do any person an injury, seriously dissuaded the bookseller from this sacrifice,

and in his reply good-humouredly calculated the extraordinary profit which he would relinquish for so small a sum, and declined the polite offer; in the sequel he even employed all his wit to forward the sale of the work. This anecdote gained M. Fez my entire confidence before I became personally acquainted with him. He invited me into his shop with a friendly civility, to be found only among those who live constantly in good company, and immediately, as if to introduce me to his friends, he drew back a curtain, and disclosed to my view a large collection of the first-rate authors. On this occasion I luckily carried with me an antidote, which preserved me from all the dangers of literature, and from the seductions of the writers of all ages and nations.

Nevertheless, I expected too much from the obliging disposition of a man who lived opposite to such a singer, not to seek, in my superficial acquaintance with French literature, the means of securing his friendship as much as possible, without, however, risking more than a couple of louis d'ors.

To what good account did I now turn many a tedious hour which I had devoted to the *Gazette Ecclesiastique*, the *Journal de Trevoux*, and other celebrated periodical works of the time—hours, which much too precipitately, as I now perceived, I had accounted as lost! I tasked my memory; and to the joyful surprise of M. Fez, I asked for many a book commended in those publications, which no rational man had in all probability since thought of inquiring for; and at last, fully to establish my consequence with him, I desired him to put up a dozen copies of the admired tragedy of the fortunate poet of Nismes for myself and my friends abroad.

The man became visibly more courteous the longer and the deeper he had to rummage among the accumulated rubbish of years for these forgotten jewels. He could not cease to extol my polished taste, and the extraordinary intimacy of a foreigner with French literature; and I really thought he would have clasped me in his arms, when I observed by the way that I was making a literary tour for the purpose of collecting all the fugitive publications, which, notwithstanding their lightness, so seldom fly beyond the frontiers of the kingdom.

"I devote the greatest part of my time to the chaste Muses," said I with a frankness that transported the man; "and therefore I always strive to obtain a lodging near the most celebrated booksellers. I have thus, as you see, fixed myself here in the quietest house in your neighbourhood: the old woman with whom I lodge will certainly not disturb me in my studies."

"No, indeed," replied M. Fez, "though I would not say so much for her niece who lives with her."

"So," replied I, with affected indifference, "her niece?"

"Yes," answered he, with a loud sigh; "her name is Clara. God grant me rest for her! She always draws me away from my accounts whenever the bell rings for church; for at no other time can I get a sight of her. She is a real saint, and yet—only think, sir, no more than fifteen. When quite a child, she is said to have been fonder of the image of the blessed Virgin

than of all her dolls and playthings. Judge then how great must be her veneration for her now that she has arrived at maturer years. She is even said to have consecrated her whole person to the mother of God; and whoever sees her walk cannot doubt it, so modest are all her motions. If you please to stop a few moments and look round at my books, you might convince yourself with your own eyes how dangerous a lodging you have selected. It will soon be time for matins at the Minims, and she will pass close by my shop—then you shall see, sir!—you will be astonished!"

While M. Fez looked for some waste paper to wrap up that which I had purchased, I tried to pass the time in reading the titles of his books and counting the volumes of the *Encyclopedie*. The Minims kept us not long waiting, and no sooner did their bells begin to ring, than the bookseller threw down his trumpery. "Come, sir! come along! Leave Abbadie and Bourdaloue for the present!" cried he, and drew me forcibly to the door of the shop. At this moment appeared the old woman, followed by Clara. The nearer she approached, the more silent and profound was my admiration, and the more loquacious and noisy did M. Fez become in his.

"What a gait!" whispered he several times, "what a shape! what native modesty in every step! Oh! what an exquisite Madonna face! —so sweet, so resplendent! Observe how all eyes are fixed upon her, while she, absorbed in pious meditations, exhibits in every look genuine devotion and serenity of mind. She knows not—she never has known—how old and how fascinating she is. And all these charms are destined to be buried in a convent! O sir! it is abominable in her old aunt not to dissuade her from such childish fancies, and not to admit some good-natured soul to her to open her understanding.—But, my dear sir," continued M. Fez, turning to me, while his own emotion prevented him from remarking mine, badly as I concealed it, "you say not a word! I congratulate you on the imperturbability of your temperament! You cannot fail to attain high literary eminence, since even such a phenomenon has no effect upon you. Unfortunately I cannot behold it with such indifference. The hours which the dear girl passes at church are lost to me; I can think of nothing else but the delightful moment of her return, and then I long impatiently for the time when she will next pass by again to the church. In the long run my business will be totally ruined by it—that I see clearly enough—but I cannot, indeed I cannot help it."

I had too much sympathy to laugh at the poor man, but yet felt no particular inclination to listen to a sermon on the text of my personal sensations from any one but myself. I therefore paid M. Fez for his waste paper, desired him to send it to my lodgings, and followed myself with as heavy a heart as if I had been obliged to read it too. I gave my whole purchase to Bastian, to do what he pleased with it, and never once considered how rudely I treated writers to whom I was indebted for a service which the most eminent and esteemed authors could not have rendered me.

AT AVIGNON.
Near night at Clara.

Pub.d Dec.r 1817 at R. Ackermann's 101 Strand

—The sudden, obstreperous, and communicative friendship of M. Fez, which was of such consequence to me, is their work. To them I am beholden for the ravishing sight of the most lovely of saints, and all the indescribable feelings of delight which it left behind; and I verily believe that the rigid Jerome himself would declare them innocent, if he knew the purpose for which I have had recourse to them.

As I knew not when the service at the Minims would be over, I had no other way left than to draw my chair to the window, and while Bastian dressed my hair, to wait with a throbbing heart for the return of the beauteous psalmist. I summoned all my patience, and nevertheless looked every moment at my watch, cursing the tardiness of its movements. "Will she never come back from church?" muttered I repeatedly. At length I enjoyed the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing first the old woman, and two paces behind her the ardently expected, the angelic Clara advancing along the street. I counted every step, and with the last that she took to enter the house, I quitted my room with my hat and stick, that I might not have the appearance of doing so on account of her beauteous eyes.

We met about the middle of the staircase. I respectfully gave way. The old woman returned with sullen gravity my salute, which indeed was not addressed to her, and how her envious eye glanced at the modest courtesy which I received from her niece as she passed me in the dress of a novice!

I can now say, Edward, that I have really seen her, for I stood at least two seconds on the same step with her. Oh! it would require the talent of an Apelles to represent so sensibly to you all the loveliness, all the graces of her nymph-like figure, all the exquisite forms that I inferred from every fold of her dress, as to render it superfluous to describe the impression which this combination of charms made upon my senses. I must entreat your own luxurious imagination to make amends for my poverty of language.

I found it a most difficult task to descend the rest of the stairs, but I could not for shame help proceeding. The next dilemma was, what to do with myself when I reached the dusty street. I could not well sit down on the opposite post and gaze at Clara's window, which I should certainly have preferred to any thing else: I was, therefore, necessitated to avail myself of the first source of diversion that offered. I fortunately recollected that I had in my pocket-book a letter of recommendation given me by the good Bishop of Nismes the last time I saw him, to a canon of his acquaintance here at Avignon, named Ducliquet. This circumstance moved me from the spot to which I seemed rooted, and transported me with all my profane reveries into the study of a divine.

Heaven knows in what meditations I may have disturbed his reverence, but had I even surprised him *in flagranti*, he could scarcely have manifested greater embarrassment. When the first stiff compliments that opened our acquaintance were over, we mutually perceived that God had certainly not created us for the entertainment of

one another; and in our anxiety to give such a turn to our first conversation as to need no second interview as long as we lived, we were both at a loss how to begin it. He, however, found occasion to break this awkward silence before I could. The festival of St. Genovia, which will be to-morrow, loosed his tongue, and even led to a conversation which proved in the end more instructive for me than I could have imagined. Having brushed his sleeve once or twice with his open hand, he said he was very sorry that it was to-day quite out of his power to shew the least civility to a stranger so interesting and so strongly recommended, but still he was glad that he might hope to-morrow would afford him an opportunity of making the more ample amends.

You know, Edward, that I hate nothing more than a grand formal dinner, which, from the turn taken by this address, my fancy pictured as already set out before me. I therefore hastily interrupted the good man with the assurance that I was obliged to pay particular attention to my health, and must therefore entreat him not to put himself to the smallest expense on my account—I even appealed to my pale face in confirmation of what I said. It was all to no purpose. "No," replied he, "you must not refuse my invitation. I will to-morrow fetch you—it is a pleasure which I cannot deny myself—in good time to the magnificent high mass which will be held in the cathedral in honour of St. Genovia, and rely upon it you shall have a good place." I felt all at once as much relieved as if I had actually digested the sumptuous dinner which the worthy canon had no idea of giving me. I could now listen more quietly to him while he thus proceeded: "If you have this morning surprised me in my every-day clothes, you shall see me to-morrow in purple, which, as you know from history, is worn by the chapter of our cathedral in common with cardinals and kings."

"But, reverend sir," said I, unable to keep up the insipid conversation any longer, without at least tickling my ear with the sound of that sweet name which love had inscribed upon my heart, "have you not also a high mass for St. Clara, who, in my opinion, deserves as much veneration as any other?"

"There you are perfectly right, sir," cried the canon, with a warmth which almost alarmed me. "Her festival falls on the 18th of August, and is very justly considered as one of the principal of our solemnities. Clara de Falkenstein—[I now perceived how much he had misunderstood me]—has left behind to the Christian church a relic worthy of the very highest veneration—jewels of inestimable value, by which Providence itself has explained to us one of the most incomprehensible of mysteries."

This information surprised me to such a degree, that I could not help looking with a kind of mistrust in the face of him who gave it; but as I could not perceive there the slighest trace of deranged intellects, I inquired, with increased astonishment, concerning the nature of this extraordinary demonstration. He immediately took down a well-thumbed quarto vo-

lume, turned to a passage in it, and, in a pathetic tone, read as follows:

"In the body of St. Clara de Monte Falcone were found three round stones about as large as a walnut, and alike in size, colour, and weight. When one of these stones is laid in one scale, and the other two in the other scale, the one is found to weigh as much as the two; and when one only is put into each scale, they still weigh alike. Hence may clearly be inferred how profoundly she was impressed with the mystery of the Holy Trinity, which is one in essence, three in persons, no one of which is either greater, or older, or more potent than the others."

While I listened to him, I became almost as grave as himself.

"Pray," said I, "is this writer, who expresses himself so decidedly, such authority as——"

"Can there be a shadow of doubt on that subject?" cried he hastily, interrupting me and turning to the titlepage. "You see, sir, it is the Legends of Father Martin de Cochim, revised and printed about ten years ago. This excellent book bears the stamp of truth like the Bible; for look you, here is the approbation of the Sorbonne."

The canon rejoiced like a child at my evident astonishment. In order to heighten it, he was going to lay before me some older writers who make mention of this miracle, and confirm it as eye-witnesses: I entreated him, however, to spare himself this trouble, and merely requested permission to note down this remarkable passage in my pocket-book, that, upon occasion, I may confound some of our philosophic unbelievers with it. As noon had imperceptibly approached during this instructive conversation, I was so much the sooner satisfied with the spiritual entertainment set before me by the canon, and took my leave.

This visit, though not absolutely unprofitable for my head, but so much the more irksome for my heart, was, however, but a trifle to the mortification that awaited me at home. For ten infernal hours have I been upon the rack, and am now robbed of all the metaphysical pleasures which I anticipated for the evening.

When I quitted the house of the canon, I saw about a hundred paces before me a much younger and more comely ecclesiastic, but took no particular notice of him till I observed that he was going the same way as myself, and occasionally turned round to look at me. He arrived at the house just as many paces before me, so that when I reached my room, he was comfortably seated by the side of Clara.

That an ecclesiastic should visit a reputed saint is nothing extraordinary; but that he should stay with her from noon till late at night —while the partition cannot withhold from my listening ear their cheerful talk, their loud laughter, and the suspicious intervals of silence that occasionally succeed—and that I must be content to go to sleep without a psalm, seems to me an evident violation of good manners, and an infringement of my right to peace and repose assured to me by my contract. In short, it is unjustifiable.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I AM characterised by all my acquaintance as a female Tangent, a circumstance which never gave me the smallest uneasiness till now; but as I have almost made up my mind to marry, I am doubtful, knowing as I do the versatility of my disposition, whether I can in conscience take a solemn oath to be always in the same mind; for you know very well, Mr. Adviser, that that is the plain English of vowing to love, honour, and obey till death parts us. But in order that you may form an accurate judgment of my case, I will, with your permission, give you a short sketch of my various pursuits.

I had the misfortune to be an heiress—I call it a misfortune, because, by enabling me to follow every whim that came into my head, it has probably been a means of making me the unsettled character I am. While still very young, I thought of little else but dress, conquest, and amusement. My large fortune and, vanity apart, a tolerably pretty person, procured me a multitude of admirers, among whom was a young gentleman who had just quitted college, and who had the reputation of being one of the most learned men of his age in England.

This youth had not the temerity to declare his love, because his fortune was much inferior to mine, but I saw with exultation that I had nearly robbed Learning of her votary: he watched my looks with the most assiduous attention, followed me like my shadow, and, in fine, exhibited a degree of respectful passion which would have done honour to the earliest ages of romance. I must honestly own, that although I was highly flattered by having inspired such an ardent attachment, I had no notion of ever rewarding it; but as love can feed on very unsubstantial diet, I took care that my words and looks should be sufficiently kind to keep hope alive in the breast of my young academician.

Things went on in this way for two years; at the end of that time I lost my lover. A curate's daughter, whose only charms were a good heart and an amiable temper, seduced him from his allegiance to me. They were married; and I felt his perfidy the more keenly, because, as I had always avoided listening to a formal declaration of his passion, I had no grounds of complaint against him.

It happened just then that dissipation had slightly injured my health, and I was reduced to the necessity of making a temporary retreat to my estate in the country in order to recruit it. One of my female friends, in speaking of the marriage of my academical admirer, had laughingly said, that she supposed he was caught by the lady's Latin. I at first regarded this as a joke, but finding upon inquiry that the bride really was a good Latinist, I was seized with a sudden desire to become a *bas bleu*. I immediately began to take lessons in Latin; procured every work necessary to complete my knowledge of it; and for three months I lived

in my library, took my meals with a grammar on one side of my plate and an exercise on the other, and more than once was so absorbed in my new pursuit, that I forgot for whole days together to take off my nightcap.

I was roused from my learned reveries by the arrival of a gentleman who came to take possession of a noble estate in my neighbourhood. He immediately issued cards for a ball and supper as a house-warming. It so happened that the card was delivered to me at the moment I began my lesson, and my master, who was not famous for the placidity of his temper, declared that he never saw my exercise so full of faults. Whether his crossness put me out of humour with study, or whether the precise moment was come for me to be tired of it, I can't say; all that I know for certain is, that I went to the ball, opened it with the master of the house, danced with more spirit than I had ever done before, and from that night to the present hour have never bestowed a single thought on the translation of Virgil, with which I had previously determined to astonish my recreant knight.

Mr. Ashgrove, the gentleman whose ball had wrought this change in my temper, was young, handsome, amiable, and on the look-out for a wife; but he drew a portrait of the pursuits and taste of his intended which frightened all the *belles* in the neighbourhood. You will not wonder at it when I tell you, that the future Mrs. Ashgrove was to possess all the qualities of a lady of the manor in the days of Queen Bess. She was to be not nominally but really the helpmate of her husband; and while he directed the business of his estates without doors, she was to superintend the domestic concerns, to inspect vigilantly the comforts and the morals of the tenantry, to institute schools, establish manufactories, find employment for the aged and the young—in short, she was to be, as he once said to me, a mother to all her dependants.

You would hardly suppose, Mr. Adviser, that I was likely to pass from the characters of a modish fine lady and a *bas bleu* to that of a Lady Bountiful. So it was, however: stimulated by hearing all my female friends declare that Mr. Ashgrove was in search of what he never would find, I resolved to try whether I could not, with a little effort, realize all his ideas of perfection; and, as I never do any thing by halves, I plunged at once into all the bustle of my new character.

I shall not enlarge upon this part of my history; suffice it to say, that a school which I established fell to the ground, because the scholars were too stupid to profit by my newly invented methods of learning to read and write. My manufactory failed, because the muslin it produced was of a very bad quality, which, by the bye, the overseer had the assurance to say was owing to an alteration I had made in the construction of the spinning-jennies. My readiness to look into the affairs of my tenants, encouraged them to take up nearly three parts of my time with idle details, and brought upon me the avowed ill-will of lawyer Litigamus. My servants were continually leaving

me, because they would not submit to the regulations I had established for the interior of my household; and, as the climax of all my misfortunes, I drew upon myself the execration of all the housewives in the county.

I invented a new method of pickling and preserving, which was less than half the usual expense; and delighted with what I thought so useful a discovery, I sent receipts, accompanied by quantities of pickles and preserves, to all the notable dames within some miles of me. Unfortunately, in about six weeks every thing made according to my new method was spoiled; and just at the same time Mr. Ashgrove, in an excursion which he made to London, was captivated with the sprightly Miss Bellair, whom he married, and brought down to pass the honeymoon at his country-seat.

In order to shew that there was no truth in the ill-natured reports which some of the country *belles* made of my mortification on this occasion, I visited Mrs. Ashgrove directly, and was soon really as much charmed with her as I had at first affected to be. There was a grace and sprightliness in her manners which were inexpressibly captivating, and her unaffected and lively wit rendered her the delight of every party she mixed with. I took it into my head that I also had pretensions to wit, and although I had hitherto neglected to bring them forward, I saw no reason why I should continue to do so; in short, I commenced *bel esprit*.

Oh! my dear Mr. Adviser, if you could but conceive the insupportable drudgery of my new profession, I am sure you would charitably allow, that it ought to be considered as a full expiation of all my offences. I no longer dared to laugh, to cry, to eat, to drink, to dress—in short, to do any thing like other people. From the moment that I set up for a pre-eminence in wit, my whole time and thoughts were employed in trying to keep the advantage which a few brilliant sallies in the beginning of my career had gained me. More than half the night have I lain awake stringing together *bons-mots*, which were to be delivered *impromptu* whenever I could find an opportunity. In fine, this darling passion soon swallowed up every other thought; I began from mere mental fatigue to look thin and pale; and I should probably have purchased my reputation of *bel esprit* at the expense of my life, if accident had not diverted my ideas into a fresh channel.

I chanced one evening to be in company with a beautiful Quaker, who attracted the attention of all the gentlemen present. One of them observed to me, "It is not her beauty which draws us all around her, there are many prettier women; it is the simplicity of her conversation and manner, aided perhaps by the peculiar phraseology and garb of her sect. Were it possible," continued he, "to divest her of the two last, she would be an enchanting creature; so sweetly, so amiably feminine; such a character in the present day is as uncommon as it is touching and interesting."

Not a word of this speech was lost upon me. I had been for some time heartily tired of the trouble I endured to gain celebrity. I was

sensible that it considerably impaired both my health and my beauty, and chancing to glance at a mirror which was opposite to me, while Mr. S—— was descanting on the perfections of the pretty Quaker, it struck me that my contour of countenance would render the simple cap of her sect extremely becoming to me. I formed my resolution on the spot, and in a few weeks I was every where regarded as a model of elegant simplicity.

My new character affords me no materials for my history; it was, in truth, easily enough supported. But I suspect that several of my acquaintance found the insipidity which it gave to my manners and conversation rather tiresome, for one evening my friend Miss —— hinted to me, that although simplicity is vastly pretty in a girl, yet when a woman has turned twenty, a certain dignity of air and manner is not only desirable but necessary. At the moment that she was speaking, Lady Harriet Haughty entered the room. "Nothing can be more à-propos," continued Miss ——, "to illustrate my meaning: look, my dear, at her ladyship, don't you admire her air? can any thing be more majestic or striking?"

To say the truth, it struck me in the same light; and without considering that Lady Harriet was a large full woman, nearly six feet high, and myself a slight figure, rather under the middle size, I determined directly to imitate the Pallas-like graces of her ladyship; and that the resemblance might be perfect in all things, I no sooner found that Lady Harriet was considered as a patroness of the arts, than I determined to be one also.

My life soon became nearly as fatiguing as when I was a professed wit, and, what was worse, I had the mortification to create a host of enemies; for as soon as I was known to patronise talent, all who had, or who thought they had any, applied to me. These applications soon became so numerous, that the goddess of wisdom herself could scarcely have decided their pretensions; and I verily believe that if she had done so in *propria persona*, they would have caviled at the justice of her decision.

You will readily suppose, Mr. Adviser, that I found it impossible to please them. I was soon attacked both in verse and prose; my taste was pronounced bad, my judgment worse; I was accused of envy, of want of candour, and finally of want of sense.

I bore all this pretty patiently, because I had, as I supposed, a means to refute it. I had written a volume of essays on taste, interspersed with accounts of, and criticisms on, some of the most celebrated works of art. This volume I intended to publish anonymously; and when the fame of its author was noised abroad, which I made no doubt would soon be the case, I intended to burst from my concealment; and after having given so signal a proof of my being entitled to rank among the most illustrious patronesses of the arts, I expected to see my unjust calumniators covered with confusion.

Eager to enjoy the triumph which I supposed awaited me, I hastened to have my work printed; its fate

did indeed decide my pretensions, but in a very different way from what I had hoped: two copies only were sold; and even the reviewers, to each of whom my publisher had sent a copy, had the cruelty to notice it only to recommend to its fair author to use in future a needle instead of a pen. This circumstance determined me to abjure the arts for ever.

An interregnum, if I may so express myself, succeeded, in which, not knowing what to do, I remained quiet; and during this time Mr. Mediocre, an amiable and sensible man, who had known me for many years, but never before paid me any attention, declared himself my admirer. Idleness may, I believe, with more propriety be called the mother than the nurse of love. During the time I had been *tangenting* from one pursuit to another, I had never felt any actual symptom of *la belle passion*, but now I begin to fear that my heart is in some danger: however, it is not yet quite gone. Give me therefore, sage sir, your advice: "To marry, or not to marry, that is the question;" and a formidable question it is to a woman who has never yet remained long together in the same mind. If I should get tired of my husband as I did of my various pursuits, what the deuce, Mr. Adviser, can I do then? since there will be no getting rid of my chains, unless I try to snap them by breaking my helpmate's heart. I have too much good-nature to make such an attempt, and even if I had not, the character of Mr. Mediocre convinces me it would be a vain one. Then, on the other hand, when I think of remaining single, my fancy conjures up the whole host of mortifications attendant on celibacy; and when I consider how galling they are to most women, I fear that to one distinguished and flattered as I have been, they would be insupportable.

After all, Mr. Adviser, I am inclined, if it meets with your approbation, to venture on matrimony. I can, you know, at the worst have a separate maintenance, and there will be no difficulty in procuring that, since, if once I wish for it, I will undertake very soon to render Mr. Mediocre as desirous of it as I can be. However, I shall make no determination till I hear from you; let me beg then, dear Mr. Sagephiz, that you will weigh my case well, for your advice shall decide the destiny of your very humble servant, VARIETTA.

I have no hesitation in advising my fair correspondent to enter the holy pale directly, and I will venture to predict, that she may probably be indebted to the versatility of her disposition for a more than common share of happiness. Let her observe what perfection her husband seems most to admire in other ladies; let her imitate, but without servility, the air, manner, and dress which he appears to think most elegant; above all, let her closely copy those virtues for which she hears him commend others. She will thus have constantly new pursuits, equally various and delightful; and far from getting tired of matrimony, I feel certain she will soon acknowledge, that the character of a wife is the only one in which she has found real happiness.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

ZUMA, OR THE DISCOVERY OF QUINQUINA: *A TALE.*

By Madame DE GENLIS.

(Concluded from p. 293.)

ZUMA was conveyed to her chamber. The count and Beatrice deemed it prudent to conceal this supposed crime from the knowledge of the vice-queen. "She," said the count, "will sue for mercy to this wretch, whom no consideration on earth can induce me to pardon; there must be an example, and I am resolved to make one." It was soon proclaimed through the palace and the city, that Zuma had been detected in an attempt to poison the vice-queen. That very evening she was delivered into the hands of justice and conveyed to prison. Mirvan hastened in search of Azan and Thamir; the hand of death was already on his heart, and he could utter only the following words: "My son is in your power. At least promise, on condition that we keep this secret inviolably, that after our death you will restore the child to my father."—"We swear to do so," answered Azan; "but you are well aware, that his life must be the forfeit of the least indiscretion."—"We know how to die," replied Mirvan. With these words he quitted the ferocious Indian, and voluntarily committed himself to prison. He could easily guess the act which Zuma had attempted, but to explain it and justify her, would have been to abandon his child to the rage of the ferocious Azan; he therefore resolved to die with his wretched wife.

At break of day, the council assembled to examine and pass sentence on Mirvan and Zuma. The doors of the court were thrown open, and the Indians were permitted to enter; they assembled in great numbers, headed by their secret chiefs, Ximeo, Azan, and Thamir. Mirvan and Zuma were brought in loaded with chains. The latter, on beholding her husband, exclaimed with vehemence, "He is not guilty; he had no share in what I did; he was ignorant of my design."—"Zuma," interrupted Mirvan, "your death is certain, how then can you think of defending my life? I am not accused, I voluntarily share your fate. Zuma, let us die *in silence*, let us die with courage, and our child will still live."—Zuma understood the real meaning of these words, she made no reply, but her face was bathed in tears. The examination then commenced.

Zuma was unable to deny the facts to which Beatrice and the viceroy had been witnesses. She was asked from whom she had obtained the powder. "She received it from me," exclaimed Mirvan. Zuma denied this, still protesting that her husband was entirely ignorant of her designs. "And what were your designs?" inquired the judge. "Did you not intend to poison the vice-queen? Why else did you make use of this powder? Did you fancy that you were employing a salutary remedy?"—At this question Zuma trembled; her eyes at this moment met those of the cruel Azan, his threatening glance filled her with horror, she fancied

she beheld him strangling her child. "No, no," she exclaimed, in a distracted tone, "I know of no salutary remedy."—"It was poison, then? You confess it?"—"I confess nothing."--"Answer then."—"Alas! I am compelled to be silent." At these words Ximeo advanced and placed himself between Mirvan and Zuma. "Let me likewise be chained," said he; "I will die along with them."—"O my father! live for our child's sake!" they exclaimed with one voice. But Ximeo persisted.

The judges had been directed neither to employ torture nor to make any inquiry respecting accomplices; they removed Ximeo, and Mirvan and Zuma were conveyed back to prison. The countess's physician appeared, and was examined. He declared that the illness of the vice-queen having baffled the most efficacious remedies, and being accompanied by extraordinary symptoms, horrible suspicions at length arose in his mind, and that the action in which Zuma had been detected, leaving no room to doubt the atrocity of her design, had confirmed him in an idea which he had long endeavoured to repel; that finally he no longer doubted that this perverse slave had administered a slow poison to the vice-queen, and that finding herself excluded from the service of the chamber, and fearing lest the youth of the countess, and the attention which was devoted to her, might in course of time overcome the effects of a poison which had been sparingly administered, she intended to consummate her crime by a powerful dose. At this detail the judges were nearly petrified with horror; they collected the votes, and condemned Mirvan and Zuma to perish amidst the flames of a pile, that very day at noon. They were again brought into the court. Mirvan heard his sentence with heroic firmness. Zuma, bathed in tears, threw herself at his feet: "I have sacrificed you," she exclaimed—"that thought fills me with remorse—dare I hope for your forgiveness?"—"Let us not accuse our judges of cruelty," he replied; "the tyrants who condemn us, deliver us from a horrible yoke; a few hours will free us from the bonds of slavery!" These words moved the obdurate heart of Azan himself: "Mirvan," said he, "be not concerned for the fate of your son, he shall be as dear to me as if he were my own."

It was now nine in the morning, and orders were given for erecting the fatal pile.

The vice-queen was dying; the physician announced to the viceroy that every hope had vanished, that it was impossible she could support three more fits of fever, and that six or seven days, at most, would terminate her existence. The count, in a paroxysm of despair, could entertain no thought of mercy: besides, regarding Zuma as the most execrable monster that nature had ever produced, he was divested of all feeling of compassion for her. He gave orders that a pardon should be offered to Mirvan, on condition of his making a sincere confession of his crime. "Tell the viceroy," answered Mirvan, "that even though he promised me the life of Zuma, he should never draw from me another syllable."

The viceroy did not wish to be

in Lima during this dreadful execution; he therefore departed for one of his pleasure-houses, situated about half a league from the city, intending not to return until the evening.

The wretched Ximeo vainly devised a thousand different projects, all tending to save Mirvan and Zuma; he anxiously wished to assemble his friends, but during the whole of the morning the Indians were so closely watched, that he found no possibility of secretly conversing with Azan and Thamir. A proclamation was issued, ordering all the Indians in Lima to attend the execution. They were without arms; the Spanish guard was doubled and ranged round the pile; in addition to this, the unfortunate victims were escorted by two hundred soldiers. Ximeo found himself compelled to submit to his fate; he was overwhelmed with despair, and resolved to throw himself on the pile with his children.

Whilst the whole city, filled with consternation, awaited this dreadful spectacle, the vice-queen, still ignorant of the tragical event, was stretched upon her bed of sickness, weaker and more afflicted than ever. Since six in the morning all her attendants had evinced the utmost agitation. This at length attracted the notice of the countess; she made inquiries, and plainly perceived that Beatrice wished to conceal something from her, and that she imposed silence on the rest of her women. Beatrice frequently quitted the apartment, that she might without constraint give vent to her sorrow. In one of these moments, the countess strictly questioned one of her maids, and so imperatively enjoined her to tell the truth, that the girl informed her of all; and added, that Mirvan and Zuma, far from denying the imputation laid to their charge, had gloried in their crime. The surprise of the countess was equal to the horror with which she was inspired by this dreadful communication. "Oh! supreme Mercy!" she exclaimed, "I can now invoke thee with more confidence than ever." She immediately ordered her servants to prepare an open litter, and with the assistance of her women she rose, and was dressed in a loose robe of muslin. In spite of the tears and entreaties of the Spanish ladies and Beatrice, the countess threw herself upon the litter, which was borne by four slaves, a fifth carrying over her head a large parasol of taffety: in this manner, with her face concealed by a long white veil, she departed.—Twelve o'clock struck! At this moment Mirvan and Zuma on foot, loaded with chains, quitted their prison to undergo the execution of their sentence. Zuma, who was scarcely able to support herself, rested on the arm of a priest, and was guarded by two soldiers. Immense crowds had collected to see them; amidst the multitude, she perceived Azan, bearing her child in his arms, and making an effort to attract her observation. At this sight she uttered a piercing shriek, a maternal shriek which vibrated through every heart; but collecting her strength, that she might once again embrace the adored child, she disengaged herself from the hands of the priest and the soldiers, and darted towards Azan. Azan placed the child on the palpitating bosom of Zuma.

The wretched mother, amidst a torrent of tears, gave her child the last maternal kiss. "Zuma," said Azan, in a low tone of voice, "summon all your courage; recollect that your death is in itself a revenge, and that it will serve to render our secret the more inviolable." —"Oh! I wish for no revenge!" answered Zuma. "Alas! were it possible to save the vice-queen!" ——She could not utter more, the soldiers came to lead her away; the hand of death was upon her when they tore her from her child, and at that terrible moment she seemed to be offering up the sacrifice of her life.

The procession advanced; they were scarcely three hundred paces from the place of execution. At this moment a mournful trumpet announced the approach of the victims; the resinous wood which formed the top of the pile was kindled: they entered an alley of plane-trees, at the end of which they beheld the fatal spot, and the flames which seemed to mingle with the clouds. At this terrible spectacle Zuma shrunk back with horror; at that moment she was delivered from the torment of thinking on her husband and her child; stupor succeeded to insensibility, and the idea of her approaching destruction now wholly occupied her mind; she saw before her inevitable death, and death under the most horribly threatening aspect! Her strength failed her; the frozen blood no longer circulated in her veins; her face was tinged with mortal paleness; and, though not in a state of total unconsciousness, she sunk into the arms of the priest, who, notwithstanding her repeated but vague protestations, still exhorted her to repentance. — "Zuma," said Mirvan, "our suffering will not be of long duration; behold those whirlwinds of smoke — we shall be suffocated in a few moments!"—"Ah!" replied Zuma, in a voice scarcely audible, "I see nothing but fire, nothing but flame!" They advanced. Every step which brought Zuma nearer to her death, augmented her unconquerable terror. The Indians had already ranged themselves round the pile in sad consternation; they each held in their hands a branch of cypress, as an emblem of mourning; they were surrounded by Spanish guards: a noise was suddenly heard at some distance; a horseman at full gallop appeared within view, exclaiming, "Hold, hold! by order of the vice-queen, she is approaching." At these words all were struck motionless; Zuma folded her hands and sent forth a supplication to Heaven; but her soul, weighed down by terror, was not yet penetrated by the faintest gleam of hope.

At length the litter of the vice-queen was perceived; she urged her slaves to advance with the utmost speed, and she quickly reached the fatal spot. The Spanish guards ranged themselves round the vice-queen, and the Indians formed a semicircle before her; the countess then raised her veil, and discovered a pale and languishing countenance, but full of grace and gentleness, and which was itself a speaking emblem of mercy. "I do not possess," said she, "the happy right of granting pardon, but it is a favour which I am certain of obtaining from the goodness of the viceroy. Meanwhile I take under

my protection and safeguard these two unfortunate creatures; let their chains be taken off; extinguish without delay this terrific pile, which should never have been kindled had I been sooner informed of the event." At these words the Indians threw down their branches of cypress, and the air resounded with reiterated cries of "Long live the vice-queen!" Ximeo rushed forward, exclaiming, "Yes, she shall live!"—Zuma threw herself on her knees. "Almighty God," she said, "finish the work thou hast begun!"—The vice-queen signified her wish that Mirvan and Zuma should follow her; she caused them to be placed near the litter, and in this manner returned to the palace, followed by an immense multitude, who enthusiastically invoked blessings on her clemency and goodness. Having arrived at the palace, she threw herself on her bed, and expressed a desire that Mirvan and Zuma should enter her apartment: they did so, and placed themselves at her bedside. Owing to the agitation, fatigue, and distress of mind which the countess had undergone, her strength was so completely exhausted, that she fancied herself to be bordering on the last moments of her existence. She stretched forth one hand to Mirvan and the other to Zuma, who, bathed in tears, fell on her knees to receive it. Beatrice could no longer support this scene, and she entreated the countess to suffer the two Indians to be removed, under guard, to an adjoining chamber. "No, no," said the vice-queen; "I will answer for them here, and will do so before the Supreme Arbiter by whom we shall all be judged! Oh! leave them here! they are sent to open for me the gates of Heaven."—"Great God!" said Beatrice, "must I see you in the hands of the monsters who have poisoned you?"—"Where can I be better at this moment?" replied the vice-queen. "On the bosom of friendship my mind is overwhelmed with superfluous regret—but these trembling hands which I press within my own, fortify my courage; the very sight of these unfortunate beings diffuses calmness and confidence through my soul."——"O my benefactress!" said Zuma, suffocated with grief, "should Heaven frustrate my only hope, it will then be seen whether or not the wretched Zuma loved you. No, I never can survive you!" At these words Beatrice shuddered. "Detestable hypocrisy!" she exclaimed—"Do not insult them," said the countess, "they repent; see, they shed tears. Ah! Zuma," pursued she, "you, whose gentle figure bespoke a celestial soul—you, whom I have so dearly loved—how can I entertain the slightest resentment against you? I look upon you both as the instruments of my eternal happiness; I forgive you with a willing heart; may you return to the consolations of religion with equal sincerity!" Zuma, almost driven to distraction, was about to speak, and perhaps to reveal a part of the secret which weighed a thousand times more heavily on her mind than if she had only had her own life to defend; but Mirvan interrupted her. "Zuma," said he, "let us be silent; the voice of the countess will bring down the truth from Heaven. Let us place our

trust in the God whom she invokes. He will save her precious life, and will justify us." These words were pronounced in so sincere a tone, and with so solemn an air, that they made a powerful impression even on Beatrice. The vice-queen wished to interrogate Mirvan, but in vain; he entreated that she would question him no farther, and for two hours maintained the most obstinate silence.

The vice-queen, before proceeding to the pile to save Zuma, had dispatched a messenger to the count to hasten his return to the palace; she every moment expected him, and was astonished that he had not yet arrived. She was about to send off another courier, when an extraordinary clamour was heard throughout the palace. Beatrice quitted the countess's chamber to inquire the cause of the agitation; a moment after the countess distinguished the voice of the viceroy; she ordered the door to be thrown open, and exclaimed, "My lord, I entreat your pardon for the guilty."—"They are your deliverers!" replied the viceroy, entering the apartment. All were petrified with amazement. The viceroy held a lovely boy in his arms. Zuma uttered a shriek of joy—it was her child. The viceroy rushed forward, placed the child upon her bosom, and threw himself at her feet.—Ximeo followed him; he advanced, and addressing himself to Mirvan, "You may now speak," said he, "with the consent of all the Indians: the secret is revealed, we have all tasted the powder in the presence of the viceroy; he himself insisted on partaking of it before he brought it here." At these words, Zuma, transported, almost drowned in tears, strained her child in her arms, and returned thanks to Heaven. Mirvan embraced his father; the vice-queen asked a thousand questions in a breath; the count briefly related all that the Indians had revealed to him.—"Great Heaven!" exclaimed the countess, throwing her arms round the neck of Zuma, "this angelic creature would have laid down her life to save me, and she was on the verge of being sacrificed! In the performance of so sublime an action she was accused of an atrocious crime!"—"And the fears of this heroic couple for the preservation of their child," added the viceroy, "made them endure with unconquerable firmness, shame, ignominy, and the aspect of a terrible death."—"Ah!" said Zuma, "the vice-queen has done still more. Though she believed us to be monsters of ingratitude and atrocity, and the authors of all her sufferings, yet she protected and delivered us, and with what kindness, what generosity!"—"She, as well as yourselves," replied the viceroy, "will now receive the reward due to virtue. Here are two doses of the blessed powder, the one for Zuma, and the other for the vice-queen." So saying, the count himself poured the quinquina into two separate cups; Zuma drank first, and the vice-queen wished to receive the salutary beverage from her hand. All present were melted into tears: the vice-queen, already revived by the double influence of joy and hope, received with transport the tender embraces of her husband, Beatrice, and the happy Zuma: she raised Zuma's

child to her pillow, and loaded him with the tenderest caresses; she promised to be thenceforth his second mother.

Beatrice and the rest of the Spanish ladies surrounded Zuma; they gazed upon her with admiration. Beatrice, in a fit of transport, kissed her hand—that beneficent hand which she had accused of having committed an execrable crime. In the midst of this enthusiasm, the viceroy took Mirvan and Zuma by the hand; he opened a window, and led them out on a balcony overlooking the principal street in the city, which was at that time filled with Spaniards and Indians.—"Here," said he, pointing to Mirvan and Zuma, "here are the voluntary victims of gratitude, generous sentiment, and the sanctity of oaths! Indians, their sublime virtues, and those of the vice-queen, have led you to abjure a hatred formerly too pardonable, but now unjust: you have, by an unanimous wish, freed yourselves from the cruel oath formed by revenge; instead of our secret enemies, you have become the benefactors of the old world! To render you happy will henceforth be not merely the duty of humanity but of gratitude; and that duty shall be fulfilled. Indians, all who in this memorable assembly have come to sacrifice feelings of resentment, to admiration and gentle pity, Indians, you are free; such sentiments place you on a footing of equality with your conquerors! Enjoy this glory, virtue has effected your liberation!—Love your sovereign, and serve him with fidelity: let the *tree of health* flourish on the land which will be distributed among you: reflect when you cultivate it, that the whole universe is indebted to you for this blessing of the Creator!" This address excited universal enthusiasm; and the viceroy wishing to terminate the day by the triumph of Zuma, gave orders that she should be attired in a magnificent dress: a crown of laurel was placed upon her head, and she was seated on a superb chair of state; all the ladies of the court of the vice-queen placed themselves in her suite; she was attended by the vice-queen's guard of honour; a herald on horseback preceded the retinue, pronouncing the following words: "Behold Zuma, the wife of the virtuous Mirvan, and the preserver of the vice-queen!" Zuma, reclined on cushions of cloth of gold, pressed her child to her bosom, and carried in one hand a branch of the *tree of health*. In this way she proceeded through the principal streets of Lima, amidst the acclamations of the people, who assembled in crowds to see her and to overwhelm her with benedictions. On Zuma's return to the palace, the vice-queen received her with open arms. She was then conducted to an elegant suite of apartments, prepared expressly for her and her husband: servants were appointed to attend them, and they were thenceforward to be regarded as the most intimate and dearest friends of the vice-queen. In the evening the city and all the courtyards of the palace were illuminated, and in the gardens tables were laid out with sumptuous refreshments for the Indians.

The vice-queen and Zuma were quickly freed from every remaining trace of fever: at the termina-

tion of a week the vice-queen was in a perfect state of convalescence. On the same spot where the fatal pile had excited such a sensation of horror, the viceroy erected an obelisk of white marble, on which the following words were engraven in characters of gold: *To* ZUMA, *the friend and preserver of the vice-queen, and benefactress of the old world.*

On each side of this obelisk a *tree of health* was planted—that blessed tree, sanctified by so many virtues, and which, among the Indians, afterwards became the emblem of every virtue which does honour to humanity. The viceroy lost no time in sending to Europe the precious powder of the quinquina, which was long known by the name of *The Countess's Powder*, but which in Latin still preserves its original name.

Fortune and honours never inspired with pride the generous and sensible Zuma; she was always passionately beloved by the vice-queen, and her own virtues always rendered her worthy of her glory and happiness.

THE STROLLER'S TALE: *Sketched from Nature.*

(Continued from p. 263.)

ON my departure from my father's house, I felt my bosom expand with joy. I could not but suppose, now that I had set myself free from my parental controul, that I must be happy. "My soul," I said to myself, "is too great to be cramped like a lapstone between my father's knees, and from this day I will date my fortune." I trudged on—"the world was all before me;" and as I brushed off the rain from my coat, smiled while I exclaimed,

"The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome."

Determined on the stage, some little time before I left my parents' roof, I had been qualifying myself to become a first-rate actor. I had taken lessons of elocution from a Scotch tooth-drawer; and had studied attitude under a neighbour of ours, a fine figure of a man, although he had but one arm and a wooden leg. I attended Berwick-street theatricals; had become a subscriber, and lavished my father's money in dresses and properties. As my figure was good, I gained no small laurels among the Juliets of our company, who in turn became *Fair Penitents;* and as I took all characters they gave me, from a fool to a footboy, "they fooled me to the top of my bent," and I was reckoned no bad player and a good-natured chap. On my repairing to them the evening before I made my exit from home, they congratulated me on my *wise* resolution; and after partaking of a supper at my expense, they dropped off one by one, leaving me to cogitate and sleep in a small bed at the house of call for young Roscii. Here I dreamed only of enacting Hamlet the Dane. I expected no less than arriving at *double* of Kemble or Kean. Ah! better had it been for me had I commenced playing at some fair! I might then have been punished as a vagrant

with the stocks, and punishment might have restored me to reason. I might then have been reconciled to that situation it had pleased Providence to place me in, and have avoided all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." To enter into a detail of all the fatal consequences attendant on private theatricals which accompany *females*, is unnecessary; I have known many ruined for ever. To suppose that a girl, after playing a tragedy queen or some heroine, will delight in domestic employments, is to betray little knowledge of the human heart. Even the most *prudent*, in their love of shining as theatrical stars, do not object to a thousand little indelicacies, which they can justify as belonging to their *part*. Thus the line of modesty is overstepped: it is true, public notice banishes the feelings of passion. What then must that enormity be which coldly rushes into ruin! How often, from the weakness and misplaced praise of inconsiderate friends, who can see a play murdered for nothing, have I seen a poor timid girl, who would once have been ready to die with confusion on hearing an improper word, urged by applause to actions which outrage delicacy! Did they possess some requisite for the profession they adopt, it would be something; but the greatest part of the would-be Thespians adopt theirs without the smallest qualification either of mind, person, or feeling. I have played with Romeos who have called Juliet their *luff;* with an Amanthis, who personified the child of nature with false eyes, cheeks, and teeth; and been conjured to pity *haggonizing arts*, and to forbear wounding the delicacy of their *sittywation*. But to proceed: the same evening that I paid my last shilling at the O P and P S in Russel-court, I heard of an engagement in the country. I was obliged to borrow some money of a theatrical agent to send me off; and during the time appointed to set out for my *debût*, an affair occurred which had nearly incapacitated me from playing kings "i'the tented field," and I had been nearly doomed to study a prison-scene for the rest of my life. One night as I was returning from Berwick-street, at which place I constantly attended for improvement, and had fixed my benefit, or, in other words, on what play, and the choice of a part I liked best, which was Richard III. intent only upon my future advancement, I became warm—

"Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither!"

I had some time before heard a laugh behind me, but this laugh was now stopped; for, in my recovery of attitude, I had struck a person behind me such a violent blow, that it laid her in the dust, "methought never to rise again." A guardian of the night, fixing his eyes upon me most stedfastly, and my theatrical martyr, who was "pale, very pale," all my heroism availed me nothing. I was "disgraced by a vile blow," and ignobly led to the watch-house. It appeared on her recovery, that she was an unfortunate night-walker, who, amusing herself at my expense, had the hardihood to approach me, when the cause and effect of her fall became evident. It is true, the poor wretch soon re-

covered, but her teeth and mouth were so damaged that they found it necessary to detain me in durance vile all that night. The deposition of a man, who declared that from a window he heard me say I would send her to h——, operated against me, but the day following I once more regained my liberty. At length I arrived at H——, the place of my engagement, without a single adventure. On the night preceding my *debût* I was introduced to the manager, at whose reception of me I was not a little delighted. He allowed me to choose the play and part, except the principal character; this he informed me he always kept to himself, "whether in tragedy, opera, comedy, or farce." I fixed upon my favourite Cato: the bills were printed; and my heart beat with satisfaction on reading in large letters—"And Portius by a young gentleman from the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, being his first appearance on any provincial stage." Besides this character, I was to recite "Bucks, have at ye all;" to sing *Giles Scroggins* and "Love among the roses;" and to play two characters in the farce, one under my own name, and the other under that of Mr. Clermont.

Pleased with anticipating those bursts of applause with which I had been received by my friends in London, and fully aware of my stage business, I attended rehearsal with all the *nonchalance* of an old performer. The strong recommendations which had preceded me from the agent, so inclined the manager in my favour, and disposed him to so full a belief in my powers, that he did not even ask me for a specimen of my abilities, and was perfectly satisfied with them on the morning of rehearsal.

Thus, with my whole frame agitated with the certainty of success, I scarcely went near the Swan, the scene of histrionic art, until the time of dressing, although I was one of the first characters to appear on the stage. Our theatre was comprised in one small room, lighted with penny candles in tin sockets; these were snuffed by the fingers of the *orchestra*, a gentleman without a nose, who played the fiddle and made himself useful. One half of this room was divided into a stage and *proscenium* by deal boards unadorned, for simplicity was the badge of our tribe. Here stood the *lights:* the dressing-rooms were behind the two front and only wings; but there was in our rules and orders a fine of sixpence, to be levied on any *gentleman* who should either willingly or by mistake adopt another's small-clothes. The ladies dressed behind the curtain, during the absence of the scene-shifter, property-man, &c. &c. that is, if such absence should not delay the stage business. Pit, boxes, and gallery were upon the same floor, and children were admitted at half price. The seats of accommodation were perfectly democratic, save those for the gentry being decorated with a piece of dirty green baize, covered with candle-grease. Dirty as it was, it offered little encouragement to the cleaner, from the dirtiness of the spectators; and as our manager had imprudently mentioned at the bottom of the bill, that gentlemen's prices would be 3s. and trademen's 2s. pride compounded with economy, and

the board of green cloth was generally deserted; all ranks were huddled together, and *our boxes* totally empty. To be sure this was not very astonishing, as just over that department a tile had fled, and when it rained, "the waters found an oozy current there."

If any person who has not been in the habit of frequenting these country theatricals, imagine that my pen is employed in exaggerating the miseries of an itinerant, I will only beg them to go and see; or let them ask any deluded wretch, who, like me, forsook a home of plenty, and whose soul, "above buttons," leaves trade for a life of vagrancy and starvation, and he will find that every syllable I record is true. Ask our first performers what they once were, and they will corroborate my statement. By this time suppose my *entrée* fast approaching; the three-stringed fiddle had already played "Moll in the wad" over and over again; a few solitary knockings of sticks had in vain attempted to drown the squeak of the Duke of York's march, when at length our curtain rose—curtain did I say? a piece of old sail-cloth upon rings, which drew on one side, answered the purpose. We had no green-room; every particle of vegetable colour seemed banished from our theatre. Had our manager wished to revive the primeval simplicity of Shakspeare's *Globe Theatre*, our properties were in full accord with such an idea. I had heard much of the fears which a young Roscius feels on beholding a full house: this is a sensation I never experienced, for numbers ever gave me courage. Judge then my sensations on appearing for the first time to a *house* consisting of three orders, a bad shilling, one admission for the loan of an arm-chair for Cato, two or three apple-munching urchins, and five or six shillings ready money. It is true, the rain poured in torrents; it was such a night in which

"I would not turn out mine enemy's dog;"

but then the tradespeople lived close to the theatre, and had they no desire to see a young gentleman—his first appearance on any provincial stage? No, alas! they had seen so many just such first appearances from Covent-garden or Drury-lane, that they were to be no longer tempted; and had even the great Kemble himself been advertised to play here, I much doubt if he would have paid the expenses of the house. But when I endeavoured to open my mouth, the dead silence with which I was received prevented my utterance; it had the effect of a charm upon me. I could not proceed. I wound my *toga* round me; I sported the tea-pot attitude with my arms, alternately changing them; and not a particle of my confusion abated on hearing a loud laugh behind the *scene* from a *wicked* actress, who was highly amused at my repeated bowings to this *no* house. At length the wrath of the manager, who bawled from the O P side, "Go on! proceed!" with no small degree of acrimony, gave me fresh stimulus. I hemmed twice, placed my arms akimbo, stroked my chin, adjusted my pasteboard helmet, and began once more my favourite line:—

"The dawn is overcast, the morning"——

"The evening you mean," shouted

a chandler's apprentice; "and you wont pay us for a ducking to come and see you," added he, encouraged by the laugh he had raised at my expense. This was too much for me; rage overcame me, and I had nearly behaved more like the son of Cato, than

> ——————"a poor player,
> Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage;"

but my brother Marcus bade me be quiet. I whispered him. A wag cried out *Encore!* The spectators began to treat me with *goose*—the hissing became as violent as possible for the smallness of the number of *hissers*, and I ran off the stage, or would have run had there been sufficient room for such an exertion. I was relieved, however, of an immense weight by my friend Cato, the manager, whom I at first dreaded to see; but he had been too often a spectator of such *entrées* and *exits* as mine to think much about it. He encouraged me to take heart, and convinced me by his arguments, that disappointment was indeed the best school of philosophy, the best corrective to the blandishments of hope. An apology on the score of illness was made for Portius, "labouring under a dreadful cold—it was indeed a chilling cold." It was received with that good-humour which is the characteristic of a British audience; and the manager kindly—for he meant it as such—informed me, that the play could proceed just as well without my exertions, and, I dare say, equally satisfactorily to the wishes of the audience. Never shall I forget my feelings on that night; and if I had not been the maddest enthusiast, the most hardened victim of vanity, I should have been cured by this representation of all my theatrical mania. What woful difference did these children of Thespis exhibit to those I had been used to witness! and how nearly did they resemble their waggon-playing progenitor! Poverty in every shape reigned supreme among them, and while they appeared to strain every nerve to please their auditors, scarcely one clap of encouragement was given to exhilarate their tired faculties. What could induce so heterogeneous a set to fancy they had theatrical powers, the god of caprice alone can tell us. Cato himself was enacted by a broad-shouldered Irishman, who did not always *spake* the *spaach* "trippingly on the tongue." The high-spirited Juba was played by a gentleman of seventy, somewhat paralytic; to which he added, in the same dress, Marcus. A little boy, the manager's son, enacted the sage Sempronius; while the part of the virgin Marcia was performed in the croaking voice of the manager's wife.

The rest of the characters were left out, I presume, by particular desire.

> "I'd as lieve the town-crier had spoken my lines."

Cato was dressed better than Mr. Quin ever dressed it, bating the intrinsic value. Our vests were formed of "black, white, and grey," and our *togas* were, I fancy, the refuse of Rosemary-lane.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXIV.

Da, Pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem;
Da, fontem lustrare boni; da, luce repertâ,
In te conspicuos animi, deligere visus. ——— Boeth.

Give me, O Father, to thy throne access,
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!
Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see!
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!

It will, I am sure, be more suited to the present state of my readers' minds, if I select for the lucubrations of this month, such subjects as are more immediately adapted to the character of all our thoughts.

To dispute on moral and theological topics, on matters of eternal moment, is no uncommon exercise of the understanding, even among those whose attainments do not qualify them to reason on the ordinary operations of our nature, much less upon points to which no human intellect is equal.

Among other favourite and unsuspected subjects, and it is rather a seducing one to unprepared minds, is the excellence of virtue, which is at once said to produce its own happiness, as vice, on the contrary, never fails to inflict its own misery. These are propositions of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without scruple, and believed without danger.

That "Virtue alone is happiness below," is a maxim in speculative morality which, taken in its general comprehensive sense and ultimate consequences, cannot be denied; but merely considered as applying to the human condition, will not be borne out by the common view of life. If they who languish in disease and indigence, who suffer pain, hunger, and nakedness, and suffer in obscurity and solitude, are less happy than those who, with the same degree of virtue, enjoy health and ease and plenty, who are distinguished by fame and are courted by society, it must be acknowledged that virtue cannot always bestow those things upon which mortal happiness, merely as such, is confessed to depend. It is indeed true, that Virtue in prosperity enjoys more than vice, and that in adversity she suffers less; and this advantage is of a very superior character: and, therefore, the happiness of virtue, as it relates even to this world, affords ample inducements to encourage its cultivation. Virtue suffers pain, is oppressed by injustice, and shares in any great national calamity, equally with vice as to its immediate effect; but then it becomes us to consider the superiority which virtue possesses in supporting the evils incident to our nature, and the hopes it inspires. For, after all, it is to be considered as a grand essential to the happiness of virtue, and its pre-eminence over vice, that to life will come a last hour; and then it may be seen, as it will then be proved, that "Virtue alone is happiness below," because it can alone give us the promise of happiness above, pure, unmixed, and eternal.

If it be asked, how moral agents

become the subjects of accidental and adventitious happiness or misery, and why they were placed in a state in which it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight; an answer is to be found in the evangelical pages, and to them the inquirer is referred. There we are informed, and our own experience will illustrate and confirm the truth, that life is a state of trial; that all ranks, ages, characters, and conditions are subject to that allotment; and that with respect to all those circumstances connected with our state, which our imperfect reason cannot reconcile, and our pigmy comprehension cannot grasp, it becomes us to submit with humble resignation, and to wait with pious expectation for that time, when every thing that is crooked shall be made straight, and every thing that is imperfect shall be done away.

When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in historic volumes, what do they offer to our meditation but calamities and crimes? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by wars, and sometimes by pestilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror; or the hopes of a nation, contemplating with idolizing affection the virtues that promise to adorn the crown of a future sovereign, are buried in the grave. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness, such as it is, of one part of mankind, is too often found to arise from sanguinary success, from victories which confer upon them the power, not so much of improving by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting misery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.

But by him who examines life with a more close attention, the happiness of the world will be too often found still less than it really appears. In some intervals of public prosperity, in some period of gladdening expectation, a general diffusion of happiness may seem to overspread a people: all is triumph and exultation, festivity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and no complainings in the streets. But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm; pain and malice and discontent still continue their havoc; the silent depredation goes incessantly forward, and the grave still continues to be filled with its victims.

They in the lower stations of life who, by any accident, are introduced into the assemblies of fashion and gaiety, on observing the cheerfulness displayed in every countenance, and the general attention to give and receive pleasure, would naturally imagine that they had reached a place sacred to gladness of heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were altogether excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of those who from inferior situations look up to the pomp and gaiety which they cannot reach. But who is

there among those who frequent, and indeed form a part of these luxurious assemblies, that will not confess his own uneasiness, or cannot recount the vexations and distresses which, in so many instances, prey upon the lives of his gay associates?

We do not deviate greatly from the truth, when we consider the world in its best state as little more than a mere congregated assembly of beings, continuing to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance, and all the embellishments which life can furnish, to hide their real condition from the eyes of each other.

The kind of happiness which presents itself with more force than any other to general observation, is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is more poverty in the world than many are apt to imagine; not only because there are no small number whose desires are larger than their possessions, great as they may be, but many, very many indeed, are pressed by real necessities, which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchase the appearance of competence and cheerfulness at the expense of many comforts and conveniences of life.

A very large portion, however, are confessedly rich, and a still larger are sufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty; but it has long ago been remarked, that money cannot purchase quiet. Whoever looks into social life will be convinced of that truth; nay, on the contrary, is not money hourly seen to create disquiet? What misery do we not see daily arise from the treachery of dependants, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents!

Affliction is inseparable from our present state of existence; it associates with all the inhabitants of the world, wherever scattered upon the face of it, while its allotments or proportions do not appear to be always regulated by individual conduct. It is indeed the language of some moralists, that every man's fortune is in his own power, *Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia;* that prudence supplies the place of every other minor divinity, and that happiness, as has been before observed, is the never-failing consequence of virtue. But though virtue has its delights, its pre-eminence, and its security, its shield is often held up in vain against a hostile power. Man does not always suffer for his guilt, nor is he always protected by his innocence.

The virtuous are by no means exempt from the danger of suffering by the crimes of others; even excellence itself may raise enemies of implacable malice and restless perseverance. The good man is liable to the treachery of friends, the disobedience of children, as well as conjugal infidelity. He may see his cares made useless by profusion, his instructions defeated by perverseness, and his kindness perverted by ingratitude. He may languish under the infamy of false accusations, or perish reproachfully by an unjust sentence.

A good man is subject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil. His harvest is not spared by the storm, nor his cattle by disease. His houses are consumed by

fire, and his ships are driven by hurricanes. His mind, however elevated, inhabits a body subject to numerous diseases and continual casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and the pains; he bears about him the seeds of disorder, and may linger out life in anguish or debility.

From this general and indiscriminate distribution of misery, the religious philosopher has derived one of his strongest arguments for a future state; for since the common events of the present life happen alike to the good and the bad, it follows, from the justice of the Supreme Being, that there must be another state of existence, in which a just retribution shall be made, and every man receive a reward apportioned to his conduct in life.

The miseries of humanity may, perhaps, afford some proof of a future state, compared as well with the mercy as with the justice of God. It is scarcely to be imagined, that infinite benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying so much more than is to be enjoyed in this lower world, as well as qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he were not designed for something nobler and better, than a state in which many of his faculties can serve only for his torment, in which he is to be importuned by desires that never can be satisfied, to feel evils which he has no power to avoid, and to fear many which he will never feel. A time will surely come, when every capacity of happiness will be in a state to be gratified.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that its thoughts are directed to a better state. Prosperity, alloyed and imperfect as it is, has power, more or less, to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and presumption, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are otherwise than by affliction awakened to a sense of our own imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to satisfy or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a higher power those blessings which, in the wantonness of success, we considered as the attainment of our talents, as the acquisition of our own understanding.

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit. But this reflection is not intended to check the pursuits of honest industry, to slacken the pains which parental affection takes in providing for children, or to beget inattention to the performance of the various duties of life, and the enjoyment of its innocent and allowable recreations; but to check our impetuous desires, inordinate passions, and irregular appetites, and keep us in the bounds which reason and religion prescribe to reflecting creatures, whose life is uncertain, and who have a promised claim to an immortal being.

I shall conclude this paper with some very affecting observations on the subject from the pen of a writer, who, above all others, knew how to command the heart by the dignity of truth.

" Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour or wish to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repose upon real facts and certain experience. But no man, past the middle point of life, can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth, without finding the banquet embittered by remembrance. He may, it is true, revive lucky accidents and pleasing extravagance; many days of harmless frolic, or nights of honest festivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in scenes of action, acquainted with affairs of difficulty and vicissitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the nobler pleasure of looking back upon distress firmly supported, dangers resolutely encountered, and opposition artfully defeated. But this satisfaction is always abated by the reflection, that they with whom we should be most pleased to share it are now in the grave. A few years make such havoc in human generations, that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleasures or fatigue had endeared to our remembrance. Thus every period of life is obliged, more or less, to borrow its happiness from the time to come; and almost every man indulges his imagination with something which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being.

" Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wise man's wish, has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and indeed to be long remembered can happen to so small a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little interest in the question. Reputation, abstractedly considered, is a meteor which blazes awhile, and disappears for ever, if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion, or length of time, are able to suppress. It is not, therefore, from this world that we can confidently derive that comfort which is to cheer the gloom of our last hour. But futurity has still its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance. On this, therefore, every mind ought to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man; and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us."

F—— T——.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Peasants of Ravensburgh, a favourite Rondo for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.

THREE movements in E♭: an introduction in slow time, an andante, and a walz. The introduction is sufficiently impressive without being laboured; and the andante consists of a regular *cantabile* subject, the interesting simplicity of which has given rise to several satisfactory variations. The two first of these present a well connected progress of melody, by no means difficult in the execution; and the variation in C minor equally calls for our commendation. The walz, with its trio in A♭, is pretty, and the unisono part in C minor (*p.* 4, *l.* 1), although not new in itself, not only imparts energy to the whole, but intervenes as a suitable preparatory episode for the variations of the subject.

" *The grateful Cottager*," *as sung by Master Williams at the Nobility's Concerts.* Second edition. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In our notice of the first edition of this song (No. XVI. Second Series,) we did justice to the author's talents for lyric composition, while at the same time we pointed out a string of grammatical errors, by which his labour stood grossly disfigured. We now have the satisfaction, we may even add the pride, to find that, in the second edition before us, our suggestions have been attended to. The faults are removed, and the song, moreover, is set in a lower and consequently more practicable key (G major); so that "The Grateful Cottager" may now appear on the desk without blushing. As reviewers, however, are beings rather difficult to please, we will allow ourselves one or two observations on the amended copy. It is our office to give our opinion, and we give it without fear or favour.—Bar 20, the three A's in the melody ought to have been avoided by a melodic figure.—Bar 22, at "weeping," an accompaniment different from the homophonic descent with the voice would have been more desirable. — Bar 23 leaves us to regret the diminished seventh, which (with all its disfigurement) so aptly appeared in the first edition.—Bar 36. The introduction of C 6, D 4 6 and D 7 in the first half of the bar, appears to us contrary to the melody, and contrary to the effect of repose which ought to attend this conclusion: D 7 simply for this portion of the bar would have been sufficient and more in place.

" *'Twas cruel Fate*," *an admired Ballad sung by Miss S. Taylor at the Nobility's Concerts, the Words by H. Hickmann, Esq.; the Music* by S. W. Gray. Pr. 1s. 6d.

If it were not that some instances of very objectionable accompaniment operated as a qualification in our judgment of the present song, we could have noticed it in terms of considerable approbation. The melody bears good order and regularity in its construction, and is not devoid of taste or impressive effect: in the latter half it is particularly animated. But a bar like at " and forlorn" (*p.* 3), and a close like bar 2, *l.* 3, *p.* 2 (where the first quaver should

have been F, 4, 6, instead of B♭, 3,)—not to mention some other awkward combinations—will be admitted to act as drawbacks on a critic's favour.

"*Rosa,*" *a Ballad, the Poetry by Fred. Thornhill, Esq.; the Music* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.

A simple and modest title always augurs favourably in musical novelties. It looks as if the author's consciousness of the value of his work disdained propping it with bombastical puff. Mr. Kiallmark's "Rosa" is a pleasing specimen of his vocal Muse. The accompaniment is proper and effective throughout; and the melody, without any flights of decided originality, flows in soft and even progress, and in well measured rhythm, to the end. The ear listens with satisfaction to the general harmony, while the mind, with equal approbation, discovers the coincidence of the text with the musical expression.—The minor modulation (*p.* 3, *l.*1,) we could have dispensed with; not that the idea is uncommon, but because it is too common and obsolete.

"*Fudge,*" *sung by Mr. Slader at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the grand Melodrame entitled The Terrible Peak, written by C. Dibdin, Esq.; composed* by John Whitaker.—Pr. 1s. 6d.

A good comic song is such a *rara avis*, that when we meet with one, the musical treatment of which, as in the present case, steers clear of vulgarism and hackneyed ideas, we feel ourselves doubly indebted to the composer. The air which Mr. W. has devised to this text is not only humorous in a great degree, but also rendered interesting by some select harmonic combinations, such as bars 8 and 9, *p.* 2, and the last line in the same page, which, besides its musical propriety, produced on our nerves a truly comic effect. The concluding burden is also satisfactory. The G in bar 8, *p.* 2, ought to be sharpened.

"*A bonny young Lad is my Jockey,*" *a much admired Scotch Song, sung with universal applause by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall Gardens, composed* by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s 6d.

The melody is in proper Scotch style, and adapts itself well to the text: but with all our regard for the venerable composer, and our high estimation of many of his productions, we are bound to own, that the above song is made up of ideas which cannot lay the slightest claim to originality.

"*I stray'd down the Mountain carelessly,*" *sung by Miss Tunstall in the grand Melodrame entitled The Terrible Peak, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte,* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this song is lightsome and agreeable. We particularly notice the appropriate expression of the words, "I saw as I saunter'd," and the neat burden with its several modifications. The awkward words "carelessly" and "fearlessly" cannot but be stumbling-blocks for the composer; Mr. W. has done his best to get over them.

"*The Boatswain's shrill Whistle, or Sailor-Boy's Adieu,*" *a favourite Song, sung by Master Barnett of the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; written by John Lee Lewes, Esq.; composed* by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This is a pleasing ballad; the

different ideas succeed each other in a connected flow of tender melody, supported by proper and effective harmony. We must, however, observe, that the phrase at *Con anima* (*p.* 2) merges into a minor turn much too commonplace and antiquated to give satisfaction to the cultivated ear; and this phrase, as well as the one immediately preceding, is liable to another objection. As the text is interrogatory, the melody, instead of constantly verging to a descent, ought rather to have been set in ascent. When we ask a question, we terminate it in a higher sound of voice.

"*Ben Bowser*," *a favourite Song, sung by Mr. J. Smith of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written by Mr. R. Lloyd; composed* by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

"Ben Bowser" is a proper sailor's song; the melody breathes the determined spirit and energy of the British tar; and the harmonic support, correct throughout, partakes of the same character. In the third line, *p.* 2, Ben Bowser's courage gets him into some modulations, which, although they prove no breakers, and he works his way safely through them, we deem rather an impediment to the unruffled progress of his voyage.

Les Plaisirs du Bocage, a favourite Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed (by permission) to Lady Harriet Blaquiere, by J. E. Clarke. Op. 14. Pr. 3s.

An allegretto and walz in C major. In the allegretto we observe a somewhat antiquated stiffness of treatment, and considerable nudity of harmony. From this remark, however, we must exclude the strain which begins at the bottom of the first page, and another which closes the second page. These are conceived and enveloped in good style, and the bass in the latter of the two proceeds in a flow of well arranged melodic progression. Of the variations, *p.* 6, we cannot speak in terms of great praise; with the exception of some respectable passages of running bass, it consists of common ideas, and its sixth bar is ungrammatical. The walz, at its outset, is also rather naked and plain, but it improves in the sequel: the trio in F is appropriate; and the remainder, together with the coda, we deem satisfactory.

"*The Smile*," *a favourite Song, written by Charlotte Caroline Richardson; the Words adapted to Miss Macdonald's Walz, composed* by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although the melody is avowed not to have been composed for this song, but for a walz, we are free to say it eminently agrees with the present text in almost every bar; and, moreover, coincides with the general feeling of pastoral innocence which pervades the poetry. "The Smile," therefore, appears to us likely to become a favourite with the vocal amateur. Care should be taken not to play it slowly; about 66 (metronome) for every bar, as we should suppose.

Ada, the Opening of the third Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, written by the Right Hon. Lord Byron; the Music composed by J. Nathan. Pr. 2s.

In a previous notice of a similar production of Mr. N.'s Muse, we stated our regret at seeing this

gentleman's talents devoted to subjects of such little general interest as the matrimonial feuds and lamentations of the noble author of his text. These are very unlyric themes, even with all the pains bestowed on them, as in the present instance. In the song before us we perceive considerable originality and variety of expression, a vein of wild melancholy well suited to the plaintive and sombre import of the words, and much selectness in the several harmonic combinations. The melody does not at all times proceed in flowing regularity; but considering the nature of the subject, this may be presumed to have been done intentionally. We also observe some deviations from the strict rules of harmonic progress: the A𝄪, for instance (*p.* 2, *l.* 4, *b.* 2), in *both* staves of the accompaniment ought to have been avoided; and, in *p.* 3, *l.* 3, bars 2 and 3, the succession of the chords B𝄪, 6 and A 3 is too abrupt, and produces harsh consecutive fifths in the middle parts: in other respects that page is peculiarly impressive, and the accompaniments well imagined and highly effective.

"*Oh! hush those Sighs!*" *a Ballad written by Mr. Nox; composed, and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Harp, respectfully inscribed to Miss Elliotson,* by W. P. R. Cope. Pr. 2s.

This ballad has but small claims to our favour. The melody is common, and the harmonic arrangement faulty. Without entering into a long detail of grievances, we shall select one or two instances in justification of our opinion: —Bar 6. The C in the bass, besides mechanically interfering with the right hand, strikes an offensive octave with the upper part: it should have been A.—Bar 15 presents an equally shocking succession of octaves at the first employment of the B♮ throughout all the three parts. But we should engross too much of our limited space, were we to record the various other proofs of the author's limited knowledge of composition. In his employment of Italian terms he appears equally unsuccessful; e. g. *con resoluto*—and *expressione.*

The Chinese Ball-Dance in the Pantomime of Harlequin and the Sylph of the Oak, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s.

The Chinese ball-dance is well adapted to the effect intended; it consists of a light and sprightly tune, or rather two movements, in A major, of very easy complexion and arrangement, so that very moderate players may undertake the execution with success, and, we may add, with some profit to their proficiency.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 33.—EVENING DRESS.

A BLACK crape frock over a black sarsnet slip. The skirt of the frock is finished by full flounces of the fashionable *chevaux de frise* trimming. The body, which is cut very

low round the bust, is elegantly decorated with jet beads. Short full sleeve, ornamented to correspond with the body. The hair is much parted in front, so as to display the forehead, and dressed lightly at each side of the face; the hind hair is drawn up quite tight behind. Head-dress a jet comb, to the back of which is affixed a novel and elegant mourning ornament; and a long black crape veil placed at the back of the head, which falls in loose folds round the figure, and partially shades the neck. Ear-rings, necklace, and cross of jet. Black shamoy gloves, and black slippers.

PLATE 31.—WALKING DRESS.

A high dress composed of bombazeen; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with black crape, disposed in a very novel style. The body, which is made tight to the shape, wraps across to the right side; it is adorned in a very novel style with pipings of black crape disposed like braiding, and finished by rosettes of crape, in the centre of each of which is a small jet ornament. Long sleeve, tastefully finished at the wrist to correspond with the body, and surmounted by a half sleeve of a new form trimmed with crape. A high standing collar partially displays a mourning ruff. Claremont bonnet, so called because it is the same shape as the one recently worn by the Princess: it is composed of black crape over black sarsnet, and is lined with double white crape. The crown is rather low, the front large, and of a very becoming shape; it is tastefully finished by black crape, and ornamented by a bunch of crape flowers placed to one side. Black shamoy gloves, and black shoes.

We have again to acknowledge our obligations to the lady who favoured us last month; and we understand that the dresses from which our prints this month have been taken, were also purchased from Mrs. Bell of St. James's-street.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A short period only has elapsed since we had the pleasure of recording in this department of our Magazine, the gay changes which the marriage of our adored Princess had made in the world of Fashion. How little did we then anticipate the melancholy task at present assigned to us, of describing the mourning worn for her by a country who looked up to her as its future ruler, and who witnessed with delight the gradual developement of those virtues which proved her the true descendant of her venerable grandfather! But she is gone where alone her virtues could be rewarded; she has exchanged the probability of possessing an earthly crown for the certainty of a heavenly one. Yet such is the selfishness of human nature, that it will be some time before even this reflection can mitigate our grief for her loss.

On the promenade costume we have this month scarcely any observation to make. The few fashionables who are seen walking are wrapped in black cloth shawls, which have a broad binding of crape, and large bonnets, composed either of crape over sarsnet, or black Leghorn full trimmed with crape.

EVENING DRESS.

The carriage costume is generally similar, but the mildness of the weather enables ladies in high dresses to dispense with shawls or spencers. We must observe, that the promenade dress which we have given is well calculated for carriage costume, and generally adopted in it. Crape bonnets, or undress mourning caps, are the only head-dresses worn in carriage dress, Leghorn and chip being confined to the promenade.

The court mourning consists, as usual, of crape, bombazeen, and long lawn; and such is the general wish to shew every possible respect to the memory of our lamented Princess, that the materials for court mourning are generally adopted by all persons of fashion, whether connected with the court or not.

The most fashionable morning dress is an open robe, made up to the throat, but without a collar: the skirt is of an easy fulness, and almost the whole of the fulness is thrown quite behind, where it is gathered into a plain tight back. The front is cut in a new manner; the upper part is a byas tight piece, and the lower part, which is also byas, is plaited in in such a manner as to form, but with great delicacy, the shape of the bosom. Plain long sleeve, finished at the wrist by narrow rouleaus of black crape.

This dress is open in front, but it wraps a little to one side. The trimming consists of a broad piece of plain byas crape, which is laid on up the fronts and round the bottom of the dress; this is edged on each side by a fulness of byas crape, about an inch in breadth. A very full mourning ruff, which in undress is made either of clear muslin or thin long lawn, is always worn with this dishabille, which is the only novelty of any consequence that has appeared in undress mourning. We observe that weepers, composed either of clear muslin or long lawn, are very general in undress.

Bombazeen frocks appear to be universally adopted in dinner dress. They are always cut very low round the bust, and are very short in the waist. Sleeves afford little variety, being mostly made very short and full, confined to the arm by a narrow trimming to correspond with the trimming of the dress. The bodies of dresses are now more becomingly made than they were some time back, as the sleeve just touches the point of the shoulder, and the back is of a moderate and becoming breadth. Bombazeen frocks fasten behind with jet buttons: the fronts are made plain, and cut byas in general; but we have seen one just finished for a lady of rank, the bosom of which was let in with white crape in the form of a corset, made much higher than they are usually worn, and finished by a puffing of white crape, with a narrow rouleau of black crape in the centre round the bust.

There is a good deal of variety in trimmings; though they are always composed of crape, it is disposed in many different forms. For dinner dress, double flounces of black crape cut byas, made very deep, and sewed on extremely full, are in high estimation. There are three, sometimes four, of these flounces put rather close together: the top one has either a heading, or else is surmounted by a rouleau of crape.

Plain rouleaus of crape are also fashionable, and trimmings in the shape of cockle-shells are very generally adopted. We observe also that dresses are universally trimmed very high.

The full dress which we have given in our print is the most elegant novelty that has appeared in evening costume. We have since seen at one of our most fashionable milliners, evening dresses composed of black crape, which were full trimmed with white crape. This is not inconsistent with the deepest mourning, and these dresses are peculiarly calculated for very young ladies; though they are equally adopted, as we understand, by those of middle age.

Undress caps are very generally made of book-muslin, and trimmed with love-ribbon. They are of various forms, but those of the mob kind are most prevalent. One of the prettiest that we have seen had a headpiece drawn with black ribbon; the drawings were lengthwise, and, we believe, there were eight. The crown resembled that of a *toque;* it was a good deal broader than the headpiece, and finished round the top by a puffing of black love-ribbon. A narrow muslin border, double round the face but single at the ears, was quilled on very full: a knot of black love-ribbon fastened it under the chin, and a large bow to correspond was placed in the centre of the forehead.

Dinner *cornettes* are always composed of crape, white in general, and ornamented with black crape flowers; but some, and those in our opinion the most elegant, are composed entirely of white crape. One, of a most becoming and simple form, has a broad low crown, finished round the top by a wreath of small white crape roses and leaves. The headpiece is cut so as to display the whole of the front hair; the ears are extremely narrow, and there is no border.

Crape turbans, both black and white, are very much worn in full dress; they are profusely ornamented with beads, and sprigs composed of jet; among the latter, those formed of cypress-leaves are considered most elegant. Artificial flowers also, which are always composed of black or white crape, are fashionable ornaments for turbans. They are always placed in full bunches at one side.

The most fashionable head-dress for young ladies in full dress, is the one which we have given in our print. Very juvenile *belles* do not adopt the veil, but wear either an ornament similar to the one we have given, or flowers.

In half dress the hair is almost entirely concealed; the very little of it that is seen is braided across the forehead, but the braids are only partially visible under the mourning cap.

Plain black crape fans, black shamoy gloves, and black shoes.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Nov. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE dreadful event of the Princess Charlotte's death was known here some hours before your letter reached me. I cannot describe to you the consternation which it has created among the

English residing here. Alas! we were looking eagerly forward to her *accouchement*, as an event which would give us a new tie to the house of Brunswick in the person of an infant prince or princess, and little did we expect that the moment so fondly anticipated would deprive us at once of both mother and child!

The French, in general, have shewed on this melancholy occasion a degree of feeling and sensibility highly creditable to their hearts; though incapable of estimating the extent of our national calamity, they sympathise deeply in our private regrets for the Princess, whose virtues and talents they knew and admired. Who indeed could behold without admiration a woman, so young, so lovely, and surrounded as she was by all the splendour of the most elevated rank, devoting herself even in the very morning of her life to the exemplary discharge of all her duties, and finding her happiness only in promoting that of all around her! But what, alas! is the grief even of her nearest relatives compared to that of the cherished partner of her heart, whose earthly hopes are thus for ever blighted! Oh! may the Almighty support him under the blow, for his divine goodness only can!

* * * * * *

It is some days since I wrote the above. I resume my pen to tell you, that the royal family of France appear to participate sincerely in our heavy affliction: personally attached to the house of Brunswick, and particularly to the Regent, they deeply lament his irreparable loss. I have been told, that the king shed tears when it was first announced to him; and the fine countenance of Madame gives evident proof of the impression it has made upon her. A court mourning will take place as soon as the fatal event is officially announced.

* * * * * *

I was much surprised, and so will you be, my Sophia, to find that the court mourning is limited to eleven days, six of deep mourning and five of slight; that is to say, black for the first six days, and white only for the remaining five. We may be certain that the king does not consult his own feelings in this short tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious deceased.

The mourning garb of the English ladies here is composed of the same materials and made in the same manner as that worn by the French for their parents. Undress and half-dress gowns are made of a fine thin black cloth, which is called *drap de St. Maur*: this cloth is considered by the Parisians as the deepest mourning. Dinner gowns are cut very low round the bust, and the waists are as short as possible. The sleeves are long, and almost tight to the arm. A plain tight back, and front cut down to a point before. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with eight or ten narrow rouleaus of black crape disposed in waves: the lower part of the sleeve is ornamented in a similar manner, and two rows of the same kind of trimming go round the bust. A *fichu* composed always of black crape, with a large ruff of the same material, which is made very full and stands up round the chin, is always worn with these dresses.

Fashionable Parisians seldom

wear any thing white during deep mourning; but if they do, it is merely a handkerchief or ruff, which is composed of leno, white crape not being considered by them as mourning.

Dress gowns are always composed of black crape, and worn over plain black sarsnet. The one which I am going to describe is very generally adopted by the most fashionable people.

A round dress, the skirt made scanty and of a moderate length; a flounce of a quarter in depth is set on very full, and festooned by small jet roses; the festoons are edged by jet beads, and the flounce is headed by a wreath of black crape roses without leaves. The body of this dress is full behind; a row of jet buttons, which are very small, are placed at each side to mark the shape of the back, and the fulness is confined in the middle by narrow black silk braiding, fancifully interspersed with jet buttons: the fronts of the dress are full on each side of the bosom, and plain in the middle. A row of small crape roses, to correspond with the heading of the flounce, goes round the bust, and the fulness at each side of the bosom is drawn in in large plaits at some distance from each other, each plait being ornamented by a jet button. A narrow cestus of black crape, fastened in front by a jet clasp, finishes the dress.

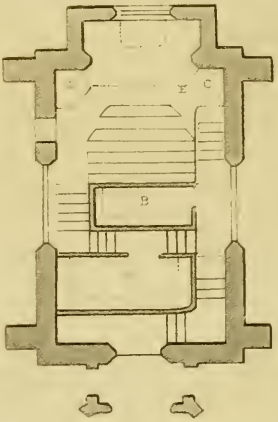
Head-dresses are invariably made of black crape, with jet ornaments if for evening dress. For morning visits, *chapeaux* of black crape are invariably adopted: they are made always to tie under the chin; the brims are very large, so as almost entirely to conceal the face; the crowns are of a moderate height. The crape is always laid on very full over black sarsnet; this fulness is sometimes disposed in large plaits, sometimes in *bouillones*, which are placed byas across the crown, and sometimes in clusters of gathers with plain spaces between. These *chapeaux* are generally ornamented with large rosettes of crape, three or four of which are placed slantingly across the front of the crown.

Cornettes of black crape are also worn; they are always of the mob kind, and have the most sombre effect it is possible to conceive. I shall describe to you one of the prettiest, as you might perhaps like to have it made in white crape.

A broad full crown, the fulness confined by three narrow bands of crape, and puffed up between each band, is sewed to a high headpiece, which is cut byas, and disposed in plaits about the size of a broad mourning hem. A full triple plaiting of net is set on next to the face and round the ears; or rather I should say, the band which passes under the chin, and fastens with a large bow of black crape at the left side: a full garland of black crape lilies without leaves, is placed at the left side of the forehead.

Toques of crape are partially worn; but turbans are more general. Nothing can be more simple than the form of these turbans, which consists of a large piece of crape folded carelessly round the head, and ornamented with an aigrette of jet in front.

Young people in general have no other head-dress than a narrow band of crape brought twice round



A DOMESTIC CHAPEL.

N°24. of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. Dec.1st 1817.

the head, and half concealed in front by the clustering ringlets of the front hair; or else a single row of jet beads, put on rather to one side.

Gloves are of black silk; fans, black crape; and shoes, black kid.

All the people connected with the court will appear in mourning during the short space of time for which the court mourning is ordered; but at the expiration of the eleven days, colours will be resumed as usual. Next month I shall endeavour to describe to you the dresses considered most fashionable; because, although I suppose your mourning in England will be at least of three months' duration, yet you may perhaps have some of the things which I shall describe to you made up in black.

Farewell, my dear Sophia! That Heaven may bless you, and guard our dear country from all farther calamity, is the sincere prayer of your truly attached

EUDOCIA.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 31.—A DOMESTIC CHAPEL.

THIS small Gothic building is designed to be erected in the park of a nobleman whose mansion is in the same style of architecture, and whose family are too far distant from the parish church to ensure a regular attendance at divine worship.

The plan represents the arrangement of the pews and seats, the pulpit, reading and clerk's desks. A is the principal pew; B the steward's pew, or for the servants of the second table; the seats are for the other domestics and the agricultural servants upon the estate. C is the pulpit, D the reading-desk, and E the situation of the clerk. It will be observed that the principal pew is elevated and approached by several steps, and is separated by a small passage from the steward's pew, which is also elevated, but in a less degree; and the seats are upon the floor of the chapel.

This building might be erected in stone or brick, the latter being covered with cement or stucco, and the inside finished with oak. If this were done with taste, and the windows decorated with stained glass, it would form a very interesting edifice, and be highly decorative to the property.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. ACKERMANN has in the press, and will publish early in December, seven Engravings of an historical fact of a Swiss Shepherd during the revolution of that country, illustrative of the Lord's Prayer. Also, *The Dance of Life*, a poem, as a companion work to The Tour of Dr. Syntax, by the same author, illustrated with twenty-six coloured engravings by Thomas Rowlandson.

Early in January will be published a print, 18 by 14 inches, representing the *Funeral Rites of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte* during the solemn ceremony on the 19th November at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, from drawings by Messrs. Wild and Stephanoff, the gentlemen employed by Mr. Pyne to make the drawings for his work on The Royal Residences: it will be executed in the same high-finished style.

Mr. Ackermann has also in a very forward state, a new engraving of a *Portrait of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte*, after A. Chalon, as an exact companion to that beautiful print of H. R. H. the Princess Amelia, after Mrs. Mee, published in 1810.

The Sportsman's Companion, by D. Hughes, Esq. of the Temple, on a large sheet, is ready for delivery. It contains a practical view of the Game Laws, and includes the very recent enactments. The whole is surrounded with sporting music and several interesting coloured sporting scenes, being intended to form a useful and ornamental work in the library of magistrates, country gentlemen, and sportsmen in general.

Mr. Leigh of the Strand has in the press, *A New Picture of London*, or a View of the Political, Religious, Medical, Literary, Municipal, Commercial, and Moral State of the British Metropolis; representing a brief and luminous guide to the stranger, on all subjects connected with general information, business, or amusement; and accompanied with upwards of one hundred views, plans, &c.

Mr. Britton's fourth number of *Winchester Cathedral*, containing two sheets of letter-press and five engravings, is ready for publication. The fifth number, to finish the volume, will be ready at Christmas, and will include six engravings, with about eight sheets of letter-press. At the same time will appear, the first number of *The History of York Cathedral*, with six engravings by J. le Keux, H. le Keux, Scott, &c. from drawings by Blore and Mackenzie.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in one volume quarto, with a portrait and vignette, *The Life of the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran*, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland, by Charles Phillips, Esq. barrister at law. This work will comprise an account of the legal, political, and private life of Mr. Curran, together with anecdotes and characters of his most distinguished contemporaries, many of them collected from his own lips.

A Walk through Switzerland in September 1816, is preparing for publication.

Dr. Carey has nearly ready for the press, an elocutory edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, with metrical notes to each line, to regulate the enunciation, as in his Introduction to English Composition and Elocution.

Dr. Carey has likewise in forwardness (on the plan of his Clavis Metrico-Virgiliana,) a *Clavis Metrico-Nasoniana*, calculated to accompany the future editions of the Dauphin Ovid.

Remarks, Moral, Practical, and Facetious, on various interesting Subjects, selected from the writings of the late William Hutton, Esq. of Birmingham, will appear before Christmas.

On the 1st of December will be published, *A Monody to the Memory of the Princess Charlotte Augusta*, by the author of Evening Hours.

A Biographical View of the Public and Private Life of the Princess Charlotte Augusta of England and Saxe-Coburg, from the most authentic sources and undoubted documents, which will accompany the work, and an engraved likeness, from a sketch taken by one of her Royal Highness's governesses, will be ready in a few days.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *Dunsany*, a novel, in two vols. 12mo.

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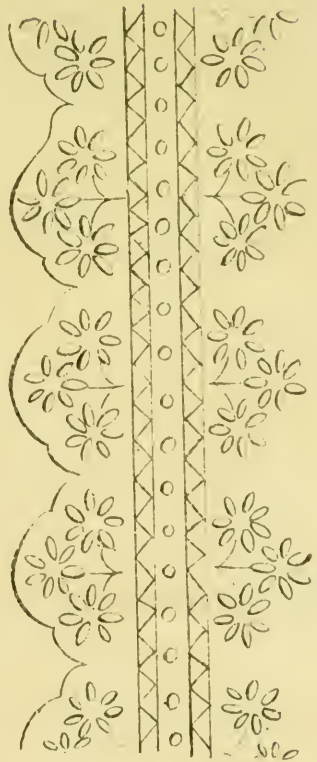

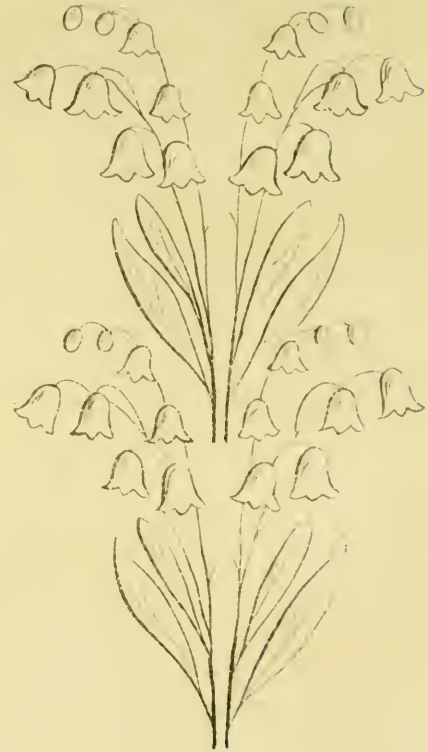

Muslin Patterns

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